T. LUCRETIUS CARUS

THE

Epicurean Philosopher,

His Six Books

De Natura Rerum

Done into Engliſh VERSE,

With NOTES.

C. J. ROSE.

I, fuge, ſed poteras tutior eſſe Domi.

OXFORD,

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Ad amicum ſuum *T. C.* ex paucis ingeniiq; perpolitis.

Doctus es interpres, CREECHI, *caſtusque, piuſq;*
Et Caro quicquid carius eſſe poteſt.

E. Bernardus, *Aſtron. Prof.*

On the Ingenious Tranſlator of *Lucretius*.

I.

Let none the Thracian Bard *admire,*
Whoſe powerful Strains did liſtning Stones inſpire
To keep juſt meaſures with his Lyre.
Tho taught by his commanding Harmony,
The Beaſts forgot their Native *cruelty,*
And to an Univerſal *Peace did joyntly all conſpire.*

2.

Thy Sacred hand do's more,
That do's Lucretius *again reſtore;*
Who was a mighty Solitude *before:*
His rowling Atoms *now we ſee*
In Squadrons and juſt meaſures lye;
Even in confuſion *now appears a decent Symmetry.*

Nought but a heavenly pow'r cou'd make
These Atoms *their old Nothing forsake,*
And a true decent order take;
Thy charitable hand has greater wonders done,
And has Lucretius *his own errours shown:*
Our modern Atheist *griev's to see,*
His belov'd Crimes so lash't by thee:
Who dost in this deserve even of Posterity.
What Trophies can thy Victories out do,
That Triumphst o're the present times, the past, and future too?

T. B.

TO

My Highly Eſteemed Friend

GEORGE PIT *Jun.*

OF

STRATFIELD-SEA, Eſquire.

SIR,

YOur kind Permiſſion hath made all Apologies for this Dedication *needleſs, and would naturally lead me to Thankful Praiſes; But your Converſation hath often told me, that You as little deſire Commendation as You want it; Your delight is to be Good, rather than told ſo: Like the Sun, Your Vertues by their own Natural Beauty diſcover, and make themſelves Amiable; tho no* Memnon's *Statue tell their approach, or ſing an Hymn at their appearance: Theſe quickly determin'd my Choice to You: For ſince the Work may ſeem to reflect on my Piety or Manners; it was my greateſt intereſt to pitch on a Patron, Eminent for Perfection in Mind and Will; Whoſe*

Sublime Thoughts would make an Epicurean *(tho Impudence is his property) to bluſh at the abſurd fancy of a* Material Soul; *and whoſe even, and regular Life declares a greater Good to be the End of his Actions, than what the ſoft* Athenian *could imagine,* ὃ γὰρ ἔγωγε δύναμαι νοῆσαι τ' ἀγαθὸν, ἀφαιρῶν μὲν διὰ τῶν χειλῶν ἡδονὰς, ἀφαιρῶν δὲ τὰς διὰ τῆς Ἀφροδίτων &c. *Where Pleaſure only Waits, not Rules; and modeſtly attends for a vacant hour, nor preſumes to be the buſineß, but refreſhing of Life: whoſe Friendſhip, Love, and good Nature, not Intereſt Cements, He being as much above the impotent ſollicitation of it, as bounteous Fortune hath plac't him above the neceſſity of ſeeking it; I forbear a larger Catalogue, deſigning only to mention thoſe Vertues that lye oppoſite to* Epicurus *his Morals: but in ſhort, to take a juſt Character, we muſt look on the Religion you profeß, how regular, and how agreeable in all its parts, how beauteous its face, and conſonant*

Cicero *de Nat. De lib.* 1.

Athenæus *l.* 12.

to

to the Idea of Goodneſs it ſelf; and then it will be an eaſy inference That a Noble Soul admires ſuch charms, and eagerly ſubmits to ſuch adorable Perfections: I have often ſeen a pittying Smile break from you at the mention of an Atheiſt, and even your Contempt (the only conviction ſuch Animals deſerve) was ſweet, and obliging; and now you are Plac't in a larger Theater, almoſt equal to your diffuſive vertue; I firmly expect that ſuch abſurd Opinions will be ſhamed out of the world, and Piety and Vertue receive their antient Beauty; which I am certain will be your endeavour, as 'tis the Hearty wiſh of

Wadh. Coll.
June 20.
1782.

Sir,

Your Oblig'd

Humble Servant.

Thomas Creech.

C. Mennium Cond. for Cereal
Cert 43 Start at 100
Ent 69

The LIFE of

Titus Lucretius Carus.

THe present design doth not require an exact search into the rise of *Philosophy*, nor a nice Enquiry whether it began amongst the *Brachmans*, and thence (as * *Lucian* ranks the Countries) visited *Ethiopia*, *Egypt*, *Scythia*, *Thrace*, and *Greece*; or whether *Curiosity* or *Necessity* was the Parent; the advantageousness of the Plains invited the *Chaldeans* to Astronomy, and the overflowing of *Nile*, forc't the *Egyptians* to be curious in the *Properties* of Figures: But I shall take it for granted, That it came from the East; and This (not to mention * *Laertius* his weak oppositions) the Travels of *Thales*, and *Pythagoras*, of *Democritus*, *Plato* and others sufficiently evince: and the *Egyptians* affirm These Mens several methods of Philosophy to be their Notions disguis'd, drest after a *Greek* fashion, and in that Garb proposed to their Admirers: And thus 'tis probable *Democritus* received his Notions from the *Phenician* Moscus, or the Priests of Egypt, whose ambition for Anti-

In Fugitivis.

In Præfat.

Antiquity made them embrace ſome of thoſe abſurd Opinions: or if he Traveled further he might have learnt the whole Syſtem of his Philoſophy, the *Fortuitous* begining of the World, and the *Origine* of Man, from the *Indians*, That being now the Opinion of the Principal Philoſophers in * *China*, whither the Learning of all *India* long agoe retired: This *Hypotheſis* tho commended to men as the ſtrongeſt Expedient againſt Cares, and the exacteſt method for obtaining Tranquility, yet found not many Admirers, till *Epicurus* by infinite Volums endeavoured to illuſtrate, and commend it, adding weight to an Atom, that being (as *Plutarch* aſſures) the only improvement he made in the *Hypotheſis*: What this Man was in his Morals is hard to imagine, for ſometime he ſeems ſo Temperate and Modeſt, that *Seneca* often uſes his ſentences as ornaments in his moſt ſerious Epiſtles: Sometime his Books declare him a moſt looſe and diſſolute Voluptuary, and * Tully makes ſuch a confident appeal to mankind for the ſincerity of his quotations that we cannot but be amazed at the unſetled humour of the man: But He dying, tho in his will he made great proviſion for the perpetuity of his Sect, His Opinions were but coldly received, and the School decayed, till *C. Memmius* a man of an ancient

Hiſt. Mart.

Atheneus *l.* 12. *c.* 12 *De fin. l.* 2. *Sect.* 7.

ancient Nobility, restor'd the Garden, and design'd to raise a publick *building for the advancement of *Epicurism*: His fame and authority drew many after him, and we find registred at once as famous, Velleius, Patro, and *Lucretius*; of this man Antiquity hath left us very few *memoirs*, perhaps for the same reason that *Ælian refuseth to make mention of *Diagoras* Θεοῖς γὰρ ἐχθρὸς Διαγόρας, καὶ οὐ μοι ἥδιον ἐπὶ πλεῖστον μεμνῆσθαι αὐτοῦ: But his own testimony declares that He was a Roman, and his name directs us to the noble and antient family of the *Lucretij*, which being divided into a great many branches, gave Rome *Consuls*, *Tribunes* and *Prætors*, great supports and ornaments of the Common wealth: Tis uncertain from which branch our *Lucretius* sprang, and the time of his birth almost as doubtful, some placing him in one year, some in another, and in this, as in most Things else, making good that inverted taunt of *Seneca, *Citius inter Horologia quam Authores conveniet*: *Eusebius* brings him forth in the 171 Olympiad, *Domitius*, *Ahenobarbus*, and *Cassius Longinus* then Consuls: *V. C.* 657. *Lydiat* leaves it doubtfull whether these were Consuls the first year of the 171 or, the fourth of 170 Olympiad, but *Vossius* makes him born in the second year of the 171: whilst others place him in the 172: so that the difference

Cicero *Epist. Lib.* 13.

7. *Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 23.

De Morte Claudij.

Is

is not very great, and his Age certain; we therefore ſuppoſing him to be nobly deſcended, and a man of a ſprightly wit, it is an eaſy inference, that he received a ſuitable education, that he ſtudied at *Athens*, and heard *Zeno* the Maſter of the Gardens: and how he ſpent his Time, how ſtudiouſly improv'd it, let his *Books* ſpeak. Thus fitted for the beſt Company, He grew intimate with* *Pomponius Atticus* and *Memmius*, and no doubt with *Tully* and his *Brother*, who make ſuch honourable mention of him: And if wee look into his Morals we ſhall find him a man ſuitable to the *Epicurean* principles, diſſolv'd in Eaſe and Pleaſure, flying publick employment, as a derogation to wiſdome, and a diſturber of Peace and Quietneſs; avoiding thoſe diſtractive cares which he imagined would make *Heaven* it ſelf uneaſy: As moſt of the other Poets He had his ſhare in ſenſual Pleaſures; nor can the poor excuſe of *Catullus*, make me think better of him, when I view his fourth Book: And the account ſome give of his Death ſtrengthens this opinion; for as *Euſebius* ralates it, he dyed by his own hands in the Fourty Fourth year of his Age, being dementated by a Philtrum given by his Miſtreſs, tho others place his Death in the Twenty Sixth year, and believe his madneſs, proceeded from the Cares and Melancholly, that oppreſt him after

Cor Nepos vit: Attici.

ter the Baniſhment of his Beloved *Memmius*: The only remains this great wit hath left us are his Six Books of the Nature of Things; an exact Syſtem of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy, read and Admired by the Antients, and if *Ovid* could preſage.

Carmina ſublimis tunc ſunt peritura Lucreti
Exitio Terras cum dabit una dies:

Theſe were written, as *Euſebius* declares, in his lucid intervals, when the ſtrength of Nature had thrown off all the diſturbing particles, and his mind (as tis obſerved of Mad men) was ſprightly and vigorous: Then in a Poetical rapture he could fly with his *Epicurus* beyond the flaming limits of this World, frame and diſſolve Seas and Heavens in an inſtant, and by ſome unuſual ſallys, be the ſtrongeſt argument of his own opinion for it ſeems impoſſible that ſomethings which he delivers, ſhould proceede from *Reaſon*, and *Judgment*, or any cauſe but Chance, and unthinking Fortune: *Tully* (For *Lambine* brings but very weak reaſons againſt the aſſertion of *Euſebius*) corrected theſe writings, *Virgil* eagerly ſtudied them, as *Macrobius* and *Gellius* witneſs; the latter alſo calling him *Poetam ingenio & facundiâ præcellentem:* and *Cornelius-Nepos* hath plac't him *inter Elegantiſſimos Poetas.* Wherefore if ſome great Divines have given him the ill name of *Canis*, it was not for any rudeneſs in

his Verſe, but due rather to his *Grecian* Maſter: *the World's Eternity*, and the like abſurd Aſſertions, corrupting moſt of the Philoſophies of *Athens*.

THE

The PREFACE.

THis was written for the satisfaction of a Private Gentleman *but I quickly found my self in the condition of the* Cyrenian *entertainers, as* Alexis *describes it.*

Κακεῖ γὰρ ἄν τις ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἕνα καλῇ
Πάρεισιν ὀκτωκαίδεκ' ἄλλοι, καὶ δέκα
Ἅρματα, συνωρίδες τε πεντεκαίδεκα,
Τούτοις δὲ δεῖ σε τἀπιτήδει' ἐμβαλεῖν;
Ὡς τ' ἦν κράτιστον μηδὲ καλέσαι μηδένα.

Athenæus lib. 12. c. 2.

And this, with a stronger *Reason forc'd a Publication, For I have heard that the best Method to overthrow the* Epicurean Hypothesis *(I mean as it stands opposite to* Religion*) is to expose a full System of it to publick view: For* Atheism *usually enters at the* Will, *and That debauch't makes the* Understanding *as* blind *as it self: and alltogether unable to look abroad into the World, and sedulously examine the beautiful order, and curious disposition of Things; No,* Ease *is the* study *of the Atheist,* Sense *is the* Reason, *and* Pleasure *the* Argument; *and whatsoever thwarts these must seem vain, and ridiculous, as disagreeable to his establisht Criterions. Thus* troublesome *Providence is deny'd, the notion of a* Deity

thrown out, to make room for Pleaſures, *ſuch often as a Beaſt would diſdain to ſtoop to.*

Some indeed look a little upon Second Cauſes, *but their Eyes grow weak, nor paſs farther than the* Surface; *a Glance, and no more; nor will they, like* Moſes, *turn about to diſcover the* Deity *in every Buſh and Flower. I have known ſome of thoſe* ſuperficial *Obſervers, who are juſt* Philoſophers *enough,* *(*as my Lord* Bacon *delivers,*) *to be* irreligious; *who aſcribed every thing to* Wiſe *Motion, and* Allmighty *Matter: But when the cauſe of any the meaneſt* Phænomena *was deſired, their greateſt pretences to* Science *dwindled into a naked* May-Be, Geneſis *was anſwered with a* Scoff, *and the Deſcription of the* Creation *thought far below the contrivance of the* Deity, *tho* * Longinus *could believe the very* expreſſions *becomeing the* Majeſty *of the Perſon: In ſhort, the* height *of their perfection was a little readineſs in profane* Buffoonery, *their* Wit *like* Fiſh, *and* Touchwood, *never ſhining but when it ſtinks or rots.* Suſpition *naturally followed their* Ignorance, *and a ſetled Fancy that all Men are their ſecret Rivals in* Pleaſure, *and therefore ſet up theſe monſtrous* Opinions (the Fortuitous Concourſe of Atoms, the riſe of Man out of the ground, like a Pumkin &c.) *as neceſſary Conſequents to the denyal of* Providence, *only as* Scare-Crows *to fright them from their*

16 Eſſay.

Περὶ ὑψους Sect. 7.

their Delight; and this makes them Anvil *and* Adamant *to all convictions, neither to be broken, nor ſoftned. But when they ſhall hear them maintain'd by the great* Maſter *of their Sect; One whoſe* Witt, *and* Reſolution *to defend his Tenents, is equal to his Impiety; One who had the greateſt Taſt of* Pleaſure, *and therefore the* ſtrongeſt *engagement to endeavour to ſecure it: How muſt they bluſh at the remembrance of thoſe taunts they have caſt at the* Religious? *How aſham'd at reviveing the Old* Heathen *Calumnies, and calling the* Good *in contempt* πιστὸς, *as if we had no Demonſtration for our Belief, no Reaſon for the hope that is in us, but the* Grounds *of Faith, as well as* Object *were things unſeen? How ſurpriſed to ſee themſelves the only Credulous, and (as* *Cotta *tells* Velleius*) liſted under* Epicurus, *before they knew they were to engage their own* Reaſon, *and fight Common* Experience? *It was the advice of a* Philoſopher, *and practice of the* Spartans *to bring Drunkards into publick to make the Vice* contemptible, *and every Man knows the ſobriety of that Common-wealth; and why the ſame Method to expoſe the principles of* irreligion *may not be as effectual I cannot imagine: for now ſhe walks in the dark, we cannot ſee what's behind; but ſhe ſeems gay and amiable, preſenting us with* Pleaſure *and Delight, pretending an* Antidore *againſt cares and jealouſies, and a power to induce perfect*

* Tully *de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. *ſect.* 66.

perfect Serenity: *But when we ſhall view her round, and ſee her train nothing but* Folly *and* Abſurdity, *her walk on a* Precipice, *and neceſſary infinite dangers for her* Companions; *He muſt be a raſh Man, and not worth* Saving, *who will venture an Embrace. Beſides, there is nothing in our* Poet, *but what is frequently heard and refuted from the* Pulpit *and the* Desk. *And in ſhort, what ever excuſe may be made for* Tully's *firſt Book de* Naturâ Deorum, *what for* Minutius Felix *and others, will as juſtly vindicate this Undertaking.*

Hence alſo the admirers of Mr. Hobbes *may eaſily diſcern that his* Politicks *are but* Lucretius *enlarg'd; His ſtate of* Nature *is ſung by our* Poet; *the riſe of* Laws; *the beginning of* Societies; *the* Criteria *of* Juſt *and* Unjuſt *exactly the ſame, and natural* Conſequents *of the Epicurean Origine of Man; no new Adventures.*

Laſtly, the Particulars of Natural Philoſophy are ſo happily expreſt in theſe Numbers; *that as we have nothing in the Writings of the* Greeks *or* Latins *comparable thereunto, at leaſt concerning the Phyſics of* Epicurus, *or rather of the more learned* Democritus; *ſo the renown'd* Gaſſendus *eſteem'd it a good riſe of his fame, to convert and draw out this Poem into three large Volumes in Proſe: not to ſay, that on theſe leaves you find the Pearls of* Carteſianiſm.

Theſe

These being the Reasons *of the Publication, let Men make use of it as they please, if any turns it to his hurt, tis far from my* design, *or the* Nature *of the Thing; and I have the same plea that* Aristotle *makes for his* Rhetorick* Τυποτε κοινόν ἔστι κατὰ πάντων ἀγαθῶν, πλὴν τῆς ἀρετῆς. *A corrupt mind may suck* Poyson *from the* sweetest *flowers of the Poet, and turn his excellent discourses against the fear of Death, his severe dehortations from* Covetousness, Ambition, *and* fond Love, *into Arguments for* Impiety, Sloth, *and* Wantonness. *But why should this reflect upon the Work? we refuse not* wholesome *food, because in a* vitiated *Stomach it encreaseth the disease: I shall not enumerate the excellencies of the* Author, *lest no such appear in the* Translation; *but any man, (And even** Quintilian *allowes him this) may perceive that he is* elegant *in his kind, curious and exact in his* images, *happy in* disposition, *flowing, even to* satiety, *in* Instances, *of a brisk and ready Witt, pointed in Satyrs, severe in taunts, grave in precepts, quick and vivacious in his discourses, and every way fitted for his bold attempt. These Excellencies make him extream difficult to be follow'd; The learned* Casaubon *declares it impossible; Mr.* Evelyn *found it a very discouraging task, and I believe any one who will be pleas'd to oblige the World with a* better *Version will be convinc't of the difficulty: The Matter is extream*

Lib. 1. c. 2.

Lib. 10. c. 1.

stubborn

ſtubborn. *and every Poem of this kind, muſt be like a* Landſkip, *where craggy Mountains, and broken Walls are intermixt with fair Meadows, and ſmooth ſtreams: and our* Language (* *I take it on Sir* Henry Wooton's *obſervation) runs out into* froth, *and* bubble, *is copious in* Love *expreſſions, and* Compliment; *but very narrow, and barren in terms of* Art, *and Phraſes fit for* Philoſophy; *ſo that Phyſicks written in Engliſh, are unintelligible to ſtrangers in the learned languages: I have endeavoured faithfully to diſcloſe his meaning, ſhow him whole, and entire, unleſs in the Fourth Book, where ſome few Verſes are omitted, for Reaſons obvious enough. I have often followed different readings and explications from all the* Expoſitors, *but whether agreeable to the mind of the Author or no, only Compariſon can diſcover: This is all I ſhall ſpeak concerning the Tranſlation, which like the* divining Wand, *diſcovers Treaſures that lay hid from Vulgar eyes, and like that too, is efficacious only in * ſome mens hands, whether it proves ſo in* Mine, *(Reader,) I ſubmit to thy Judgment, read freely, and cenſure according to thy knowledge.*

Preface to his Architecture.

Boyl's *Eſſays. p. 92.*

LU

LUCRETIUS

THE FIRST BOOK.

KInd *Venus*, glory of the bleſt Abodes,
Parent of *Rome*, and joy of Men and Gods,
Delight of all, comfort of Sea and Earth;
To whoſe kind powers all Creatures owe their birth.
At thy approach, great *Goddeſs*, ſtreight remove
What e're are rough, and enemies to Love,
The Clouds diſperſe, the Winds do ſwiftly waſt,
And *reverently* in Murmurs breath their laſt:
The Earth with various Art (for thy warm powers
That dull maſs feels) puts forth her gawdy flowers:
For Thee doth ſubtile Luxury prepare
The choiſeſt ſtores of Earth, of Sea and Air,
To welcome Thee ſhe comes profuſely dreſt
With all the Spices of the wanton Eaſt,
To pleaſure Thee e'en lazy Luxurie toils.
The roughest Sea puts on ſmooth looks, and ſmiles:
The well-pleas'd Heaven aſſumes a brighter ray
At thy approach, and makes a *double* day.
When firſt the gentle Spring begins t' inſpire
Melting thoughts, ſoft wiſhes, gay deſire,
And warm *Favonius* fans the Amorous fire;
Firſt thro the Birds the active flame doth move,
Who with their Mates ſit down, and ſing and love,

They *gratefully* their tuneful voice imploy
At thy approach, the Author of their joy.
Each Beast forgets his rage, and entertains
A lofter *fury*, thro the flowery Plains,
Thro rapid Streams, thro Woods, and silent Groves
With wanton play they run to meet their Loves.
Whole Nature yields unto your charms: the ways
You lead, she follows, and *eagerly* obeys.
Acted by those kind principles You infuse,
Each Bird and Beast endeavours to produce
His kind, and the decaying world renews.

Thee *Natures* powerful Ruler, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darksom *Chaos* ugly womb,
Thee, now I sing of *Nature*, I must choose
A Patron to my Verse, be thou my *Muse*,
And make my lines, whilst I to *Memmius* write,
Thy choice, thy most deserving Favorite:
(Inspire my breast with an unusual flame,)
Sprightly as *his* Wit, immortal as *his* Fame.
Let Wars tumultuous noise and labours cease,
Let Earth and Sea enjoy a solid Peace.
Peace is thy gift alone, for furious *Mars*,
The onely Governour and God of Wars,
Tired with heat and toil doth oft resort
To tast the pleasures of the *Paphian* Court;
Where on thy bosome he supinely lies,
And greedily drinks Love at both his eyes;
Till quite orecome he snatches an *eager* kiss,
And *hastily* goes on to greater bliss.
Then 'midst his strict embraces clasp thine Arms
About his neck, and call forth all thy charms,
Caress with all thy subtle Arts, become
A flatterer, and beg a peace for *Rome*.

For

For 'midſt rough Wars how can Verſe ſmoothly flow,
Or 'midſt ſuch ſtorms the learned Laurel grow?
How can my *Memmius* have time to read,
Who by his Anceſtors fam'd glory led
To noble Actions, muſt eſpouſe the Cauſe
Of his dear Countreys Liberties and Laws?
And you, my *Memmius*, free from other cares,
Receive right Reaſon's voice with well purg'd ears,
Leſt what I write, and ſend thee for thy good,
Be ſcorn'd and damn'd before well underſtood.
I treat of things abſtruſe, the *Deity*, *The Subject of the Poem.*
The vaſt and ſteddy motions of the Sky;
The riſe of Things, how curious *Nature* joyns
The various Seed, and in one Maſs combines
The jarring Principles; what new ſupplies
Bring nouriſhment and ſtrength, how ſhe unties
The *Gordian* knot, and the *poor* Compound dies:
Of what ſhe makes, to what ſhe breaks the frame,
Call'd *Seeds* or *Principles*; tho either name
We uſe promiſcuouſly, the Thing's the ſame.
For whatſoere's *Divine* muſt live in Peace,
In undiſturb'd and everlaſting eaſe:
Not care for us, from fears and dangers free,
Sufficient to its own felicity:
Nought here below, Nought in our power it needs;
Nere ſmiles at good, nere frowns at wicked deeds.
Long time men lay oppreſt with ſlaviſh fear,
Religion's Tyranny did domineer,
Which being plac'd in Heaven look'd *proudly* down,
And frighted abject ſpirits with her frown.
At laſt a mighty one of *Greece* began
T'aſſert the natural liberty of Man,
By ſenſeleſs terrors and vain fancy led
To ſlavery, *ſtreight the conquer'd Fantoms fled.*

Not the fam'd stories of the Deity,
Not all the Thunder of the threatning Sky
Could stop his rising Soul, thro all he past
The strongest bounds that powerful Nature cast:
His vigorous and active Mind was hurld
Beyond the flaming limits of *this* World
Into the mighty Space, and there did see
How things begin, what can, what cannot be;
How all must dye, how yeild to fatal force,
What steddy limits bound their natural course;
He saw all this, and brought it back to us.
Wherefore by *his* success *our* right *we* gain,
Religion is *our* Subject now, and *we* reign.
If you shall start at these bold Truths, and fly
These lines as Maxims of Impiety,
Consider that Religion did, and will
Contrive, promote, and act the greatest Ill.
By that *Diana*'s cruel Altar flow'd
With innocent and Royal Virgins blood.
Unhappy Maid! with sacred Ribbands bound,
(Religions pride,) and holy Garlands crown'd
To meet an undeserv'd untimely Fate
Led by the *Grecian* Chiefs in pomp and state:
She saw her Father by, whose tears did flow
In streams, the only pity he could show:
She saw the crafty Priest conceal the knife
From him, bless'd and prepar'd against her life;
She saw her Citizens with weeping eys
Unwillingly attend the Sacrifice:
Then dumb with grief her tears did pity crave,
But 'twas beyond her Fathers power to save;
In vain did Innocence, Youth, and Beauty plead,
In vain the first Pledg of his Nuptial Bed;
She fell, e'en now grown ripe for Nuptial joy,

To bribe the Gods, and buy a wind for *Troy*:
So dy'd the innocent, the harmleſs Maid,
Such Diveliſh Acts Religion could perſwade!
But ſtill ſome frightful tales, ſome furious threats
By Poets form'd, thoſe grave and holy cheats,
May biaſs thee: e'en I could eaſily find
A thouſand ſtories to diſtract thy mind;
Invent new fears, whoſe horrid look ſhould fright,
And damp thy thoughts when eager on delight:
And reaſon good. But if it once appear
That after Death there's neither Hope nor Fear,
Then men might freely triumph, then diſdain
The Poets tales, and ſcorn their fancy'd pain:
But now we muſt ſubmit, ſince pains we fear
Eternal after Death, we know not where.
We know not yet how is our Soul produc'd,
Whether with Body born, or elſe infus'd;
Whether in Death breath'd out into the Air,
She doth confus'dly mix and periſh there;
Or thro vaſt Shades, and horrid Silence go
To viſit Brimſtone-caves, and Pools below,
Or unto Beaſts retires.---
As our fam'd *Ennius* ſings, upon whoſe brow
The firſt and freſheſt Crowns of Lawrel grow,
That ever learned *Italy* could ſhow;
Tho he in laſting numbers doth expreſs
The ſtately *Acheruſian* Palaces,
Which neither Soul nor Body e're invades,
But certain pale and melancholly ſhades,
From whence he ſaw old *Homer*'s Ghoſt ariſe
An Auguſt ſhade, down from whoſe reverend eys,
Whilſt his learn'd Tongue Natures great ſecrets told,
Whole ſtreams of Tears in mighty numbers roll'd.

There-

Therefore I'le sing, to cure these wanton fears,
Why Sun and Moon mete out the circling Years,
How *Bodies* first begin; but chiefly this,
Whence comes the Soul, and what her Nature is:
What frights her waking thoughts, what cheats her eys,
When sleeping or diseas'd she thinks she spies
Playing in various shapes about her bed,
And seems to hear the voices of the Dead.

The difficulty.

I'me sensible the *Latin* is too poor
To equal the vast rich *Grecian* store,
New matter various *Nature* still affords,
And new Conceptions do require new Words:
Yet for respect of You with great delight
I meet these dangers, and I wake all night
Labouring fit numbers and fit words to find,
To make Things plain, and to instruct thy Mind;
How safely to direct her curious eye
Into *coy Natures* greatest privacy.
These fears, that darkness that orespreads our souls,
Day can't dispersse, but those *eternal* rules
Which from firm Premises true *Reason* draws,
And a deep insight into *Natures* laws.
Well then let this as the first *Rule* be laid,
Nothing was by the Gods of *Nothing* made.
For hence proceeds all our distrust and fear,
That many things in Earth and Heaven appear,
Whose Causes far remote and hidden lie
Beyond the ken of vulgar Reasons eye,
Therefore ascrib'd unto the Deity.
But this once prov'd, it gives an open way
To Natures secrets, and we walk in day:
How Things are made, and how preserv'd we'll prove
Without the trouble of the Powers above:

If

If *Nothing* can be fertile, what Law binds
All *Beings* ſtill to generate their own *kinds?*
Why do not all Things variouſly proceed
From every Thing? what uſe of ſimilar Seed?
Why do not *Birds* and *Fiſhes* riſe from *Earth?*
And *Men* and *Trees* from *Water* take their birth?
Why do not *Herds* and *Flocks* drop down from *Air?*
Wild creatures and untam'd ſpring every where?
The *ſame* Tree would not riſe from the *ſame* Root,
The Cherry would not bluſh in the *ſame* fruit;
Nought fixt and conſtant be, but every year
Whole Nature change, and All things All things bear.
For did not proper Seeds on all things wait,
How then could *this* Thing ſtill ariſe from *that?*
But now ſince conſtant Nature all things breeds
From matter fitly joyn'd with proper Seeds
Their various ſhapes, their different properties,
Is the plain cauſe why All from All can't riſe.
Beſides why is ripe Corn in Summer found?
Why not *bald* Winter with freſh Roſes crown'd?
Why not his Cups o'reflow with new-preſt Wine?
But ſweaty Autumn only treads the Vine?
But becauſe Seeds to vital union caſt
Spring and appear but whilſt the Seaſons laſt; (bear,
Whilſt Mother Earth hath warmth and ſtrength to
And can ſafely truſt her infant-fruits to the mild Air.
Things made of *Nothing* would at *once* appear
At any time and quarter of the year;
Since Seeds are not whoſe *Nature* might remit,
And check their growth untill the Seaſon's fit.
Beſide no need of Time for things to grow,
For that would be a meaſure e'en too ſlow,
But in one inſtant, if from Nought began,
A *Shrub* might be a *Tree*, a *Boy* a *Man.*

Nothing made out of Nothing.

But

But this is falſe, each mean Obſerver ſees
Things grow from certain Seeds by juſt degrees,
And growing keep their *kind*; and hence we know
That Things on *proper* matter feed and grow.
Again; the Earth puts forth no gawdy flowers,
Unleſs impregnated with timely ſhowers,
And living Creatures too, that ſcarce receive
Supplies of food, nor can beget, nor live.
Wherefore 'tis better to conclude there are
Many *firſt common Bodies* every where,
Which joyn'd as Letters *words*, do *things* compoſe,
Than that from Nothing any Thing aroſe.
Beſides, why doth weak Nature make ſuch ſmall
Such puny Things for Men? Why not ſo tall,
That whilſt they wade thro Seas and ſwelling Tides,
The *aſpiring* waves ſhould hardly touch their ſides?
Why not ſo ſtrong that They with eaſe might tear
The ſtrongeſt rocks, and throw them thro the Air?
Why cannot ſhe preſerve them in their Prime
Above the power of devouring Time?
Why wanton Childhood ends in Youthful rage,
And Youth falls ſwiftly into doting Age?
But becauſe Things on certain Seeds depend
For their Beginning, Continuance, and End.
Therefore unfruitful *Nothing* nothing breeds,
Since all things owe their life to proper Seeds.
Beſides Experience tells us that wild roots
Better'd by Art and Soil bear noble fruits:
Whence we conclude that Seeds of Bodies lie
In Earth's cold womb, which ſet at liberty
By breaking of the clods in which they lurk,
Spring briskly up, and do their proper work.
For were there none, tho we no help afford,
Things would be better'd of their own accord.

Beſide

Beſides, as Nothing *Natures* power creates, *No Annihilation,*
So *Death* diſſolves, but not annihilates:
For could the *Subſtances* of Bodies die,
They preſently would vaniſh from our eye,
And without force diſſolving periſh all,
And ſilently into their *Nothing* fall:
But now ſince Things from Seeds eternal riſe,
Their parts well joyn'd and fitted, Nothing dies,
Unleſs ſome force break off the natural ties.
Beſides if o're what ever years prevail,
Should wholly periſh, and its matter fail,
How could the powers of *all kind Venus* breed,
A conſtant race of Animals to ſucceed?
Or how the Earth eternally ſupply
With proper food each their neceſſity?
How could the ſprings and rivers run ſo far,
And fill the Sea? how the Air feed each Star?
For whatſoe're could into Nothing waſt,
That infinite ſpace of Time already paſt
Had quite conſum'd.---
But if thoſe Bodies which compoſe this *All*
Could for ſo many Ages paſt endure,
They are immortal and from Death ſecure,
And therefore cannot into *Nothing* fall.
Again, the ſame force every thing would break,
Were not the union made more ſtrong or weak
By the immortal Seeds; nay more than that,
One *ſingle touch* would be the *ſtroak of Fate*:
For things, where no eternal Seeds are found,
Would ſtreight diſſolve, and dye with any wound:
But ſince the Seed's eternal, and the frame
Of Bodies and their union not the ſame,
Things may ſecure and free from danger ſtand,
Untill ſome force driven by an envious hand

Proportion'd to the texture breaks the band.
Thus Death diſſolves alone, ſhe breaks the chain,
And ſcatters Things to their firſt ſeeds again.
Laſtly, when *Father Æther* kindly pours
On fertile *Mother Earth* his ſeminal ſhowers,
They ſeem to periſh there; but ſtreight new juice
Ferment, and various Herbs and Trees produce,
Whoſe trunks grow ſtrong, and ſpreading branches ſhoot,
Look freſh and green, and bend beneath their fruit:
Theſe nouriſhment to Man and Beaſt do prove,
Hence our Towns fill with Youth, with Birds each Grove,
Who ſit and ſing, and in a numerous throng
With new fledg'd wings clap and applaud their ſong:
Theſe fat our Cattle, which diſtended lie
On fertile banks, their ſprightful young ones by
Revelling on milk, which their ſwoln udders yield,
Grow gay and brisk, and wanton o're the field:
And therefore Bodies cannot fall to Nought,
Since one thing ſtill is from another brought
By provident *Nature*, who lets *Nothing* riſe
And *Be*, unleſs from ſomething elſe that dies.
Now ſince we have by various reaſons taught,
That Nothing riſes from, or falls to Nought,
Leſt you diſſent, becauſe theſe Seeds muſt lie
Beyond the ken e'en of the ſharpeſt eye;
Know there are Bodies which no eye can ſee,
But yet from their effects muſt grant to *Be*.
For firſt the Winds diſturb the Sea, and tear
The ſtouteſt Ships, and chaſe clouds thro the Air:
Sometimes thro humble Plains their violent courſe
They take, and bear down Trees with mighty force:

Some-

Sometimes they riſe ſo high, their ſtrength ſo great,
With furious ſtorms the lofty Mountains beat,
And tear their Woods.---
Theſe muſt be Bodies, tho unſeen they be,
Which thus diſturb Heaven, Earth, Air, and Sea:
Which hardeſt Oaks and Rocks, and all things tear,
And ſnatch them up in whirlings thro the Air:
They all ruſh on as headlong Rivers flow,
Swoln big with falling ſhowers, or melting ſnow;
Thoſe Rocks and Trees o'return and mighty beams,
And whirl their conquer'd prey in rapid ſtreams:
No Bridg can check, no force the ſtream controle,
It grows more wild and fierce, and beats the Mole:
Ruine and Noiſe attend where e're it flows,
It rolls great ſtones, and breaks what dare oppoſe:
So ruſh the blaſts of *Wind*, which like a flood,
Which way ſo e're they tend, drive Rocks and Wood,
And All before them, ſometimes upwards bear
In rapid turns, and whirl them in the Air:
'Tis certain then, theſe Winds that rudely fight,
Are Bodies, tho too ſubtle for our ſight;
Since they do work as ſtrong, as furious grow
As violent ſtreams, which all grant Bodies, do.
Thoſe numerous Odors too, whoſe ſmells delight
And pleaſe the Noſe, are all too thin for ſight.
We view not Heat, nor ſharpeſt Colds, which wound
The tender Nerves, nor can we ſee a Sound.
Yet theſe are *Bodies*, for they move the ſenſe,
And ſtraight briſk pleaſures or quick pains commence:
They ſhake the Nerves; Now whatſoe're doth *touch*,
Or can be *touch'd*, that muſt be granted ſuch.
Beſides, freſh Cloaths expanded near the Main
Grow wet, the ſame by th' Sun are dry'd again:

Yet what Eye ſaw when firſt the moiſture fate,
Or when it roſe, and fled before the heat?
Therefore we muſt conclude the drops t'have been
Diſſolv'd to parts, too ſubtle to be ſeen.
Beſides tis certain, every circling year,
The Rings which grace the hands diminiſh there:
Drops hollow Stones; and whilſt we plough, the Share
Grows leſs; the *Streets* by often treading wear.
The brazen Statues that our gates adorn,
Shew their right hands diminiſhed and worn
By th' touch of thoſe that viſit or paſs by.
'Tis certain from all Theſe ſome parts muſt fly,
But when thoſe Bodies part, or what they be,
Envious *Nature* denies the power to ſee.
Laſtly none, not the ſharpeſt eye e're ſees
What parts to make things grow by juſt degrees
Nature doth add, nor what ſhe takes away,
When Age ſteals ſoftly on, and Things decay;
Nor what the Salt, to ſet the waters free,
Frets from the Rocks, and beats into the Sea:
Tis certain then that much which Nature does,
She works by bodies undiſcern'd by us.

There is a Void.

Yet *Bodies* do not fill up every place:
For beſides thoſe there is an empty ſpace,
A *Void*. This known, this Notion fram'd aright
Will bring to my diſcourſe new ſtrength and light,
And teach you plaineſt methods to diſcry
The greateſt ſecrets of Philoſophy.
A *Void is ſpace intangible*: Thus prov'd.
For were there none no Body could be mov'd,
Becauſe where e're the briſker motion goes,
It ſtill muſt meet with ſtops, ſtill meet with foes,
Tis natural to Bodies to oppoſe.
So that to move would be in vain to try,

But

But all would fixt, ſtubborn, and moveleſs lie,
Becauſe no yielding Body could be found
Which firſt ſhould move, and give the other ground.
But every one now ſees that things do move
With various turns in Earth and Heaven above;
Which were no *Void*, not only we'd not ſeen,
But th' Bodies too themſelves had never been:
Ne're generated, for Matter all ſides preſt
With other matter would for ever reſt.
Tho free from Pores and ſolid Things appear,
Yet many Reaſons prove them to be rare:
For drops diſtill, and ſubtle moiſture creeps
Thro hardeſt Rocks, and every Marble weeps:
Juice drawn from food unto the Head doth climb,
Then falls to th' feet, and viſits every limb:
Trees grow, and at due ſeaſons yeild their fruit,
Becauſe the Juice drawn by the labouring root
Doth riſe ith' Trunk, and thro the branches ſhoot:
Sounds paſs thro well clos'd rooms and hardeſt ſtones,
And rigorous Winter's froſt affects our bones.
This could not be, were there no *empty ſpace*,
Thro which theſe Moveables might freely paſs.
Beſides, why have not *Bodies* equal weight
With thoſe whoſe *figure* is but juſt as great?
For did as many equal *bodies* frame
Both Wool and Lead, their weight would be the ſame:
For every part of *Matter* downwards tends
By nature heavy, but no *Void* deſcends:
Wherefore thoſe lighter *Things* of equal ſize
Do leſs of *Matter*, more of *Void* compriſe;
But by the heavier more of Seed's enjoy'd:
And theſe convincing Reaſons prove a *Void*.
But ſome object, the Floods give Fiſhes way,
Who cut their paſſage thro the yeilding Sea,

Becauſe

Becauſe they leave a ſpace where ere they go,
To which the yeilding waters circling flow,
And hence by an Analogy they prove,
That tho the World was *full*, yet things may move:
But this is weak.---
For how could Fiſhes ply their natural Oars,
How cut the Sea, and viſit diſtant ſhoars,
Unleſs the waves gave way? how thoſe divide,
Except the fiſh firſt part the yeilding Tide?
Well then, fight ſenſe, deny what that will prove,
Diſcard all motion, and the power to ſhove;
Or grant a *Void*, whence *Things* begin to move.

Let two broad bodies meet and part agen,
The Air muſt fill the ſpace that's left between;
Yet tho ſuppos'd it flies as ſwift as thought,
E'en common ſenſe denies it can be brought
O're all at once, the neareſt firſt poſſeſt,
And thence tis hurrid on, and fills the reſt.

But now ſhould ſome ſuppoſe theſe *Marbles* part,
Made firm by *Nature*, and polite by *Art*,
Becauſe the Air's condens'd; they erre, 'tis plain
That a wide *Void* is made, and fill'd again:
Nor can the Air condens'd be thus employ'd,
Or if it could, yet not without a *Void*
Could all the parts contract to ſhorter ſpace,
And be combin'd with a more cloſe embrace:
Thus tho you cavil, yet at laſt o'recome,
You muſt ignobly grant a *Vacuum*.

Nor are theſe all, ten thouſand Reaſons more
Clear, firm, convincing, yet ne're heard before,
Might be produc'd, but theſe (my Curious *Youth*)
Will guide thy ſearching mind to farther truth:
For as Hounds once in trace do beat about,
Purſue the ſcent, and find the Coverts out,

So

So you, my *Memmius*, may from one Thing known
To hidden Truths ſucceſsfully go on;
Purſue coy *Truth* with an unerring ſenſe
Into her cloſe receſs, and force her thence:
Go briskly on, and in ſuch things as theſe
Ne're doubt, I'le promiſe Thee deſerv'd ſucceſs:
And my full ſoul is eager to declare
So many ſecrets, that I juſtly fear,
E're I ſhall prove but one particular,
The Reaſons flow in ſuch a numerous throng,
That Age or haſty Death will break the Song.
But to go on.---
This *All* conſiſts of *Body* and of *Space*, *Nothing beſides Body, and Void.*
This *moves*, and that affords the *Motion place*:
That *Bodies* are, we all from ſenſe receive,
Whoſe notice if in this we disbeleive
On what can *Reaſon* fix, on what rely?
What *rule* the truth of her deductions try
In greater ſecrets of Philoſophy?
Suppoſe no *Void*, as former Reaſons prove,
No *Body* could enjoy a *Place*, or *move*.
Beſides theſe *two* there is no third degree
Diſtinct from both; nought that hath power to *Be*.
For if 'tis *Tangible*, and hath a *Place*,
Tis *Body*; if *Intangible*, 'tis *Space*.
Beſides, whatever *is*, a Power muſt own,
Or fit to *act*, or to be acted *on*,
Or be a *Place* in which ſuch Things are *done*.
Now *Bodies* only *ſuffer* and *act*, and *Place*
Is the peculiar gift of *empty Space*:
Well then, a different *Third* in vain is ſought,
And not to be diſcover'd by ſenſe or thought.
For whatſoe're may ſeem of more degrees,
Are the *Events* or *Properties* of Theſe:

Which

Which to explain; We call those *Properties*,
Which never part except the Subject dies:
So *Weight* to *Stones*, so *Moisture* to the *Sea*,
So *Touch* to *Body* is, and to be free
From *Touching* is to *void*. But Peace, and Wealth,
War, Concord, Slavery, Liberty, and Health,
Whose presence or whose absence nor prevents,
Nor brings the *subjects* ruine, are *Events*.
Time of it self is Nothing, but from thought
Receives its rise, by labouring Fancy wrought
From Things consider'd, whilst we think on some
As *present*, some as *past*, or *yet to come*.
No Thought can think on Time, that's still confest,
But thinks on Things in motion or at rest.
Yet whilst the Sons of Fame their Songs employ
On *Hellens* Rape, or mourn the Fall of *Troy*,
Take heed, nor fancy from such tales as these
That *Actions* are, that they *subsist* confess:
Since all those whose *Events* they were, wars rage
Long since destroy'd, or more devouring Age:
For *Action*, or what e're from *Action* springs,
Is call'd th' *Event* of Countreys or of Things.
Lastly suppose no *Frame*, no *Seed* had been
To act these *Things*, nor *Space* to act them in;
No gentle fire had warm'd kind *Paris* breast,
No flames from beauteous *Hellens* eyes increast,
And kindled dreadful war; no teeming Horse
Brought forth in one short night so great a force
As ruin'd stately *Troy*: which plainly show
That *Actions* not subsist, as *Bodies* do,
Neither as *void*, but as *Events* alone
Of *Places* where, and *Things* by which they 're done.
But farther, *Bodies* are of different *kind*,
Or *Principles*, or made of those combin'd:

The

The *Principles* of Things no force can break,
They are too ſolid, and all ſtroaks too weak,
Tho ſuch can hardly be believ'd; for Voice
Or Thunder's ſound, or every louder noiſe,
Break thro our walls, which yet remain entire.
So Iron glows, and Rocks diſſolve in fire:
Briſk flames divide the ſtubborn Gold and Braſs,
And to a liquid ſubſtance break the maſs.
Thro Silver *Heat* and *Cold*, and each diſdains
And ſcorns a priſon, tho in *pretious* chains:
This *ſenſe* perceives, for hold a Silver Cup,
And pour ſome water gently in at top; (bands,
Th' impriſon'd *Heat* or *Cold* ſtreight break their
Grow fierce, fly thro, and *warm* or *chill* the hands.
Theſe Inſtances are ſtrong; theſe ſeem t' explain,
That *Beings* in their vaſt extent contain
No perfect Solids: *Creatures of the Brain:*
But yet attend my *Muſe*; ſhe breifly ſings
(Becauſe right *Reaſon*, and the frame of Things
Such Seeds require) attend, ſhe ſweetly ſhows,
And proves, that *Things* from perfect *Solids* roſe.
Two ſorts of *Beings* Reaſons eye deſcry'd *Perfect Solids.*
And prov'd before, their difference vaſtly wide,
Body and *Void*, which never could agree
In any one Eſſential Property;
For Body as tis Matter is from Place
Diſtinct, and Void from Body as tis Space;
Both theſe diſtinct ſubſiſt: And thus tis prov'd
That *Seeds* are *ſolid*, and from *Space* remov'd.
But farther on; ſince *Things* of *Seed* compos'd
Hold *Void*, that *Thing* by which that *Void's* en-
Is perfect *ſolid*, for what elſe employ'd (cloſ'd
Can hold a *Space*, or what contain a *Void*?
Now what can Senſe, what ſearching Reaſon find,

To hold this Void, but ſolid Seeds combin'd?
This ſolid Matter muſt for ever laſt,
Eternally endure, whilſt *Compounds* waſte.
So grant no *Void, no Spaces unpoſſeſt,*
Then all would *ſolid* be, and all *at reſt.*
And grant no Solids which fill up that Place
They do poſſeſs, all would be Empty Space.
Well then, *Seeds* mixt with *Void* compoſe the Whole,
Not All is Empty Space, not All is Full:
And *ſolid ſeeds* exiſt, which fill their place,
And make a difference between *Full* and *Space.*
Seeds eternal. Theſe, as I prov'd before, no active flame,
No ſubtle cold can pierce, and break the frame,
Tho every Compound yields; no powerful blow,
No ſubtle wedge divide, or break in two.
For nothing can be ſtruck, no part deſtroy'd
By powerful blows, or cleft without a Void.
And thoſe that hold moſt Void, when ſtroaks do (preſs,
Or ſubtle wedges enter, yield with eaſe.
Now if theſe Seeds are ſolid, they muſt endure
Eternal too, from force, from ſtroak ſecure.
Beſides were Seeds not Eternal,---
All then would riſe from *Nought,* and all return
To *Nought, Nothing would be both Womb and Urn.*
But ſince my former Reaſons clearly taught,
That *Nothing* riſes from, or ſinks to *Nought*;
Thoſe various Things *eternal Seeds* compoſe,
And Death again diſſolves them into thoſe;
And thence new things were fram'd, new Creatures roſe;
Then Seeds are *ſolid,* elſe how could they laſt?
How things repair, ſo many ages paſt?
When *Nature* Things divides, did ſhe go on
Dividing ſtill, and never would have done?

The

The Seeds had been ſo ſmall, ſo much refin'd,
That nothing could have grown mature, no Maſs combin'd,
For things are eaſier far diſſolv'd than joyn'd:
Then *Nature*, which thro all thoſe ages paſt
Hath broke thoſe Seeds, and ſtill goes on to waſte,
Could ſcarce contrive, tho numerous years remain,
To fit, unite, and joyn them cloſe again.
But now tis plain, by ſtricteſt reaſon try'd,
That Nature doth not infinitely divide,
Since Things are made, and certain years endure,
In which they ſpring, grow, and become mature.
But more: tho Seeds are hard thro all their frame, *whence Softneſs.*
A Compound may be ſoft, as water, flame,
What ere it is, or whence ſo'ere it ſprings,
Becauſe we grant a Void commixt with Things:
But were they *ſoft*, no reaſon could be ſhown,
How hardned Iron's fram'd, or harder Stone,
For Nature then would want fit Seeds to work upon:
Then ſolid Seeds exiſt, whoſe numerous throng
Cloſely combin'd, makes Compounds firm and ſtrong.
But more: ſince Things have time for life and growth
Prefixt, and certain terms are ſet to both; (
Since bounds are ſet, o're which they cannot go,
And *laws* ſpeak what they *can*, and *cannot* do:
Nor Things are chang'd, for all the *Kinds* that flie,
Are cloath'd with plumes of the ſame curious Die;
The *Matter* muſt be firm, the *Seeds* muſt be
Unchangeable, from alteration free.
For grant the Seeds may change, we could not know
What things would be produc'd, or when, or how:
How great their power would riſe, how far extend,
How long they'd live, or when their actions end:

Nor ſhould we find the ſame delights purſu'd,
Nor Parents natures in the Young renew'd.
Beſides, thoſe *parts* of Things that utmoſt lie,
Are ſomething, tho too ſubtle for the eye,
And theſe are *Leaſts*; they never break the chain,
And by themſelves ſubſiſt, nor ever can:
For they are parts whoſe both extreams the ſame,
And *ſuch-like* plac'd in order *Bodies* frame.
Since theſe ſubſiſt not in a ſeparate ſtate,
Their Union muſt be ſtrong, too firm for Fate;
And Stroak and Wedg may try their ſtrength in vain,
No force can looſe the tye, or break the chain.
Then *Seeds* are *ſimple ſolids*, their parts combin'd
By ſtrongeſt bands; but not of *Others* joyn'd.
Theſe Nature keeps entire, theſe Seeds ſupply
For future Things, repairing thoſe that die.

Atoms. Beſides, ſuppoſe no *Leaſt*, then Seeds refin'd,
Too ſmall for ſenſe, nay ſcarce perceiv'd by Mind,
Would ſtill be full, ſtill numerous parts contain,
No End, no Bound, but Infinite the train:
And thus the *greateſt* and the *ſmalleſt* frame
Would both be equal, and their bounds the ſame;
For tho the *All* be *infinite*, each ſingle grain
And ſmalleſt *Seeds* as numerous parts contain.
But that's abſurd by Reaſons laws confeſt,
And therefore *Nature* muſt admit a *Leaſt*
Not fram'd of others, which no parts can ſhow,
And that is *ſolid*, and *eternal* too.
Beſide, did Nature not reſolve to *Leaſt*,
Her power quite ſpent, her works long ſince had ceaſt:
Her force all gone, no *Beings* rais'd anew,
Nor Things repair'd; for no *Compoſures* ſhew
What *Seeds* muſt have, thoſe *Cath'lick Qualities*
Natures great inſtruments, Weight, Motion, Size.

Laſtly

Laſtly, grant Nature infinitely divides,
And never ceaſes; You muſt grant beſides
That ſtill ſome Seeds exiſt, which never broke,
Remain ſecure, free from the power of ſtroak.
But tis abſurd frail Seeds ſhould bear the rage
Of ſtroaks unhurt, nor yield to powerful Age.
Thoſe groſly erre, who teach *All* riſe from *Fire*, *Againſt Heraclitus.*
As *Heraclitus*, whom vain *Greeks* admire
For dark expreſſion. But the *Sober Few*,
Who ſeek for, and delight in what is *true*,
Scorn and contemn; for only Fools regard
What ſeems obſcure, and intricate, and hard:
Take that for *Truth*, whoſe *Phraſes* ſmooth appear,
And dancing Periods charm the wanton ear.
For how could *Bodies* of ſo different frame,
So various riſe from *pure* and *real* Flame?
Nor can you clear the doubt, by fond pretence
That *Fire* is made more *rare*, or elſe more *denſe*;
This changes not the *Fire*, tis ſtill the ſame,
If *Denſe* a *ſtrong*, if *Rare* a *weaker* Flame.
Yet this is all that can be ſaid.---
Who can believe that Natures various Pride
Can ſpring from *Flame* condens'd, or rarify'd?
Tis true, did *Theſe* admit an Empty Space,
Then Flame made *rare* might fill a larger place,
Or *denſe*, combine with a more ſtrict embrace;
But ſince *they* think that hard, and *Void* oppoſe,
Fearing the *difficult*, the *right* they looſe;
Nor yet perceive, that baniſh Void alone,
All Bodies would be *Denſe*, and All be *One*;
From which no Seeds could flie, no Parts retire
As Smoak, and Heat, and vigorous Light from Fire.
This proves a Void commixt.---
But if by any means, however ſtrange,

The

The *Flame* could periſh, and its Parts could change,
If this could once be done, then all its Heat,
And its whole Nature would to *Nought* retreat;
And therefore Bodies would from *Nothing* riſe,
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.
But after change ſome Seeds muſt ſtill remain,
Leſt all ſhould ſink to *Nought*, and thence return
Now ſince our former reaſons clearly ſhow (again.
Some *Seeds*, and thoſe of *conſtant* nature too;
Whoſe preſence, abſence, or whoſe different range
Of Order makes the *Things* themſelves to change;
We certainly conclude, they are not Flame,
For then 'twould Nought import, what newly came,
What chang'd its Order, or what did retire,
Since all would be of the *ſame nature, Fire.*
But this is my Opinion,---
Some Seeds exiſt, from whoſe Site, Figure, Size,
Concuſſion, Order, Motion, Flames ariſe;
And when that Order's chang'd, the parts of Fire
Their Nature loſe, and ſilently expire;
The diſunited Bodies flie from thence,
Not *Flame*, nor any object of the Senſe.
But now to think, as *Heraclitus* tells,
That *All* that is, is *Fire*, and nothing elſe,
Tis fond, and certainty of Senſe o'rethrows,
From which alone that *Flame* exiſts *he* knows;
In this *he* credit gives, but fears t' afford
The like in things as plain, and that's abſurd:
For what can judge, and what our Search ſecure,
Like Senſe, *Truths great Criterion*? what ſo ſure?
Beſides why ſhould We rather *All* diſclaim,
Reject All elſe, and fancy only *Flame*,
Than *Fire* deny, and *all things* elſe receive,
Both which tis equal madneſs to believe?

VVell

Well then, all thoſe that teach, Things took their birth
From ſimple Fire, or Water, Air, or Earth,
Lie under palpable miſtakes; and Thoſe
That teach from doubled Elements they roſe,
As Air and Fire, as Earth and Water joyn'd;
Or all four, Earth, Air, Water, Fire combin'd:
Thus ſung *Empedocles* ---
In fruitful *Sicily*, whoſe crooked ſides
The *Ionian* waſhes with impetuous Tides,
And a ſmall *Frith* from *Italy* divides,
Here *Scylla* raves, and fierce *Charibdis* roars,
Beating with boiſterous waves the trembling ſhores;
Here preſt *Enceladus* with mighty loads,
Vomits revenge in flames againſt the Gods;
Thro *Ætnas* jaws he impudently threats,
And thundring Heaven with equal thunder beats:
This *Iſle*, tho with ſuch wondrous ſights as theſe
Doth call forth Trav'lers, and the curious pleaſe,
Is rich with men and fruit, hath rarely ſhown
A thing more glorious than this ſingle One.
His Verſe compos'd of Natures works declare
His wit was ſtrong, and his invention rare;
His judgment deep and ſound, whence ſome began,
And juſtly too, to think him more than Man.
Yet *He*, with all the meaner Others nam'd,
Tho for ſome rare inventions juſtly fam'd,
(which they have left as Oracles, more ſure
Than from the *Tripod* ſpoke, and leſs obſcure
Than thoſe the Antients from the *Pythia* heard)
Ith' Principles of Things have greatly err'd.
That things may briskly *move*, be *ſoft*, or *rare*
Without a Void, as Water, Flame, or Air,
They *all* affirm, that *Nature* never reſts
In breaking *Bodies*, and admits no *Leaſts*;

Things are not made of four Elements.

Empedocles.

VVhen

When yet we ſee that part that top-moſt lies
Is th' Leaſt that is preſented to our eyes;
From whence that that's a Leaſt we may conclude
Which utmoſt is, too little to be view'd.
Beſides, their *Seeds* are *ſoft*, which can be born,
And dy; then *all* would riſe, and *all* return
To Nought; *Nothing* would be both *Womb* and *Urn.*
Beſides, ſince they are *Contraries*, and at jars
Amongſt themſelves, engag'd in Civil wars,
They periſh when they *meet*, or ſcatter'd waſte
As wind, and ſhowers, croſs'd by an adverſe blaſt.
Laſtly, if from *four Elements* All things roſe,
And All again by Death diſſolv'd to *thoſe*;
What reaſon we ſhould rather fondly deem
Thoſe Principles of *Things*, than *Things* of Them?
For They alternately are chang'd, and ſhow
Each other's figure, and their nature too.
But if you think that *Earth* is joyn'd with *Fire*,
With *Water Air*, their Nature ſtill *entire*,
Nothing could firſt be *made*, or made *increaſt*,
Nor Tree, nor Man, nor tender Fruit, nor Beaſt;
For each Component in the various Maſs
Would keep its nature, and *be* what it *was*;
And we ſhould view confus'dly joyn'd and fixt
Thin Air with Earth, and Fire with Water mixt.
But Principles of Things muſt be unknown,
Of Nature undiſcern'd; leſt any one
Riſing above the Others ſhould appear,
And ſhow that Things not truly Compounds are.
Beſides, they all theſe Four from Heaven derive,
And firſt, that Flame is turn'd to Air, believe;
Thence *Water*, and thence *Earth*, and ſo retire
From *Earth* to *Water*, thence to *Air* and *Fire*;

Their

Their change ne're ceaſeth, but about they're driven
From *Heaven* to *Earth*, from *Earth* again to *Heaven*:
But *Seeds* can never change their natural ſtate,
They muſt endure free from the power of Fate,
Leſt *all* ſhould ſink to Nought and thence ariſe,
For what is chang'd from what it was, That dies.
Now ſince theſe *four* can die, ſince theſe can fail,
Of other Seeds o're which no ſtroaks prevail
They muſt be fram'd, leſt *all* ſhould riſe, and *all* return
To Nought, and *Nothing* be both Womb and Urn:
Then rather grant *Seeds* ſuch, that did they frame
A ſingle *Body*, as, for inſtance, *Flame*,
Yet take away or adde ſome new to thoſe,
Their Site or Motion chang'd would *Air* compoſe:
And ſo of other things.---
But you'l object, and ſay tis manifeſt
From Earth riſe Trees, are nouriſh'd, and increaſt;
And if the Seaſons prove not kind and good,
Moiſture and ſoaking ſhowers corrupt the wood:
And did not *Phœbus* ſhed enlivening heat,
No Fruit or Beaſts could grow, look fair and great:
And we, unleſs upheld by meats, ſhould die,
Swallow'd by treacherous Mortality;
Life loos'd from Nerves and Bones long ſince had fled,
And left the waſted Carcaſs pale and dead:
For *We* from *certain things* our ſtrength receive,
And *other things* from *certain others* live:
For various common Principles are fixt
In every thing, and all confus'd and mixt,
And therefore Nature knows no *general* good,
But *different things* muſt have their *different food*:
And thus it matters to the grand deſign,
How, or with what, the various *Seeds* combine,

What Site, and what Poſition they maintain,
What Motion give, and what receive again.
For the *ſame* Seeds compoſe both Earth and Seas,
The Sun, and Moon, Fruits, Animals, and Trees,
But their *contexture*, or their *motion* diſagrees.
So in my Verſe are Letters *common* found
To many *words* unlike in ſenſe and ſound;
Such great variety bare change affords
Of order ith' few Elements of Words.
Now ſince Things *ſeeds* are more, from thoſe may riſe
More different ſhapes, and more varieties.

Againſt Anaxagoras. Now let's examine with a curious eye
Anaxagoras his Philoſophy,
By copious *Greece* term'd *Homœomery*:
For which our *Latin* language, poor in words,
Not one expreſſive ſingle voice affords:
Yet by an eaſie ſhort *Periphraſis*
We plainly can diſcover what it is.
For this it means: That Bones of minute bones,
That Fleſh of Fleſh, and Stones of little Stones,
That Nerves take other little Nerves for food,
That Blood is made of little drops of Blood;
That Gold from parts of the ſame nature roſe,
That Earths do Earth, Fires Fire, Airs Air compoſe,
And ſo in all things elſe alike to thoſe.
But *He* admits no *Void*, He grants no *Leaſt*,
And therefore errs in *that* with *all the Reſt*.
Beſides, too weak, too feeble *Seeds* he choſe,
If they are like the Bodies they compoſe,
And liable to death as well as thoſe:
For which of all theſe Beings could endure
The violent jaws of Death, from Death ſecure?
Could Fire, could Air, could Water, Blood, or Bone?
Which of all Theſe? in my opinion none:

Since

Since *All* would be as liable to die,
Subject to powerful Mortality,
As those which force destroys before our eye.
But former Arguments have clearly taught,
That Things nor perish to, nor rise from, Nought.
Besides, since by our *Meat* our bodies grow,
Are nourish'd and increas'd, we plainly know
That Bones, and Blood, and Veins, and Nerves are (made
Of parts *dissimilar*, in Order laid:
But if the *Meat* in perfect form contains
Small parts of *Nerves*, of *Blood*, of *Bones*, and *Veins*,
Then Meat and Drink would in themselves preserve
Dissimilar parts, as Blood, Bone, Vein, and Nerve.
Besides, if all those Things that spring from Earth,
Before they rose, before they shew'd their birth,
Lay hid within, the Clods must needs comprise
As proper *Parts* those various *Things* that rise.
Now change the subject, keep the terms the same,
In Wood if smoak lie hid, if sparks, and flame,
It must consist of parts of different frame.
But there's a little shift, a slight excuse,
Which *Anaxagoras* his Scholars use.
Tho such lie mixt in *All*, that part alone
Appears, that only to the sense is shown,
Which in the composition doth comprize
The greatest part, and on the surface lies.
But this is false; or thro the weighty Mill,
From broken Corn would bloody drops distill,
Or some such parts as in our *bodies* grow;
From herbs and flowers a milky juice would flow,
In broken clods each searching eye might see
Some lurking scatter'd herb, or leaf, or tree;
And in cleft wood, and broken sticks admire
Smoak, ashes, flame, and little sparks of fire:

But ſince on ſtricteſt ſearch no *Parts* appear,
We muſt not fondly fancy they are there;
That *Bodies* are compos'd of ſuch combin'd,
But *common Seeds* in various order joyn'd.
But you will anſwer thus: Tis often known
That ſtately Trees on lofty mountains grown,
When beaten by a furious Southern blaſt,
Grow *warm*, and *hot*, and ſo *take fire* at laſt.
All this we grant.---
Yet there's no *actual Fire*, but *Seeds* of Heat,
Which daſht together all this *flame* beget;
For if ith' wood ſuch *actual flame* was held,
How could it for one moment be conceal'd?
It ſtreight would ſhew its mighty force, and burn,
And Shrubs, and Trees, and all to aſhes turn.
And hence, as we diſcours'd before, we find
It matters much with what firſt Seeds are joyn'd,
Or how, or what poſition they maintain,
What motion give, and what receive again:
And that the Seeds remaining ſtill the ſame,
Their order chang'd, of wood are turn'd to flame.
Juſt as the *letters* little change affords
Ignis and *Lignum*, two quite different words.
Beſides, if you ſuppoſe no *frame* would ſpring,
Unleſs the *Principles* were like the *Thing*,
The ſame in *nature*, Seeds are loſt, for then
Some Seeds would laugh, and weep, and laugh agen;
With violent Grin diſtort their little face,
And preſently drop briny tears apace.
Now what remains obſerve, diſtinctly mark,
I know tis hard, tis intricate, and dark,
Yet *powerful* hope of Praiſe ſtill ſpurs me on,
(I'me eager, and tis time that I were gone,)
I feel, I riſing feel *Poetick* heats,

And

And now inſpired trace o're the Muſes ſeats
Untrodden yet; tis ſweet to viſit firſt
Untoucht and *Virgin*-ſtreams, and quench my thirſt:
Tis ſweet to crop freſh flowers, and get a Crown
For new and rare Inventions of my own;
So noble, great, and generous the deſign,
That none of All the mighty tuneful *Nine*
Shall grace a Head with Laurels like to mine.
For firſt I teach great *Things* in lofty ſtrains,
And looſe Men from *Religions* grievous chains.
Next, tho the Subject's *dark*, my Verſe is *clear*,
And *ſweet*, with fancy flowing every where;
And this deſign'd. For as Phyſitians uſe
In giving Children draughts of bitter juice,
To make them take it tinge the cup with ſweet,
To cheat the lip; this firſt the eager meet,
And then drink on, and take the bitter draught,
And ſo are harmleſly *deceiv'd* not *caught*:
For by this cheat they get their health, their eaſe,
Their vigour, ſtrength, and baffle the Diſeaſe.
So ſince our Methods of *Philoſophy*
Seem harſh to ſome, ſince moſt our Maxims flie,
I thought it was the fitteſt way to dreſs
Theſe rigid Principles in pleaſing Verſe,
With Fancy ſweetning them; to bribe thy mind
To read my Verſe, and lead it on to find
The Nature of the World, the riſe of Things,
And what vaſt profit too that knowledge brings.
Now ſince my former various Reaſons ſhow
That Seeds are ſolid, and eternal too,
Let's next enquire, if infinite or no:
Likewiſe if Void and Space do ſomewhere end,
Or without bounds to immenſity extend.

The

The All *is Infinite.*

The *All* is every way immenſly wide,
Or elſe it would have Bounds on every ſide.
Now what can be a *Bound*, but that which lies
Beyond the *Body*, whoſe *Extream* it is?
That Nought's beyond the *All*, e'en common ſenſe
Declares, therefore the *All* muſt be *immenſe*:
Thus ſtand on any quarter of the Space,
That's nothing, tis immenſe from every place.
But grant it finite.----
Suppoſe a man on the extreameſt part,
Suppoſe him ſtand, and ſtrive to throw a Dart;
The *Dart* would forward fly, or hindred ſtay,
Chooſe which you will, the Reaſon's good each way
And firm: For if ſome farther *Space* admit,
Or ſome *reſiſtance* ſtops its haſty flight,
That's not the *End*; ſo place the utmoſt part
Where e're you will, I'le follow with the Dart:
And by this ſingle argument deface
(For ſtill the *Void* will give a farther place)
Thoſe *feign'd Extreams* and Bounds you fix to.
Again,---- (Space.
Suppoſe the *All* had Bounds, ſuppoſe an End,
Then *Bodies* which by *Nature* muſt deſcend,
And from *Eternity* purſu'd the race,
Had long e're this time reacht the *loweſt* place:
Whence nothing could in decent order riſe,
There could not be a glittering Sun or Skies,
For all the *Seeds* muſt lie confus'dly mixt
In a vaſt *Chaos*, immoveable, and fixt.
But now the *Seeds* ſtill *move*, becauſe the Space
Is boundleſs, and admits no *loweſt* place;
No End, which heavy Seeds by Nature preſt
Might ſeek below, and ſettle there, and reſt:
Now all from parts of Matter mov'd ariſe,

Which the vaſt *Maſs eternally* ſupplies.
But laſtly, *Things* to *Things* ſtill *bounds* appear,
So *Air* to lofty *Hills*, and *Hills* to *Air*,
So *Earth* the *Seas*, and *Seas* the *Earth* controle,
But there is *Nothing* that can bound the *Whole*.
Wherefore tis ſuch, that did ſwift Lightning flie
Thro the vaſt Space to all Eternity,
No utmoſt part, no *End* would e're be found,
So vaſtly wide it is, and without bound.
Again, Natures eternal Laws provide,
That the vaſt *All* ſhould be immenſly wide,
Boundleſs, and infinite, becauſe they place
Body as bound to *Void*, to *Body Space*,
By mutual bounding making both *immenſe*.
For did they not each other bound, but *One*
Were *infinite*: for inſtance, *Space* alone,
Nor Man, nor Earth, nor Heaven, nor could the Sea,
Nor bodies of the Gods *one moment be*;
For *Seeds* of things, their Union all deſtroy'd,
Would fly diſſolv'd and ſcatter'd thro the *Void*,
Or rather into Things had ſcarce combin'd,
Becauſe once parted they had never joyn'd;
For ſure *unthinking Seeds* did ne're diſpoſe
Themſelves by counſel, nor their order choſe,
Nor any compacts made how each ſhould move,
But from Eternal thro the *Vacuum* ſtrove,
Variouſly mov'd and turn'd; untill at laſt
Moſt ſorts of *Motion* and of *Union* paſt,
By chance to that convenient Order hurl'd
Which frames the *Beings* that compoſe the World:
And theſe *ſame* Seeds now orderly maintain'd
In thoſe convenient motions they have gain'd,
Is a ſufficient cauſe why fertile Earth
By Sun-beams quickned gives new fruits their birth:

Why

Why Rivers ſtill the *greedy* Deep ſupply,
Why Beaſts increaſe, why Sun and Moon ne're die:
Which could not be unleſs ſupplies ſtill came
From the *vaſt Maſs*, and propt the ſinking frame.
As Beaſts depriv'd of food, ſo Things muſt die,
As ſoon as *Matter* fails of juſt ſupply.
Nor can external *ſtroaks* preſerve the Whole,
Sometimes they may the haſty flight controle
Of ſome ſmall part, till others come and joyn,
And taking hold, into one Maſs combine;
But oftentimes they muſt rebound, and then
The Principles of Things may break the chain,
And get their former liberty again.
Nay that *theſe ſtroaks* might be, this laſting ſight,
The Maſs of Matter muſt be *infinite*:
Tis certain then that there muſt come ſupply
From the vaſt Maſs, repairing Things that die.
But ſcorn their dreams, who fondly can believe,
And teach, that all things to the *Middle* ſtrive,
Bodies do not ſtrive to the Middle. And by that natural preſſure this whole frame
Might be maintain'd, its order ſtill the ſame,
Without external *impulſe*, high and low
Would always be as firmly joyn'd as now,
And their own ſite, their different place poſſeſs,
Since *All* unto one common *Center* preſs.
They farther teach, that ponderous weights *below*
Unto their reſting places *upwards* go;
Antipodes. And as our ſhadows in ſmooth ſtreams appear,
So *feet* to *feet* ſome *Animals* walk there;
Yet can no ſooner fall into *thoſe Skies*
That lie *beneath*, than *We* to *Heaven* can riſe;
When *Phœbus* climbs *their* Eaſt, the feeble light
Of Stars peeps forth, and beautifies *our* Night.
But this ridiculous Dream, this Fancy ſprings

From

From *dark* Ignorance ith' *Principles* of Things.
For ſince the *Void* is infinite, the Space
Immenſe, how can there be a *midle* place?
Or grant there were,---
Yet why not *Bodies* end their tedious race, *No Center.*
And ſtop as well in any other place
As there? For every part of empty Space
Of *midſt*, or *not*, muſt equally allow
To ponderous *Movents* eaſie paſſage thro:
For there's no place, to which by Nature preſt
Seeds loſe their force of weight, and freely reſt:
Nor *empty Space* can prop the Seeds, nor ſtay
Their motion, *tis its Nature to give way*;
Leſt *Heaven* diſſolv'd, like ſwifteſt flames, ſhould flie
Thro the vaſt Space, the fabrick of the Sky
Confus'dly falling lower buildings meet,
The faithleſs *Earth* forſake our trembling feet,
And all the Things in Heaven and Earth deſtroy'd,
Confus'dly ſcatter thro the mighty *Void*:
And in one moment every Thing deface
But *unſeen Atoms*, and vaſt *Empty Space*:
For whereſoe're the Fabrick doth begin
To *fail*, there greedy Death will enter in,
And thro the ruinous breach the violent courſe
Of rapid Matter ruſh with mighty force.
Beſides, They grant not all, but only Thoſe
Which *heavy Water* and *dull Earth* compoſe,
Strive to the *Center*, but that *Two* retire
Endeavouring from it, as light *Air* and *Fire*;
Whence *Stars*, thoſe *feeble* Ornaments of Night,
Are nouriſh'd, and gay *Phebus fiercer* light:
Becauſe the Flame which from the *Midſt* retires,
When got on high, combines its ſcatter'd fires.
How Beaſts get graſs, how leaves on branches bud,

If Earthy parts roſe not, and gave them food?
In Bodies then there lies no fond deſire
To ſeek the *Midſt*, which keeps this Frame entire.

This known, tis no uneaſie task to *know*;
I'le lead Thee farther on, and clearly ſhow
The Pride of Nature and Philoſophy,
Her greateſt Works, and pleaſe thy curious eye:
The Walk is pleaſant, tis an eaſie way,
All bright and clear, for Things do Things betray
By mutual light; and We from one Thing known
To hidden Truths ſuccesfully go on.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LU-

LUCRETIUS

THE SECOND BOOK.

TIS pleaſant, when the Seas are rough, to ſtand
And view another's danger ſafe at Land;
Not 'cauſe he's troubled, but tis ſweet ſo ſee
Thoſe Cares and Fears, from which our ſelves are free:
Tis alſo pleaſant to behold from far,
How Troops engage; ſecure our ſelves from war.
But above all tis pleaſanteſt to get
The top of high *Philoſophy*, and ſit
On the calm, peaceful, flouriſhing head of it;
Whence we may view deep, wondrous deep below,
How poor miſtaken *Mortals* wandring go,
Seeking the path to *Happineſs*; Some aim
At Learning, Wit, Nobility, or Fame;
Others with Cares and Dangers vex each hour,
To reach the top of Wealth, and Soveraign Power.
Blind, *wretched* Man! In what dark paths of ſtrife
We walk this little journey of our life.
Whilſt frugal *Nature* ſeeks for only eaſe,
A *body* free from pains, free from diſeaſe,
A *mind* from cares and jealouſies at peace.
Now litle is required to maintain
The body ſound in health, and free from pain;

Not Delicates, but such as may supply
Contented *Natures* thrifty *Luxury*;
She asks no more. What tho no *Boys* of Gold —
Adorn the walls, and sprightly Tapers hold?
Whose beauteous rays scattering the gawdy light,
Might grace the feasts and revels of the Night.
What tho no Gold adorns, no Musicks sound
With doubled sweetness from the roofs rebound?
Yet underneath a *loving Myrtles* shade,
Just by a purling stream supinely laid,
When *Spring* with gawdy flowers the Earth hath spread,
And sweetest Roses grow around our head, (
Envied by wealth and power, with small expence
We may enjoy the sweet delights of sense.
Who ever heard a *Feaver* tamer grown
In Cloaths *embroider'd* o're, and beds of Down,
Than in course Rags? Since then such toys as these
Contribute nothing to the *bodies* ease,
As *h*onour, wealth, and nobleness of blood,
Tis plain, they likewise do our *Mind* no good:
If when thy fierce imbattell'd Troops at land
Mock-fights maintain, or when thy Navies stand
In graceful ranks, or sweep the yielding Seas;
If then before such Martial Shows as these,
Disperse not all black jealousies and cares,
Vain dread of Death, and superstitious fears
Nor leave thy mind: but if all this be vain,
If the same cares and dread, and fears remain,
If Traitor-like they seize on e'en the Throne,
And dance within the *circle* of a Crown;
If noise of *arms*, nor *darts* can make them flie,
Nor the gay sparklings of the Purple Die;
If they on *Emperours* will rudely seize;
What makes us value all such Things as these,

But

But *folly* and dark *ignorance* of Happineſs?
For *we*, as *Boys* at *Night*, at *Day* do fear
Shadows, as vain and ſenſleſs as thoſe are.
Wherefore that darkneſs that o'reſpreads our Souls
Day can't diſperſe, but thoſe *eternal* rules,
Which from firm *Premiſes* true reaſon draws,
And a deep inſight into *Natures* laws.
But now I'le ſing, do you attend, how Seed
Doth move to make, and to diſſolve things made.
What drives them forward to their tedious race,
What makes them run thro all the *mighty* Space.
For *matter* unto *matter* ne're adheres,
Unmov'd and fixt; for every thing appears
Worn out and waſted by devouring years;
Still waſting, till it vaniſhes away,
And yet the *maſs* of Things feels no decay.
For whence thoſe *Bodies* part, thoſe *Things* grow leſs,
And old, and thoſe do flouriſh and increaſe
To which they joyn, thence too they flie away;
So things by turns *increaſe*, by turns *decay*;
Like *Racers* bear the lamp of life, and live,
And their race done their lamp to others give:
And ſo the Maſs renews, few years deface
One kind, and ſtrait *another* takes the place.
But if thou think the Seeds can reſt, and make
A Change by *reſt*, how great is thy miſtake?
For ſince they thro the mighty *Vacuum* rove,
By their own weight, or others ſtroak they move.
For when they meet and ſtrike, that furious play
Makes each of them reflect a different way.
'Cauſe both are perfect Solids, and nought lies
Behind, to ſtop their *motion* as they riſe.
But that you may conceive how thus they move, *The motion of the Seeds*
Conſider that my former reaſons prove,

That

That *Seeds* ſeek not the *midſt*, and that the Space
Is *infinite*, and knows no loweſt place,
And therefore *Seeds* can never end their race;
But always mov'd, and in a various round,
Some when they meet, and rudely ſtrike, rebound
To a great diſtance; others when they jar,
Thoſe part too, and rebound, but not ſo far.
Now thoſe ſmall Seeds, that are more cloſely joyn'd,
And tremble in a *little* ſpace confin'd,
Stopt by their mutual twinings, Stones compoſe,
Iron and Steel, or others like to thoſe.
But thoſe that ſwim in a wide *Void* alone,
Or make their quick and large rebounds, or run
Thro a large ſpace, compoſe the Air, and Sun.
Beſide theſe two there is another kind,
Bodies free from all *union*, unconfin'd,
With others ne're in *friendly* motions joyn'd,
Of theſe there's a familiar inſtance ---
For look where e're the glittering Sun-beams come,
Thro a ſmall chink into a darkned room,
A thouſand little *bodies* ſtrait appear
In the ſmall beam of light, and wander there;
For ever fight, reject all ſhews of peace,
Now meet, now part again, and never ceaſe.
Whence we may eſtimate how *Atoms* ſtrove
Thro the vaſt *empty Space*, and how they move:
Such knowledge from mean Images we get,
And eaſily from ſmall things riſe to great.
But mark this Inſtance well, and learn from thence,
What motions vex the Seeds, tho hid from ſenſe.
For here you may behold, by ſecret blows
How Bodies turn'd, their line of motion looſe;
Now beaten backward, and with wanton play
Now this, now that, and every way.

All

All have theſe motions from their Seeds, for thoſe
Move of themſelves, and then with ſecret blows
Strike on the ſmall *Molecula*, they receive
The ſwift impreſſion, and to greater give;
So that they riſe from the firſt Seeds, and thence
Go on by juſt degrees, and move our ſenſe.
For look, within the litle beam of light (ſight,
You ſee them ſtrike, but what blow makes them
That's undiſcern'd, and hidden from our ſight,
And yet how ſwift the *Atom's* motions are, *Their ſwiftneſs.*
This following Inſtance will in ſhort declare.
For when the *Morning* climbs the Eaſtern Skies,
And tuneful *birds* ſalute her early riſe,
In every Grove and Wood with joy appear,
And fill with raviſhing ſounds the *yielding* Air;
We ſee how ſwift the beams of th' Riſing Sun
Shoot forth; *their race is finiſh'd when begun*;
From *Heaven* to *Earth* they take their haſty flight,
And guild the diſtant *Globe* with gawdy light:
But this thin vapor, and this glittering ray
Thro a *meer Void* make not their eaſie way,
But with much trouble force a paſſage thro
Reſiſting Air, and therefore move more ſlow:
Nor are they *Seeds* but little *bodies* joyn'd,
And adverſe *motions* in ſmall *ſpace* confin'd:
And therefore from without reſiſting force,
And inbred jars, muſt ſtop their eager courſe.
But *ſolid Seeds*, that move thro *empty ſpace*,
And all whoſe parts do ſeek one common place,
Whom nothing from without reſiſts, than light
And beams more ſwift muſt make their haſty flight,
And in that time a larger diſtance flie,
Whilſt the Sun's *lazy* rays *creep* thro our skie:
For they by counſel cannot move more ſlow,

Or ſtop to make enquiry, and to know
How they muſt work, on what deſign they go.
But ſome *dull ſouls* think *Matter* cannot move
Into fit ſhapes without the *Powers* above,
Nor make the various Seaſons of the Year
So fit for man, nor fruit nor buſhes bear,
Nor other things which *Pleaſure* prompts could do;
Pleaſure, that Guide of Life, and Miſtreſs too,
That we ſhould ſeek *Loves generous* embrace,
And thence renew frail man's decaying race;
And therefore fancy, that the *Gods* did make,
And rule this *All*. How great is that miſtake!
For did I never know whence things ariſe,
Yet many reaſons from the glittering ſkies,
From every thing deduc'd, will plainly prove
That this *imperfect* World--
Was never made by the wiſe *Powers* above.
This I'le explain hereafter, now go on
To finiſh what I have begun.

All things naturally deſcend.

And here I think tis a fit place to prove,
That nothing of it ſelf can *upward* move;
Leſt when you ſee th' *ambitious* flames aſpire,
You think tis natural force bears up the fire:
For every Tree doth rear its lofty head,
Each tender Ear and Shrub doth *upward* ſpread,
And all do draw their nouriſhment from below,
And yet all *weights* by nature *downward* go.
So when the ſubtile flame, and ſhining ſtreams
Of fire ariſe, and waſt the upper beams;
Tis ſome force drives them up. So from a wound
Our blood ſhoots forth, and ſprinkles all around.
Again, who ſees not that a quiet flood
Throws back with mighty force immerſed wood?
For when we ſtrive in deeper ſtreams to drown,

And

And Scarce with all our force can preſs it down,
The waves with double vigour throw it up,
And make it briskly leap above the top,
And yet who doubts all theſe would *downwards* tend
If plac'd in *Void*, and *Naturally* deſcend?
So riſing Flames by th' Air are upward born
Although their natural weights preſs a return:
Beſides, we all behold how euery night,
The falling Meteors draw long trains of light,
Where ever *Nature* gives a paſſage thro,
We ſee *Stars fall*, and ſeek them here below.
The *Sun* too from above his vigor yeilds
To *us below*, and cheriſheth our fields.
Therefore its fire deſcends; ſwift Lightning flies,
Now here, now there, betwixt the parted skies.
And fighting thro the clouds their place of birth,
The broken *ſulphurous* flames deſcend to Earth.
Now *Seeds* in downward motion muſt *decline*, *Seeds decline.*
Tho *very little* from th' exacteſt line;
For did they ſtill move *ſtrait*, they needs muſt fall
Like drops of Rain, diſſolv'd and ſcatter'd all,
For ever tumbling thro the mighty ſpace,
And never *joyn* to make one ſingle maſs.
If any one believes the *heavier* ſeed,
In downright motions, and from hindrance freed.
May fall oth' *lighter*, and fit motions make
Whence things may riſe, how great is the miſtake?
'Tis true when *weights* deſcend thro yeilding *Air*,
Or ſtreams, the *ſwiftneſs* of the fall muſt bear
Proportion to the *weights*, and reaſon good,
Becauſe the fleeting *Air*, and yeilding *Flood*
With equal ſtrength reſiſt not every courſe,
But ſooner yeild unto the greater force:
But now no Void can ſtop, no Space can ſtay

The Seeds, for tis its Nature to give way:
Therefore thro Void *unequal weights* muſt be
As *ſwift in motion*, all of like degree.
Nor can the heavier Bodies overtake
The lighter falling Seeds, and ſtriking make
The motions various, fit for Natures uſe,
By which *all-powerfull-ſhe* may Things produce.
'Tis certain then and plain, that Seeds decline,
Tho *very little* from their natural line:
But not *obliquely* move, that fond pretence
VVould fight all reaſon, nay e'en common ſenſe;
Fot every body ſees a *falling* weight,
Makes its deſcent by lines *direct*, and ſtraight.
Beſides, did all things move in a *direct* line,
And ſtill one motion to another joyn
In certain order, and no *ſeeds* decline,
And make a motion fit to diſſipate,
The well wrought Chain of Cauſes, and *ſtrong* fate;
VVhence comes that *freedom* living creatures find?
Liberty of the will. VVhence comes the *Will* ſo free, ſo unconfin'd,
Above the power of *Fate*, by which we go
VVhen e're we pleaſe, and what we will we do;
For ſure the *Will* firſt moves, and thence
The motions ſpread to the Circumference,
And vigorous action thro the *Limbs* diſpenſe.
For look, and ſee, when firſt the *Barrier's* down,
The *Horſe* tho eager, cannot ſtart ſo ſoon
As his own *Mind* requires, becauſe the force,
And ſubtle matter that maintain the Courſe,
Muſt be ſtir'd thro the Limbs, then fitly joyn'd,
Obey the eager motions of his *Mind*;
VVhich proves theſe *Motions* riſe within the *Heart*
Made by the *Will*, thence run thro every part.
But now tis otherwiſe, when tis begun

From

From *force*, for then our Limbs are hurried on
By *violent* ſtroaks, no power of our own,
Until the Will by her own natural ſway
Shall check the force, or turn't another way:
Wherefore tis plain, tho force may drive men on,
And make them ſwiftly move, yet when all's done,
There *ſomething* lyes within us can oppoſe
The violent ſtroak, and ſtill reſiſt the blows:
At whoſe *command* a ſubtle matter flies
And bends thro all our Limbs, our Arms, our Thighs,
And chekt again, and all the *vigor* dies.
Wherefore we muſt confeſs as theſe things prove
There is another cauſe to make *Seeds* move
Beſide dull *weight* and *ſtroak*, from hence is wrought
This *Power*, for *Nothing can ariſe from nought*:
For weight forbids that things be only joyn'd
By ſtroak, and outward force; and leſt the mind
Should be by ſtrong *neceſſity* confind,
And overcome endure fates rigid laws,
This little *Declination* is the cauſe.

Nor was this *Maſs* of *matter*, the whole frame *The All Eternal.*
Ever more *looſe* or *cloſe*, but ſtill the ſame.
For it can never *fail* or *greater* grow
Wherefore the *Seeds* ſtill mov'd e'en juſt as now,
And the like motions ever will maintain,
What things were made will be produc'd again
In the ſame way; look fair, grow ſtrong and great,
And live as long as *Natures* laws permit.
Nor is there any force can change this *All*
For there's no *place* from which ſtrange Seed may fall
And make diſturbance here, no *ſpace* doth lye
Beyond the Whole, to which the *Seeds* may fly.
And leave the *mighty All* to waſt and dye:
Nor muſt you think it ſtrange that every maſs

Seems

Why the Parts of Compounds seem to rest.

Seems quiet and at reſt, and keeps its place,
Tho every little part moves here, and there:
For ſince the *Principles* too ſubtile are
For ſight their motion too muſt diſappear;
Nay objects fit for ſenſe which diſtant lye
Conceal their motions too; and cheat our eye:
For often on a hill the *wanton* Sheep
At diſtance plac'd, ore flowry paſtures creep
Where ere herbs Crownd with Pearly dew invite,
And kindly call their *Eager* Appetite;
The Lambs their bellys full, with various turns
Play ore the feild, and try their tender Horns:
Yet all theſe ſeem confus'd at diſtance ſeen,
And like a *Steddy white* ſpred ore the Green:
Beſides when two embattled Armies rage,
Thro out a ſpatious plain, at laſt engage,
When all run here and there, the furious horſe
Beat ore the *trembling* feilds with nimble force,
Straight dreadful ſparklings from their Arms appear,
Fill with unuſual light the *Wondring* Air,
Th' Earth groans beneath their feet, the hills around
Flattering the noiſe, reſtore the dreadful ſound,
And yet 'twould ſeem if from a mountain ſhown
A ſteddy light and a continued one.

Seeds of different figures.

Now learn what manner of things firſt bodys are,
What different figures, ſhapes or forms they bear,
For tho the ſhape to many is the ſame,
Yet all agree not in one *common* frame;
Nor is this ſtrange, nor to be wondred at,
For ſince the *Numbers* are ſo vaſtly great,
And know no bound nor end, it cannot be
That allin the ſame figures ſhould agee.
Beſides, conſider Men, or Beaſts or Trees,
Or ſilent Fiſh that cut the *yeilding* Seas,

Or

Or Birds, or thoſe that wanton ore the floods,
Or fill with tunefull ſounds the liſtning woods,
Conſider each particular and find,
How different ſhapes appear in every kind,
Elſe how could *Dams* their tender young, or how
The new-born *Young* their diſtant mothers know,
Which all perform as well as man can do?
For often when an *Innocent* Heifer dies,
To angry Gods a ſpotleſs *Sacrifice*,
VVhen all around he ſheds atoning blood,
And ſtains the Altars with a Purple flood,
His dam beats ore the feilds in wild diſpair,
And *Wounds* with loud complaints the tender Air,
Now here, now there doth run, and ſtill complain,
Now leaves her ſtall, and then returns again,
Mad for her young ſhe every feild doth trace,
VVith *Paſſionate* eyes ſhe viſits every place,
No ſtreams, no flowers her former great delight,
Can raiſe or quicken her dead appetite,
Allay her greif, or elſe divert her care,
And tho a thouſand heifers ſhall appear,
More fat, more fair than hers, ſhe paſſes by,
And looks on none, or with a ſlighting eye:
So plain it is ſhe looks for ſomething known,
And veiwed before, ſhe only ſeeks her own.
Beſides the *tender* Kids, and *wanton* Lambs
Know all the voice and bleating of their dams;
And all as natural inſtinct prompts them on
VVhen hunger calls, to their own *Mothers* run.
Beſides what various ſhapes in Corn appear?
A different ſize to every grain and Ear;
And ſo in ſhells, where waters waſhing ore
VVith wanton kiſſes bath the Amorous ſhore,
And therefore Seeds ſince they from *Nature* came,

Not

Not made by *Art* after one *Common* frame,
Muſt not be all alike, their ſhapes the ſame.
And hence a reaſon's given why *Lightning* flys,
VVith keener force thro *Stones*, thro parted Skys,
Than thoſe *blunt flames* which from our fires ariſe,
Becauſe its litle parts more looſely joyn'd
More ſubtile far, an eaſy paſſage find
Thro ſuch ſmall pores as ſtop the *blunter* flame,
VVhich parts of *heavy* oyl or *Timber* frame.
Thro horn the Sun-beams paſs and ſtrike our eye,
But water on the Surface ſtays, and why?
Becauſe the *parts* of light are *leſs* than thoſe
That make up water, and *dull* ſtreams compoſe.
So thro the ſtrayner wines do briskly flow
But *heavy* Oyl or ſtops, or runs more ſlow:
The reaſon's this, 'cauſe tis of parts combin'd
Far greater, or more hookt, and cloſly twin'd,
VVhich therefore cannot be diſjoyn'd as ſoon,
And thro each *little* paſſage *ſingly* run.
From taſted hony pleaſing thoughts ariſe,
And in delightfull Airs look through our Eyse:
VVhen Rue or VVormwood's toucht, flys every grace,
And violent diſtortions ſcrew the face:
Whence you may eas'ly gueſs thoſe *round* and *ſmooth*,
That with delightfull touch affect the mouth;
But thoſe which we more *rough* and *bitter* find
Are made of parts more *hookt*, and *cloſely* twi'nd,
VVhich wound the *Organ* as they enter in,
And force a paſſage through the *Injur'd* Skin.
In ſhort, what things are good for ſenſe, what bad,
Of ſeeds of different ſhape and ſize are made;
Nor muſt you fancy bodys that compoſe
The *harſher* ſounds of Saws, as ſmooth as thoſe
That form the *Sweeteſt Airs* that Viols make

VVhen

VVhen gentle ſtroaks the *ſleeping* ſtrings awake.
Thoſe ſeeds have different figures, form, and ſize,
That from all rotting Carcaſes ariſe,
From thoſe that new preſt Saffron yeilds, or reat
From incenſt Altars ſweetning all the Air.
And ſo in *Colours* too, that gawdy dye,
That pleaſes and delights the curious eye,
A different form, a ſhape, and figure bears,
From that which *wounds* the ſenſe and *forces* tears,
Or *mean* and *ugly* to the ſight appears.
For what ere pleaſe the ſenſe, their ſeeds are ſmooth;
VVhat hurt, their ſeeds are rough, or hookt, or both.
But beſides theſe there other bodys are,
Nor *perfect ſmooth*, nor *hookt*, but *angular*,
VVith little *corners* butting every where.
Which tickle more than hurt the ſenſe, ſuch joyn
To make the *acid* taſt of palling wine.
Laſtly that heat, and cold form'd different ways
Affect the Organs, e'en our touch betrays.
For touch that beſt, that cheifeſt ſenſe is made *Touch.*
VVhen ſtroaks from *things without* the Nerves invade,
Or ſomething from *within* doth *outward* flow,
And hurts, or tickles as it paſſes thro,
As tis in *Venery*, or when the ſeed
Remain *within* and ſtrange confuſions breed,
Stir'd up by violent ſtroak, for ſtrike a blow
On any limb and you will find tis ſo.
VVherefore thoſe *Seeds* muſt be of different ſize
Of different ſhapes, and figures whence ariſe
In ſenſe ſo great, ſo ſtrange varietys. *Fluid: Firm*
Laſtly what things ſeem *hard* and *thick* are joyn'd
Of parts more *hookt* and *firm*, and cloſely twin'd,
As Iron, Flints, Braſs, Steel, and Diamonds,
Gemms free from power of ſtroaks, ſecure from wounds:

But

But *Fluids* are compos'd of ſmooth and round,
For their ſmall parts, by no ſtrong Union bound,
Are very eaſily disjoyn'd, and move
Or here or there at every litle ſhove.
Laſtly what ever's ſoon diſſolv'd, or broak,
As morning miſts or yeilding flames, or ſmoak.
If all its litle bodys be not *ſmooth*,
Or *round* in figure, form and ſhape, or both,
Yet are they not all twin'd not all have hooks,
And ſo may paſs thro ſtones and hardeſt Rocks;
Nor muſt you think it ſtrange the *ſame* ſhould be
How the ſame both Fluid and Bitter. *Fluid* and *Bitter* too, as is the Sea.
For *Fluids* are of *ſmooth* and *round* combin'd,
To theſe are litle *pungent* bodys joyn'd,
Yet ther's no need they ſhould be hookt or twin'd:
For they may globous be, tho rough, and thence
Are fitted both to *move*, and *hurt* the ſenſe:
But to convince you with a clearer proof,
That *acid fluids* have *ſmooth* joyn'd with *rough*,
They may be *ſeparated* with eaſe enough.
For when ſalt ſtreams thro winding caverns paſs,
They riſe up *ſweet* and bubble ore the graſs:
Becauſe their pungent parts they rol'd before,
Now ſtay behind, and lodg in every pore.
Well then this prov'd, I'le next go on to ſhew
Variety of ſhaps finite Theſe various ſhapes are *finite* and but *few*.
For grant them *infinite* it follows thence,
That ſome amongſt the *Seeds* muſt be *immenſe*:
And how can numerous ſorts of ſhapes appear
In ſuch ſmall bodies as the *Atoms* are?
For think that ſome minuteſt parts compoſe
The ſeed, add two or three, or more to thoſe,
Now when the *top-moſt* parts are plac't *below*,
The *right* are turn'd to *left*, you'l plainly know,

By

By changing every way their former place,
What *figure*, each position gives the Mass.
But if yould make it capable of *more*,
You must subjoyn *new* parts to those before,
And so go on if you would vary those,
Thus with the *shapes* the *body greater* grows;
Wherefore tis downright folly to admit
That this Variety is infinite,
Unless you grant some Seeds *immensly great.*
Besides; Embroidred stuff, and purple die
Or *gawdy* Peacocks plumes that court our ey,
Excell'd by *finer* colours would seem less bright,
And lose their wonted power to delight;
So things more *sweet* than *hony* would appear,
And sounds more *soft* than *Swans* salute the Ear.
Nay Musicks *sweetest* Airs would cease to please,
Because their might be better than all these;
And so o'th' contrary, we still might fall
From *bad* to *worse*, but ne're to *worst of All.*
For still in Nature something *worse* may rise,
Still more offensive to our ears, our eys
Our smell, our Tast: but now since tis confest,
That some things are in Nature *worst*, some best
And we can fear no *higher*, tis likewise true,
These various shapes are *finite*, and but *few*:
Lastly in *Fire* and *Snow* the *Heat* and *Cold's* intense,
The utmost Qualities that strike our sense,
These two as *bounds* the middle warmths controul;
VVhich rise by just degrees, and make a whole:
Tis certain then that these varieties
In shapes are finite; two *Extreams* comprise,
On *this* side *melting flames*, on *that* side *Ice.*
This prov'd, it follows that those *seeds* whose frame,
Is perfectly *alike*, the *shapes* the same,

Seeds of every shape are infinite.

Are *infinite*, for since these reasons teach
That those varieties of shapes here reach
To *infinite*, there must be *infinite of each*,
Or else what I before successfully oppos'd,
The *All* is *finite*, tis in bounds enclos'd.
This taught, My Labouring Muse next *sweetly* sings
That *proper* Seeds for every *Kind* of Things
Are *infinite*; that *these* preserve the *Mass*,
And *Kinds* of Things, by *constant* strooks in *every place*.
For tho some *Kinds* of beasts we rarely view,
As if unfruitful *Nature* bore but few,
Yet other Countries may supply our wants:
So *India* breeds such troops of Elephants,
As fight their wars, and usually ore-come,
So numerous are they there, tho few at *Rome*.
But grant in *Nature* such a *single* one,
The *like to* which nor is, nor was e're known;
Yet were its proper Seeds but finite; how
Could it be made, or when 'twas made could grow?
For think the *Seeds* of any single Mass
Being finite, scatter'd thro the mighty space,
Where, how, or when, what force, or what design,
Amidst such different seeds could make them joyn?
For tis not *Reason* prompts them to combine.
But as in wrecks the Seats, the Masts, the Oars,
Confus'dly scatter'd, fill the neighbouring shores,
That men might learn by such sad sights as these,
The force and *cruel treacheries* of the seas,
And still distrust, tho with *perfidious* smile,
Recalm'd, it tempts them on to further toyl:
So finite seeds would in the *Space* be tost,
And in the *Whirls* of different matter lost,
So that they ne're could *joyn*, or be at peace,
Nor yet preserve their *Union*, nor increase;

But

But now tis plain, and e'en our ſenſes ſhow,
That things are *made*, and made, *encreaſe* and grow.
'Tis certain then the *Seeds* of every *kind*
Are infinite ———
Nor can *deſtructive* motions ſtill prevail
And bring an *Univerſal* death on All,
Nor motions which compoſe, or elſe encreaſe,
Preſerve *Things* made for ever, but ſometimes ceaſe,
So theſe two *Contraries* do allwaies jar
With equal force, and ſtill maintain the war.
Now *theſe*, now *thoſe* prevail, and *Infants* moans
Are alwaies mixt with others *dying* groans.
And every day and night the *tender* cry
Of *new born* babes, joyn with their *ſighs* that dye.
Now you muſt further mark that Noughts combind,
Compoſ'd, or made of Seeds all of *one* kind;
But things of *different* powers and faculties,
Do equal *different* ſorts of Seed compriſe.
The Earth doth in it ſelf ſuch parts contain,
As make up ſprings which feed the greedy main.
And ſuch Seed too as fierceſt fire can frame;
For many parts, like *Ætna*, vomit flame;
And ſuch whence Trees and tender Shrubs do ſhoot,
And graſs for beaſts, for Man ſweet Corn and Fruit.
Hence term'd the *Mother* of the Gods, confeſt
The *common* Parent too of Man and Beaſt;

The Fable of Cybele.

The *Poets* ſing that thro the Heaven above,
She Chariots, drawn by yoked *Lions*, drove,
And riding to and fro, ſhe wanders there;
Teaching by this, that in the ſpacious Air
Hangs the vaſt Maſs of Earth, and needs no prop
Of any lower Earth to keep it up.
They yoke ſuch beaſts, to ſhow that every child,
Tho form'd by Nature fierce, untam'd, and wild,
Softned by care, and love, grows tame, and mild.

Her lofty head a *Mural* garland wears,
Because she Towns and stately Castles bears,
And thus adorn'd with gawdy pomp and show,
Goes thro our Towns, and as she passes thro,
The *Vulgar* fear, and all with reverence bow.
Concerning her *fond superstition* frames
A Thousand odd conceits, a Thousand names,
And gives her a large Train of *Phrygian* dames.
Because in *Phrygia* Corn at first took birth,
And thence was scatter'd ore the other Earth:
They Eunuch all her Preists, from whence tis shown,
That they deserve no Children of their own,
Who or abuse their *Sires* or disrespect,
Or treat their *Mothers* with a cold neglect:
Their Mothers whom they should adore.——
Amidst her Pomp *fierce* Drums, and Cymbals beat,
And the *hoarse* horns with *ratling* notes do threat,
The Pipe with *Phrygian* Airs disturbs their Souls,
Till reason overthrown mad Passion rules:
They carry Arms those dreadful signs of war
To raise ith impious rout religious fear,
When carried thus in Pomp thro Towns she goes,
And health, on all she *silently* bestows,
With offer'd mony they bestrew the plain,
And roses cover her and all her train,
Here some in Arms dance round among the croud,
Look *dreadful gay* in their own sparkling blood,
Their Crests still shakeing with a dreadful Nod.
These represent those armed Priests, who strove
To drown the tender cries of *Infant* Jove,
By dancing quick they made a greater sound,
And beat their Armour as they danc't around,
Lest *Saturn* should have found, and eat the boy,
And *Ops* for ever mourn'd her *pratling* joy:

For

For this her Train is arm'd, or elſe to ſhow,
They'l ſerve their Country and enlarge it too,
When ever danger or when honour çalls
All which tho well contriv'd, is fond, and falſe:
For every Deity muſt live in peace,
In undiſturb'd and everlaſting eaſe,
Not care for us, from fears and dangers free,
Sufficient to His own felicity,
Nought here below, nought in our power He needs,
Nere ſmiles at good, nere frowns at wicked deeds.
The *Earth* wants Senſe, but yet contains the ſeeds,
And therefore Trees and living Creatures breeds,
Now thoſe that would their wanton fancys pleaſe,
And uſe the name of *Neptune* for the Seas,
Ceres for *Corn*, or *Bacchus* for the *Vine*,
Rather than ſpeak the plainer term of wine,
Such men may call, and ſtrength of fancy ſhow,
The *Earth* the *Mother* of the *Gods below*,
And thoſe *above*, altho ſhe is not ſo.
The ſheep, the war-like horſe, and bull in food
Agree, and all drink of the *ſame* cold flood,
Yet they are different, and each delights
In's proper motions, manners, appetites,
Such *different* ſeeds in *every* herb do grow,
Such *different* ſeeds in *every* water flow.
Now tho blood, humour, nerves, and vein, and bone
Are parts of *Animal*, and make up one,
Yet what varietys their forms divide?
How all unlike? their difference vaſtly wide,
So all *combuſtibles*, tho not the ſame
In other things, have parts of ſuch a frame,
As make gay Sparkles, aſhes, light, and flame,
And ſo conſider every thing, you'l find
Each made of different ſeeds in ſhape and kind:

Laſt-

Laſtly we all confeſs ſome objects pleaſe
The ſmell and taſt at once,
Now ſeeds of *different* ſhapes muſt make up theſe.
For taſt and ſmell do different Organs ſtrike,
Therefore their figures cannot be alike,
So that each maſs doth *different* ſhapes encloſe,
And every body different ſeeds compoſe:
A pregnant proof of this my *verſe* affords,
For there are letters *common* to all words,
Yet ſome of different *ſhapes* and *figures* joyn
To make each *different* word, each *different* line,
Not but that many are in ſhape the ſame,
But all agree not in one common frame,
And ſo of other things, tho things are made
Of many *common ſeeds* in order laid,
Yet may the compounds widely diſagree,
And we may juſtly gueſs that Stone, and Tree,
Or Animal kind, as bird, and beaſt, and man
From ſeeds of *different* ſhapes and kinds began,
Yet *all* joyn not with *all*; for thence would riſe
Vaſt *Monſters*, Natures great abſurdities:
Somethings half beaſt, half man, and ſome would grow
Tall Trees *above*, and Animals *below*:
Some joyn'd of *Fiſh* and *Beaſts*, and every where
Frightfull *Chimæra's* breathing flames appear:
But ſince we ſee no ſuch, and things ariſe,
From certain ſeeds of certain ſhape, and ſize,
And keep their kind as they increaſe and grow,
Ther's ſome *fixt* reaſon why it ſhould be ſo:
For ſee our limbs receive from all their food
Agreable parts, which turn'd to fleſh and blood.
Accept the vital motions; but for thoſe
That *diſagree* with her, *ſome* nature throws
Thro *open* paſſages away, but *more*

By

By *secret* impulse fly thro every pore;
For they could never joyn; but still at strife
Obstruct all motions that are fit for life.
Now these are *Catholick Laws*, these Rules do bind
Not *Animals* alone, but *every* Kind:
For since all in their nature different be
The figures of their Seeds must disagree;
Not but that many are in shape the same,
But all agree not in one *common* frame:
Now since the *Seeds* are different, thence will grow
A difference in their *Weight*, and *motion* too,
Their *Stroak*, *Connection*, *Concuss*: Now by these,
Not *Animals* alone, but *Heaven*, *Earth*, *Seas*,
Are plac't in their own proper *Species*.
Now further learn what I with Toyl and Pain,
With many a carefull thought and *labouring* brain
Have sought to teach thee; lest you should mistake,
And think the seeds of *black* Composures, *black*;
Of *white* things *white*, or other *bodies* wear
Those different *colours* that their Seeds did bear;
For *Seeds* are *colourless*, without a dye,
Or like or unlike those that seem to lye
On *bodies* surfaces and strike our eye.
Now if you think such Seeds are things unfit
To be conceiv'd, How fond is the conceit?
For Seeing men born blind, whose *Natural* Night,
Was never scatter'd by one beam of Light,
Know things by *touch*, he's foolish that denys
That any notices of things can rise,
Unless from Colors ent'ring at our eys.
So when we touch ith' dark, and form from thence,
Some images; what Colors strike our sense?
But this position stronger reasons show,
For *Seeds* of things here change, tho *colours* do:

Seeds are color-less.

For

For somewhat must survive each change; and be
Essentialy immutable and free;
Lest all should sink to nought and thence arise;
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dys.
Therefore Seeds color-less, unfit for view
Or grant; or grant Annihilation true.
Beside
If Seeds are *colorless* and free from dies,
But form'd of *different figures* whence may rise
The numerous colors gay *varietys*,
And since as we discours'd before, we find
It matters much with *what* first *Seeds* are joyn'd
What *figure* what *position* they maintain
What *motions* give, and what receive again,
'Tis straight resolv'd, why things as *black* as night
Can change so soon, and put on *Virgin* white,
And scatter all around their vigorous light.
As in the Sea, when the mad Ocean raves,
And white Curles rise upon the foaming waves;
For thus it is: that which seem'd *black* before
By losing little parts or taking more,
Their *Number*, *Motion*, *Order*, *Station*, *Site*,
Position chang'd, from *black* are turn'd to *white*,
But if the *Sea* were ting'd with *Natural* Sky,
What force, what art could make it change the dye?
For change 'its frame, and change and change again
Yet still the *native* tincture would remain,
And never put on white, but if the seed
Painted with *different* colors all agreed
To make *one white*, as litle parts that bear
Quite different figures can compose *one* square.
Then it would follow; as in *Squares* there lye,
Such different *figures* naked to our eye,
Just so in one pure whiteness we should view

A Thou-

A thousand colours *mixt*, and *different* too.
Besides, look o'e those *different* shapes, for there
No hindrance in their *natures* doth appear,
Why all may not agree to make *one* square.
But neither *sense*, nor *Natures* Laws permit,
That *different* colours should compose one *white*.
Besides, the *only* cause that All propose
For colour'd Seeds, this fancy overthrows:
For *here*, from *white*, *white* bodies do not rise,
Nor *black* from *black*, but Seeds of various Dies.
Now *colourless* Seeds will sooner make a *white*
Than *black*, or any other *opposite*.
Beside, since colours are alone by *day*,
And owe their Being to the *glittering* Ray;
But *Seeds* of Things do not exist alone
By day, tis plain that they are ting'd with none;
For how can colours be ith' darkest night,
Since they all change, and vary with the light,
Acccording as the ray's *oblique* or *right*.
So Plumes that grow around the *Pigeon's* head,
Sometimes look brisker with a deeper red,
And then in different position seen,
Show a gay *skie* all intermixt with *green*:
And so in Peacocks tails all fill'd with light,
The colour varies with the change of site.
Now since these colours rise from beams of th' Sun
Reflex, they cannot be when those are gone:
And since the eyes a different stroak receive
From *white*, from that which *black*, or *others* give;
And since it matters not what *colour's* worn
By things we *touch*, but what *fit shapes* are born;
We easily infer *seeds* want no Dies,
Those the *variety* of Shapes supplies,
And thence those *different* sorts of Touch may rise.

Beſide, ſince certain *Colours* not agree
To *certain* ſhapes, and *any* Die may be
In *any* ſhape, then tell me why we find
Such Colours ſtill belong to ſuch a *Kind.*
Why cannot *Crows* their uſual Die forſake,
And put on white? why not *Swans* mourn in black?
Again, break any *thing*, and find at laſt,
The *leſs* the *parts*, the *more* the *colours* waſt.
For inſtance, ſhave but *Gold*, the gawdy red
Which thro the whole compoſure once was ſpread,
Is loſt and gone, the parts unheeded lie,
Nor with their *tempting* Purple court our eye.
Which ſhews, that Bodies are from *colours* free'd,
Before they come to be as ſmall as Seed.
Beſides, ſince *ſome* ne're touch the ear or noſe
Seeds are inodorous. With ſound or ſmell, we naturally ſuppoſe
That neither Sound nor Smell belongs to thoſe.
So likewiſe ſince tis nonſence to deny,
Some Seeds too ſmall and ſubtle for our eye,
Thoſe free from Colour we muſt all conceive,
As well as thoſe from Sound and Taſt believe,
Whoſe Sound, nor Taſt, our Tongue, nor Ears perceive
And yet the *Mind* can comprehend as well
Theſe void of *Die*, as thoſe of *Sound* and *Smell.*
Beſide, not only *Colour* is not found
In Seed, but neither Taſt, nor Smell, nor Sound.
They no brisk Odors in *Effluviums* ſend
Or to delight our noſe, or to offend,
But void of *Odors* all. So *Artiſts* choſe
An inodorous liquor to compoſe
Their *rich perfumes*, leſt they infect, and ſpoil
Their *Odors* with the *native* ſmell of Oyl.
Well then, as all theſe former reaſons ſhow
The *Seeds* on *compound Bodies* ne're beſtow

Thei

Their *ſound*, their *taſt*, or *ſmell*, for they have none,
No proper *ſound*, or *odor* of their own;
Nor *heat*, nor *cold*, nor any *quality*,
For they are ſubject all to change, and dye,
E'en ſuch as *viſcous*, *brittle*, *hollow* are,
All which ariſe from *putrid*, *ſoft*, and *rare*;
For either theſe cannot to *Seeds* agree,
Or *Seeds* are not *immortal* all, and free
From change, and therefore things may fall to nought:
All which how fond, my former reaſons taught.
Now farther, thoſe *Compoſures* that *perceive*,
Enobled all with various *ſenſe*, derive
Their Beings from *Inſenſibles*, and live.
This every *common* generation ſhows,
And rather proves this truth, than overthrows.
For look what numerous *ſwarms* of worms and flies
From putrid and fermenting *clods* ariſe,
When *ſeminal* rain deſcends in ſoftning dew,
And makes the *wearied Earth* bring forth anew.
Beſides, *leaves*, *water*, *graſs*, do make up *Beaſt*,
And *Man* too feeds on *thoſe*, and is increaſt;
Their fleſh is turn'd to *ours*, and ſo agen
Both *Birds* and *Beaſts* increaſe by eating *Men*.
All which infer, that any ſort of food
Nature can eaſily turn to fleſh and blood;
Whence *Animals*, thoſe things of *ſenſe*, ſhe frames,
As out of *wood* ſhe raiſeth *fire* and *flames*.
From hence, as we diſcours'd before, you find
It matters much with what, firſt *ſeeds* are joyn'd;
What Site, and what Poſition they maintain,
What Motions give, and what receive again.
But what confirms, what prompts thee to believe,
That things endow'd with *ſenſe* can ne're derive
Their Beings from *inſenſibles*, and live?

Seeds have no Qualities.

Senſibles from Seeds void of ſenſe.

Perchance, as common obſervation ſhows, (poſe,
Becauſe Earth, Stone, Wood, various ſhapes com-
And yet there's neither *life* nor *ſenſe* in thoſe:
But here you muſt conſider, neither I,
Nor any Maſter of Philoſophy,
Affirm, that *every* Being may commence
A *ſenſible*, and ſhew the acts of *ſenſe*:
But that thoſe Seeds, whence *ſenſibles* ariſe,
Muſt all have a *convenient ſhape*, and *ſize*,
Poſition, *motion*, *order*; now not one
Of *theſe* appears in *Earth*, or *Wood*, or *Stone*.
Yet theſe *fermented* by a timely rain,
Grow fruitful, and produce a numerous train
Of worms, becauſe the little bodies leave
Their *former ſite*, and *union*, and receive
New *motion*, into *new poſition* fall
And *order*, fit to make an *Animal*.
Beſides, thoſe that contend that things commence
Senſibles, from *ſeeds* endow'd with *ſenſe*,
Muſt grant thoſe *ſeeds* are *ſoft*; for *ſenſe* doth joyn
To *tender* Gut alone, or Nerve, or Vein,
All which are ſoft, and eaſily diſſolv'd.
But grant they could eternally endure,
Suppoſe them all from fatal change ſecure,
Yet other doubts occur. For further ſee,
If all theſe Seeds have *ſenſe*, that *ſenſe* muſt be
Or of one *ſingle* member, or of *all*,
And ſo be like a *perfect Animal*.
But now the parts, in a divided ſtate,
Enjoy no ſenſe; the *hand*, if ſeparate,
Can feel no more, nor any member live
Divided from the *body*, nor perceive.
Well then, each muſt be like an *Animal*,
Each *ſingle* Seed contain the ſenſe of *all*.

But if like *Animals*, then tell me why,
As well as *Animals*, they cannot dye:
And why *immortal* all? But grant them ſo;
Yet what could all their combinations do,
But make ſome *Animals*? and what increaſt
But *ſenſibles*? ---
As *Man* gets only *Man*, and *Beaſt* gets *Beaſt*.
But if the *ſeed* in mixture loſe their own,
And take another *ſenſe* when their's is gone,
What need of any? why ſhould we ſuppoſe
They ever had that *ſenſe*, which they muſt loſe?
Beſide, ſince, as I urg'd before, tis true
That Birds are made of Eggs; ſince ſoftning dew
Ferments the Clods to worms, we know from thence,
That *ſenſibles* riſe from *ſeeds* void of *ſenſe*.
If any grants the thing, that *ſenſe* can riſe
From ſenſleſs *ſeeds*, if he conſents to this,
But ſays, that *it is form'd*, and *faſhion'd* all
By *change* ith' Seeds, *before* the Animal,
As any other things are born and grow;
For his conviction, I ſhall only ſhow,
That *Nature's* fixt, and ſteddy laws decree'd,
That Nothing ſhould be *chang'd*, that Nought ſhould *breed*
Without a combination of the Seed.
And thus without the *limbs* no *ſenſe* can riſe,
It cannot *be*, before the *body is*;
Becauſe the Seeds lie ſcatter'd every where,
In Heaven, in Earth, in Water, Flame, and Air;
Not yet combin'd to make an *Animal*,
Nor *Senſe*, that *Guide* and Governour of All.
Beſide, when ſtroaks *too ſtrong* for Nature fall,
And mighty preſſures cruſh an *Animal*,
Its *Senſe* and *Vital powers* are ſcatter'd all.

No ſenſe before the Animal.

For

For then the *litle ſeeds* do ſeparate,
And all the *vital powers* are ſtopt by fate.
At length the motion ſcatter'd thro the whole,
Breaking the vital ties of Limbs and Soul,
Expells and drives it out at every Pore:
For what can *force*, for what can *ſtroak* do more,
Than *diſunite* thoſe Seeds that *joyn'd* before?
But when the *Force* is weak, more *light* the blows,
The ſmall *remains* of life with eaſe compoſe
Thoſe violent motions of *approaching* fate,
And call back all things to their former ſtate,
Expell *uſurping Death*, that ſeem'd t' obtain
An *Empire* there, and ſettle *ſenſe* again:
Elſe why ſhould *living Creatures*, that arrive
So near the gates of death, *return*, and live,
Rather than enter in, when come ſo nigh,
And end their almoſt finiſht race, and dye?
Beſide, ſince we *feel pain* when outward force
Diverts the *Atoms* from their natural courſe,
And ſhakes them o're the limbs; but when they obtain
Their *natural motion* and their place again,
A *quiet pleaſure* ſtreight ſucceeds the *pain*.
It follows, that the *ſeeds* are things unfit,
Or to be toucht with *pain*, or with *delight*;
Becauſe they are not made of other Seed,
Whoſe *change* of Motion or of Site may breed
Vexing pain, pleaſure, or delight; and hence
It follows too, that they are void of *ſenſe*.
But further now; if *we* muſt needs believe
That *ſeeds* have Senſe, becauſe the *things* perceive,
What ſort of *ſeed* muſt form the *humane* race?
Can violent laughter ſcrew their *litle* face?
Or can they drop their *briny* tears apace?

Can

Can they or laugh or weep, can they deſcry
The greateſt ſecrets of Philoſophy?
Diſcourſe how things are mixt, or comprehend
On what firm *principles* themſelves depend?
For things which do enjoy the faculties,
And powers of *perfect Animals*, muſt riſe
From other Seeds, and thoſe muſt be begun
From others, and ſo to *infinitum* on.
For thus I'le urge: Whatever can perceive,
Diſcourſe, laugh, reaſon, flatter, weep or grieve,
Muſt be *compounded*, and muſt owe their frame
To proper Seeds, which can perform the ſame.
But if this ſeems abſurd; the *dull*, *moroſe*,
And *heavy* ſeeds can *laughing* things compoſe;
If *wiſe*, or if *diſcurſive* things can riſe
From *ſeeds*, that neither *reaſon*, nor are *wiſe*;
What hinders then, but that a *ſenſible*
May ſpring from Seeds, all void of *ſenſe*, as well?
Laſtly, we all from ſeed *Celeſtial* riſe,
Which Heaven, our *common Parent*, ſtill ſupplies.
From *him* the *Earth* receives enlivening rain,
And ſtreight ſhe bears Bird, Tree, and Beaſt, and Man,
And proper food for all, by which they thrive,
Grow ſtrong, and propagate their race, and live;
Thence juſtly all the name of *Mother* give.
And ſo each part *returns* when bodies die, (Sky
What came from *Earth*, to *Earth*; what from the
Dropt down, aſcends again, and mounts on high.
For Death doth not deſtroy, but diſunite
The Seeds, and change their order, and their ſite:
Then makes new combinations, whence ariſe
In bodies all thoſe great varieties;
Their change in colour, ſhape, and frame; and thence
Some for a while *enjoy*, then *loſe* their ſenſe.

From

From whence, as we obſerv'd before, we find
It matters much with what firſt Seeds are joyn'd;
What ſite, and what poſition they maintain,
What motion give, and what receive again;
And that the *ſeeds* of bodies ne're contain
Such fragil tranſient things, as ſeem to lie
On bodies ſurfaces, and change, and dye.
It matters much, even in theſe rude lines,
How, or with what, each ſingle letter joyns;
For the ſame letters, or almoſt the ſame,
Make words to ſignifie Earth, Sun, and Flame,
The Moon, the Heaven, Corn, Animals, and Trees,
And Sea; but their poſition diſagrees;
Their order's not alike. In Bodies ſo:
As their ſeeds, figure, order, motion do,
The things themſelves muſt change, and vary too.

Many Worlds.

But now attend, I'le teach thee ſomething *new*;
Tis *ſtrange*, but yet tis *reaſon*, and tis *true*.
E'en what we *now* with greateſt eaſe receive,
Seem'd ſtrange at *firſt*, and we could ſcarce believe;
And what we *wonder* at, as years increaſe,
Will ſeem more *plain*, and all our wonder ceaſe.
For look, the Heaven, the Stars, the Sun, and Moon,
If on a ſuddain unto Mortals ſhown,
Diſcover'd now, and never ſeen before,
What could have rais'd the people's wonder more?
What could be more admir'd at here below?
E'en *you* had been ſurpriz'd at ſuch a ſhow.
But *now* all cloy'd with theſe, ſcarce caſt an eye,
Or think it worth the pains to view the skye.
Wherefore fly no opinion, 'cauſe tis *new*,
But ſtrictly ſearch, and after careful view,
Reject, if *falſe*; embrace it, if tis *true*.

Now I have prov'd before, the Mighty Space

Is

Is *infinite*, and knows no loweſt place,
Nor uppermoſt; no bounds this *All* controle,
For that's againſt the *nature* of the *Whole*.
Now ſince thrô this *vaſt ſpace* Seeds *always* move
With various turns, and from eternal ſtrove;
Who can imagine there ſhould only riſe
Our *ſingle Earth*, *our Air*, and *our Skies*,
Whilſt all the other matter *ſcatter'd* lies?
Eſpecially ſince thoſe from *chance* aroſe;
When the *unthinking* Seeds, by various blows,
Now this now that way mov'd, at laſt were hurl'd
Into the decent order of this World;
And made fit combinations: whence began
The Earth, the Heaven, the Sea, and Beaſt, and Man.
Tis prov'd, and certain then, that other-where
The buſie *Atoms* joyn, as well as here;
Such Earths, *ſuch* Seas, *ſuch* Men, *ſuch* Beaſts ariſe,
All like to thoſe encloſed by *our* skies.
Again; when there can be no *hindring* cauſe,
But *place*, and *ſeed* enough; by *Natures* laws
Things muſt be *made*: Now if the Seed ſurmount
The utmoſt ſtretch of numbers vaſt account,
And the ſame Nature can compoſe a Maſs,
As once in this, in any other place;
It plainly follows, that there muſt ariſe (Skies,
Diſtinct and numerous Worlds, Earth, Men, and
In places *diſtant* and remote from this.
Now farther adde: no *ſpecies* hath but *one*,
Which firſt is made, increas'd, and grows *alone*;
But every *kind* doth certainly contain
Of *Individuals* a numerous train,
As Bird, and ſilent Fiſh, as Beaſt, and Man;
Therefore the *ſpecies* of the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Of *Heaven*, and *Earth*, muſt needs have more than *one*.

For every one of these is made, and grows
By the same *Catholick* Natures laws with those,
Whose *spatious* kinds do numerous trains enclose.
If this you'l understand, you'l plainly see,
How the vast *Mass* of Matter, *Nature* free
From the *proud care* of th' *medling* Deity,
Doth work by her own private strength, and move,
Without the trouble of the *Powers* above.
For how, *good Gods*! can those that live in peace,
In undisturb'd and everlasting ease,
Rule this vast *All*? their *labouring* thoughts divide
'Twixt Heaven and Earth, and all their motions guide,
Send heat to *us*, the various Orbs controle,
Or be immense, and spread o'e all the whole?
Or hide the heaven in clouds, whence thunder thrown
Does beat their own aspiring Temples down?
Or thro vast deserts breaks the *innocent* wood,
Not hurts the *bad*, but strikes the *just* and *good*?

The world receives new seeds.

Now the Infinite Mass sends new supplies
Into the World already form'd; whence skies,
And this vast ball of Earth, and boisterous Seas,
And spatious Air, grow bigger, and increase:
For all to their own proper kinds retire,
To earth the earthy, fiery parts to fire,
To water, water, till they grow as great
As Nature's fixt and steddy laws permit.
For as in Animals, whose every vein
Receives no more than what flies off again,
Those can *increase* no more; such means secure
Those things from farther growth, when once mature.
For that which looks so fair, so brisk, and young,
Climbs to maturity, grows great and strong;
That *many* parts receives, and still retains
But spends but *few*, because thro all the veins

The

The little nouriſhing parts with eaſe diffus'd,
And there in little ſpace confin'd, are us'd
For growth, bnt few flie off, and break the chain,
And get their former liberty again,
For tho things loſe their parts, when they are gone
Some new ſupplies of other ſeeds come on,
And more than they have loſt; thus things endure,
Look gay, and young, untill they grow mature.
Thence by degrees our ſtrength *melts* all away,
And *treacherous* Age creeps on, and things decay.
For bodies *now* grown big, and large, which ceaſe
From their continued growth, nor more increaſe;
Thoſe ſpend the *more*, their parts diſperſe with eaſe.
The *nouriſhing* parts come ſlowly on, and few,
Too ſmall decaying *Nature* to renew;
The ſtock is largely ſpent, no new ſupply
Sufficient to make good thoſe parts that dye:
Therefore they needs muſt fall, their nature broak
By *inward* waſting, or *external* ſtroak;
Becauſe the ſtock of nouriſhment decays
As age creeps on, and ſtill a thouſand ways
The litle enemies without, oppoſe,
And ſtrive to kill it by *continual* blows;
And ſo the World muſt fall, tho new ſupply
The Maſs affords, to raiſe thoſe things that die.
Yet all in vain; for *Nature* cannot give
Supplies ſufficient, nor the *World* receive.
E'en now the world's grown old; e'en ſhe that bore
Such mighty bulky *Animals* before,
Now bears a *puny* Inſect, and no more.
For who can think theſe creatures, fram'd above,
The *litle* buſineſs of ſome medling *Jove*?
And thence to people this inferior Ball,
By *Homer's* golden chain let gently fall?

The world grows old.

Nor did they riſe from the *rough* Seas, but Earth,
To what ſhe nouriſheth, at firſt gave birth.
Beſide, *ſhe* Corn, and Wine, and Oyl did bear,
And tender fruit, without the *Tiller*'s care.
She brought forth herbs, which now the feeble ſoil
Can ſcarce afford to all our pain and toil.
We labour, ſweat, and yet by all this ſtrife
Can ſcarce get Corn and Wine enough for life.
Our Men, our Oxen groan, and never ceaſe,
So faſt our labours grow, our fruits decreaſe.
Nay oft the Farmers with a ſigh complain,
That they have labour'd all the year in vain,
And looking back on former ages bleſs
With anxious breaſt their Parents happineſs;
Talk loudly, how that Pious they were fill'd,
Content with what the willing Soil did yield,
Tho each man then enjoy'd a narrower field.
But they, fond fools, ne're think, that Age will waſt
This Frame, and lead it on to Death at laſt.

The End of the Second Book.

LU-

LUCRETIUS

THE THIRD BOOK.

THee, who haſt light from midſt *thick darkneſs* (brought,
And *life's* advantages and pleaſures taught, *Praiſe of* Epicurus.
Thee, *chiefeſt* glory of the *Grecian* ſtate,
I ſtrictly trace; willing to imitate,
Not contradict: for how can *Larks* oppoſe
The vigorous *Swans*? they are unequal foes;
Or how can tender *Kids* with feeble force
Contend in Racing with the noble Horſe?
Thou, *Parent of Philoſophy*, haſt ſhown
The way to Truth with Precepts of thine own.
For as from ſweeteſt flowers the labouring Bee
Extracts her *pretious* juice; *Great Soul*, from Thee
We all our *golden ſentences* derive,
Golden, and fit *eternally* to live.
For when I hear thy mighty Reaſons prove
This world was made without the Powers above,
All fears and terrors waſt, and fly apace.
Thro parted Heavens I ſee the Mighty *Space*,
The Riſe of *Things*, the Gods, and Happy Seats,
Which ſtorm or violent tempeſt never beats,
Nor Snow invades, but with the pureſt Air,
And gawdy light diffus'd, look gay and fair:

There

There *bounteous Nature* makes ſupplies for eaſe,
There *Minds* enjoy an undiſturbed peace;
But that which ſenſleſs we ſo groſly fear,
No Hell, no ſulphurous Lakes, and Pools appear;
And thro the Earth I can diſtinctly view
What underneath the *buſie Atoms* do.
From ſuch like thoughts I mighty pleaſure find,
And ſilently admire thy ſtrength of Mind;
By whoſe one ſingle force, to curious eyes
All naked and expos'd whole *Nature* lies.
Since then I've taught, what *Seeds* of Bodies are,
And how they *move*, what different *ſhapes* they bear,
The ſubject. And how from *theſe* all *Beings* firſt may ſpring:
Next of the *Mind* and of the *Soul* I'le ſing,
And chaſe that dread of Hell, thoſe idle fears,
That ſpoil our lives with jealouſies and cares,
Diſturb our joys with dread of pains beneath,
Fear of death the cauſe of all evils. And *ſully* them with the *black* fear of Death.
For tho ſome talk, they ſhould leſs fear to *dye*,
Than live in a *diſeaſe*, or *infamy*;
That they know well the *Soul* conſiſts in blood,
And our *Philoſophy* can do no good;
Obſerve, thy talk thus rather out of love
To empty Praiſe, than what they ſay approve:
For theſe *ſame men*, to chains or baniſhment,
Condemn'd to th' Gallies, or to priſon ſent,
Tho infamous by horrid crimes they'r grown,
Yet ſtill *endure*, and *patiently* live on;
Nay more than that, where e're the wretches come,
They ſacrifice black ſheep on every Tomb,
To pleaſe the *Manes*; and of all the rout,
When cares and dangers preſs, grow moſt devout.
Well then, to know mens *ſouls*, find what they are,
View them beſet with dangers, and with care:

For

For *then* their *words* will with their *thoughts* agree,
And all the mask pull'd off, ſhow what they be.
Beſides, all *blind ambition*, and *fierce luſt*
Of *Avarice*, thoſe Parents of unjuſt,
Which make men plunge thro ſins, and vex each hour
With cares, and pains, to climb to wealth, or power:
This ſhame, theſe great diſturbers of our breath,
Are chiefly nouriſht by the fear of Death.
For *Infamy*, *Contempt*, and *Poverty*,
Do ſeem ſo near the *gates of Death* to lie;
That whilſt by *ſenſleſs* fears men frighted ſtrive
As far remov'd as poſſible to live,
By Civil wars endeavour to get more,
And *doubling* murders, *double* their vaſt ſtore;
Laugh o're their *Brothers* graves; and timerous gueſts
All hate, and dread their *neareſt Kinſmens* feaſts.
From the ſame cauſe the *meager* envious riſe,
And look on others wealth with troubled eyes;
Complaints they make, and paſſionately repine,
That ſome with power, and ſome with honour ſhine,
Whilſt they lie mean, and low, and without fame;
And thus they periſh for Statues, and a Name.
When ſome this dread ſtrikes deep, e'en life they hate,
And their own hands prevent the ſtroak of fate:
Yet ſtill are ignorant, that this vain fear
Breeds all the trouble, jealouſie, and care;
Makes men unkind, unchaſt, and break their truſt;
In ſhort, deſtroys what e're is good, and juſt.
So ſome their *Parents*, and their *Countrey* ſell,
To free themſelves from *Death*, and following *Hell*:
For *We* ith' *Day*, as *Boys* ith' *Night*, do fear
Shadows, as vain too, and ſenſleſs as thoſe are.
Wherefore that darkneſs, that o'reſpreads our ſouls,
What can diſperſe, but thoſe *eternal* Rules,

Which

Which from firm *Premiſes* true *Reaſon* draws,
And a deep inſight into *Natures* laws,
First then, the *Mind*, in which the *Reaſon* lies,
The Mind is a Subſtance. Is *part* of Man, as hands, and feet, and eyes,
Are parts of *Animals*; tho ſome have taught,
And thoſe *Philoſophers*, that Senſe and Thought
Do no *particular ſeat*, and *part* controle,
But is a *vital habit* of the Whole;
In Greek call'd *Harmony*, and thence
Flows all our reaſon, life, and thought, and ſenſe.
But tis no *part*. So Health, and Strength belong
To Man, yet are no *parts* of him that's ſtrong.
But this is falſe.---
Not Harmony. For often when theſe *viſible* limbs do ſmart,
Briſk joy's ſtill ſeated in ſome *unſeen* part.
And ſo o'th' contrary: when *minds* oppreſt
Sink under cares, the *bodies* are at reſt.
So often whilſt the *hand* or *foot* complains,
The *head* is vigorous, and free from pains.
Beſide, when charms of ſleep have clos'd our eyes,
Languid, and void of ſenſe the body lies;
Yet even then, ſome other part appears
Diſturb'd with hope, with joy, and empty fears.
But further, to convince you that the *ſoul*
Is *part*, and not the *Harmony* of the Whole:
For tho ſome limbs are loſt, life keeps her ſeat;
But when few particles of *vital heat*,
And our laſt breath goes out, *Life* likewiſe flies,
And the forſaken Carcaſs waſts, and dies:
Which proves our lives not equally depend,
For their beginning, continuance, and end,
On every *part*; but chiefly *Heat* and *Air*
Make life within us, and *preſerve* it there:
Then both theſe *two* are there; but ſwiftly gone,

And

And leave our limbs, as treacherous Death comes on:
Now ſince the *Nature* of the *Mind* and *Soul*
Is fully found, and prov'd a *part* of th' Whole,
Let thoſe who call it *Harmony*, and pleaſe
Their fancys to derive ſuch words as theſe
From Muſicks ſounds, or whenſo'ere it came,
Apply'd to that which had no proper name,
Take back their *Term* again, tis here orethrown
And uſeleſs prov'd; Let us go farther on:
Next then, I muſt affirm the *Soul* and *Mind*
Make up one ſingle Nature cloſely joyn'd,
But yet the *Mind's* the *head* and *ruling* part
Call'd *Reaſon*, and 'tis ſeated in the *Heart*,
For there our *Paſſions* live, our joy, and fear,
And Hope, which proves the *Mind* muſt needs be (there
But the *inferior part* the *Soul*, confin'd
To all the Limbs, obeys the *ruling mind*,
And moves as *that* directs, for only *that*
Can *of it ſelf* rejoyce, or fear, or hate,
Paſſion and Thought belong to *that* alone,
For *Soul* and *Limbs* are capable of none:
As when the *Eye* or *Head*, or *Hand* complains,
All the whole *Body* is not vext with pains;
So often whilſt the labouring *Mind* oppreſt
Sinks under cares, the *Soul* enjoys her reſt:
But when the *Mind* a violent Paſſion ſhakes,
Of that diſturbance too the *Soul* partakes;
Cold ſweats bedew the Limbs, the face lookes pale,
The Tongue begins to faulter, ſpeech to fail,
The Ears are fill'd with noiſe, the Eyes grow dim,
And feeble ſhakings ſeize on every limb.
Beſides, on ſuddain frights men often *Swoon*,
A ſtrange effect; from which 'tis plainly known,
The *Mind* and *Soul* are joyn'd and make but one,

The Mind *and* Soul *are one.*

The Mind is material.

For here the *Minds* force ſtrikes the *Soul*, and ſo
The ſtroak goes on, and ſtrikes the *Body* too:
But to enlarge the inſtance more, this proves
The *Mind material* too, becauſe it moves,
And ſhakes the Limbs, makes them look pale and wan,
In ſhort, directs and governs the *whole* Man:
All which is done by *touch*, *and what e're touch*
Are Bodys, then the Mind and Soul are ſuch.

The Mind is compoſ'd of Seeds ſmall and round.

The *Mind* prov'd *Body*, I'le go on to find
What ſort of *Body* 'tis that makes the *Mind*,
Firſt then it is a *ſmall* and *ſubtile* one,
Becauſe no action is ſo ſwiftly done
As what the *Mind* begins; This Inſtance proves
The Mind, than other bodys, ſwifter moves;
But what thus eaſy to be mov'd is found
Of *very little* Seed, and *very round*
Muſt needs be fram'd, ſo that the weakeſt ſhove
May puſh them forward on, and make them move.
Water by lighteſt Stroaks is mov'd and flows,
'Cauſe ſmall and ſlippery parts the ſtreams compoſe,
But Hony and thick liquors ſtubborn prove,
More dull, and heavy and unapt to move,
For all their parts more joyn'd, and cloſer fall
Becauſe they're not ſo round, ſo ſmooth, and ſmall;
So heaps of *Poppy* ſeed, ſo *ſand* disjoyn'd,
Is ſcatter'd by the ſofteſt breath of wind;
But *maſſy Stones* or *Darts* together caſt,
Stand firm againſt, and ſcorn the roughest blaſt;
Which proves that *Seeds ſmall*, *ſmooth*, and *round* are
For vigorous *motion*, *rough* and *great* for reſt: (beſt
Now ſince the Nature of the *Mind* is found
So apt to move; of bodys *ſmall* and *round*
It muſt be fram'd. Which knowledge (lovely Youth)
Will lead thee on to undiſcover'd Truth:

For

For hence by eaſy inference you may gueſs,
How ſubtile all its parts, what ſmall receſs
If cruſht together, it would all poſſeſs.
For when the ſtroak of Fate invades the heart,
And the affrighted *Mind* and *Soul* depart,
The *Weight*, and *Bulk* remain; *Contented* Death
Leaves all ſecure, but *Vital* Senſe, and *Breath*;
Therefore thoſe Seeds that frame this *Soul*, thro all
Our limbs diffuſ'd, are ſubtile, thin, and ſmall:
Becauſe when that's all gone, each limb retains
The *former* bulk, the *former* weight remains;
So when the briſker *Spirits* leap from Wine,
And *parts* from Odours with the Air combine;
When from our Limbs a *ſubtile Humor* flows,
Of the ſame *Weight*, and *Bulk* the *Body* ſhows,
Becauſe ſmall Seeds all juice, all ſmells compoſe.
'Tis certain then, thoſe Seeds that frame the Mind
Are thin and ſmall, and ſubtile and refind:
For when the *Mind* is gone, their former weight
Each *Limb* retains, the bulk remains as great.
And yet tis *mixt*, for when Life's powers decay
A gentle *Breez* with *Vapor* flys away
This *Vapor* likewiſe ſhews that *Air* is there,
All *Heat* hath *Air*, for *Heat* by Nature *rare*
Muſt ſtill be intermixt with parts of *Air*.
Well then, we know the *Mind* and *Soul* compriſe
Three things, yet from all theſe no *ſenſe* can riſe,
No *vigorous thought* from ſuch a frame as this.
Then we muſt add a *fourth* to this frame,
A *fourth ſomething*, but without a name,
Whoſe parts are ſmooth, ſmall, ſubtile, apt to move
When preſt or troubled by the weakeſt ſhove.
From *this* comes *ſenſe*, This the firſt ſtroak receives
And then the impulſe to the *Vapor* gives,

The Mind *conſiſts of four parts.*

The Mind is material.

For here the *Minds* force ſtrikes the *Soul*, and ſo
The ſtroak goes on, and ſtrikes the *Body* too:
But to enlarge the inſtance more, this proves
The *Mind material* too, becauſe it moves,
And ſhakes the Limbs, makes them look pale and wan,
In ſhort, directs and governs the *whole* Man:
All which is done by *touch*, *and what e're touch*
Are Bodys, then the Mind and Soul are ſuch.

The Mind is compoſ'd of Seeds ſmall and round.

The *Mind* prov'd *Body*, I'le go on to find
What ſort of *Body* 'tis that makes the *Mind*,
Firſt then it is a *ſmall* and *ſubtile* one,
Becauſe no action is ſo ſwiftly done
As what the *Mind* begins; This Inſtance proves
The Mind, than other bodys, ſwifter moves;
But what thus eaſy to be mov'd is found
Of *very little* Seed, and *very round*
Muſt needs be fram'd, ſo that the weakeſt ſhove
May puſh them forward on, and make them move.
Water by lighteſt Stroaks is mov'd and flows,
'Cauſe ſmall and ſlippery parts the ſtreams compoſe,
But Hony and thick liquors ſtubborn prove,
More dull, and heavy and unapt to move,
For all their parts more joyn'd, and cloſer fall
Becauſe they're not ſo round, ſo ſmooth, and ſmall;
So heaps of *Poppy* ſeed, ſo *ſand* disjoyn'd,
Is ſcatter'd by the ſofteſt breath of wind;
But *maſſy Stones* or *Darts* together caſt,
Stand firm againſt, and ſcorn the rougheſt blaſt;
Which proves that *Seeds ſmall*, *ſmooth*, and *round* are
For vigorous *motion*, *rough* and *great* for reſt: (beſt
Now ſince the Nature of the *Mind* is found
So apt to move; of bodys *ſmall* and *round*
It muſt be fram'd. Which knowledge (lovely Youth)
Will lead thee on to undiſcover'd Truth:

For

For hence by eaſy inference you may gueſs,
How ſubtile all its parts, what ſmall receſs
If cruſht together, it would all poſſeſs.
For when the ſtroak of Fate invades the heart,
And the affrighted *Mind* and *Soul* depart,
The *Weight*, and *Bulk* remain; *Contented* Death
Leaves all ſecure, but *Vital* Senſe, and *Breath*;
Therefore thoſe Seeds that frame this *Soul*, thro all
Our limbs diffuſ'd, are ſubtile, thin, and ſmall:
Becauſe when that's all gone, each limb retains
The *former* bulk, the *former* weight remains;
So when the briſker *Spirits* leap from Wine,
And *parts* from Odours with the Air combine;
When from our Limbs a *ſubtile Humor* flows,
Of the ſame *Weight*, and *Bulk* the *Body* ſhows,
Becauſe ſmall Seeds all juice, all ſmells compoſe.
'Tis certain then, thoſe Seeds that frame the Mind
Are thin and ſmall, and ſubtile and refind:
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No *vigorous thought* from ſuch a frame as this.
Then we muſt add a *fourth* to this frame,
A *fourth ſomething*, but without a name,
Whoſe parts are ſmooth, ſmall, ſubtile, apt to move
When preſt or troubled by the weakeſt ſhove.
From *this* comes *ſenſe*, This the firſt ſtroak receives
And then the impulſe to the *Vapor* gives,

The Mind *conſiſts of four parts.*

Then to the *unseen Wind*, then to the *Air*,
Thence thro our limbs tis scatter'd every where,
The blood with troubled motion strikes the Heart
And a quick sense runs thro each inward part.
Then thro the Marrow, then thro every bone,
Whether it be a sharp, or pleasing one:
But *violent* passions, as *strong* grief or fear
Scarce enter far, and make disturbance there,
But strange Convulsions run our Bodys o're,
And *Life* and *Soul* fly out at every pore:
But oft the *motion* on the *surface* plays,
Stops there, and that's the reason that *Life* stays.
Now how these four are mixt, I would rehearse,
How fitly joyn'd, but now my flowing Verse
The Latine language's poverty doth check,
Yet breifly, and as that permits, I'le speak.
The four parts are confusedly mixt. They all *confusedly* move, no *different* space
To each alotted, and no *proper* Place
Where *This* divides from *that*, and lyes alone,
But *all* their *powers* conjoyn'd, arise as *One*:
So generally in every peice of Meat
Our sense discovers Odors, Sapors, Heat
Yet tis the *same* Flesh, so Heat, and Air, and Wind
Make up one Nature mixt, and closely joyn'd (whence
With *that* quick force which makes them move, and
Thro all the *Bodyes* parts springs vigorous sense:
This Nature's deeply hid, this doth possess
The Inward'st space, the most remote recess:
As in our Limbs the Soul's remov'd from view,
Because its Seeds are thin, and small, and few,
So this *fourth nameless force* within the Soul,
Lyes hid, its cheifest part, and rules the Whole;
So likewise must the Heat, the Air and Wind
Be in convenient place and Order joyn'd,

This

This muſt be uppermoſt, that lower fall,
To make it ſeem *one nature fram'd* of *all*;
Leſt *Heat*, and *Air* plac't ſeparately, diſtract
The power of Senſe, and make it ceaſe to act:
Heat in the *Mind* is ſhown when *Paſſions* riſe,
And Anger burns, it Sparkles thro the Eyes:
And when the trembling Body ſhakes for fear,
And *Blood* grows *cold*, we know that *Wind* is there;
In thoſe the power of *Air* is cheifly ſeen
Whoſe Hearts *untroubl'd*, and their look *Serene*:
Thoſe have moſt *Heat*, by nature moſt enclin'd
To *rage*; ſuch is the *Lions* furious mind,
Who roaring burſts with generous diſdain,
Nor can his breaſt, his violent rage contain:
Moſt parts of *Wind* compoſe the *Deers* cold Soul,
From whence a trembling Chill runs thro the whole.
The peaceful *Ox*, contains moſt parts of *Air*,
Not ſubject unto too much *Rage*, nor *Fear*,
A Temper, 'midſt the *Lion*, and the *Deer*:
So *Mens* minds differ too, tho moral rules
And Arts do poliſh, and reform our Souls,
Yet ſtill ſome *Seeds* remain, they ſtill appear
Thro all the Masks and Vizors we can wear,
Some ſmall Remainders of the *Primitive* mind,
Some evil paſſions will be left behind;
Whence ſome are prone to rage, ſome to diſtruſt,
Some fearful are, and ſome more mild than juſt.
A Thouſand more varietyes they ſhow,
Each different mind, hath different manners too:
Whoſe hidden cauſes I ſhall nere explain,
Or names ſufficient, and expreſſive feign:
For all theſe infinite varietyes
Of ſhapes, whence all theſe different manners riſe:
Yet this methinks might be affirm'd as true
Thoſe tracts of *Nature* are ſo weak, ſo few Which

Which Learning leaves. That we in spight of these,
May rival e'en the *Gods* in happiness.
This *nature* thro the Limbs spreads every where;
And life and health preserves with provident care,
For they are *joyn'd*, and each on each depends;
And the least separation *Death* attends:
As if from grains of Myrrh you force away
The ravishing smell, the natures too decay:
So part the *Soul* and *Limbs* you both destroy,
So close they joyn and *common* life enjoy;
Nor can the *Soul* and *Body* separate,
Perceive, or think in their *divided* state,
For the first stroak is by the *Nerves* convei'd,
And *Sense*, from the *joynt* motions of *both*, made.
Besides, the *Body* is not born alone,
Nor grows, nor lives, when *mind* and *Soul* are gone,
For tho the *Water* heated ore the fire
May lose some *Vapors*, yet remain entire;
The *Limbs*, when *Mind* and *Soul* are fled, submit
To the same fate, and dye, and rot with it:
Nay more, before the infants see the light,
Before they pass the confines of the night,
Whilst yet within their mothers womb they lye,
If these *two* separate, they fail and dye:
Whence learn, that since the *cause of Life*'s combin'd
And lyes in both, their *natures* too are joyn'd.
Farther, who to the *Limbs* all sense denyes,
And says the *Soul* which thro the body lyes
Is Subject of that *motion* we call Sense,
He fights against the cleerest evidence:
What need of Arguments, what need of Words?
The strongest proof the thing it self affords:
Yet every limb wants sense, when the Soul's gone,
And loseth much as feeble age comes on:

The

That eyes no objects See to sight expos'd,
But that the *Soul* as thro *wide* doors unclos'd
Looks thro them, is plain folly; Tis refell'd
E'en by their sense who this wild fancy held,
This seem's so plain, 'tis brought so near our Eyes,
That he is blind, or shuts them, that denyes;
Chiefly when *Fulgid* objects veiw'd the sight,
Grows dim, and dazled, by too great a light:
For *doors unclos'd* no harm no danger know
What ever body 'tis that passes thro:
Were the Eyes *doors* thro which the *Soul* did look
View'd all around and her fair prospect took,
Our *Sight* would stronger, quicker, better prove
If *these* pluckt out, we all the *Bars* remove;
And now to solve these doubts must not be brought
As learn'd *Democritus* his School hath taught,
That *Soul* and *Limbs* are *Equal*, o're the whole
To every *Limb* an Equal part of *Soul*:
For first the seeds of *Soul* are less than those
Which all the *Bodyes grosser* parts compose,
Neither in number, nor in Bulk so great,
And o're the Limbs in distant spaces set:
So that as few, and little, as suffice
For that weak motion whence our senses rise,
So few, so little, we must all confess
Those different spaces, which those seeds possess:
For often falling dust we scarce perceive
Nor dew by night, nor what the Spiders weave,
When ore our limbs the subtile chains are spread
Or the decaying web falls o're our head,
Nor plumes, nor chaff, nor such light things as these,
Nor the soft motion of the wandring fleas:
So that a *strong* impression must be made
And the *brisk* stroak to *many* parts convey'd,

Against Democritus.

Before

Before the little *Bodyes* of the *Soul*
Can feel, and thro thoſe diſtant ſpaces roul.
Meet, ſtrike, and part again, and thus perceive
Be pleas'd with the ſoft objects ſtroak, or greive:

The Mind the chiefeſt part.

The *Mind's* the chiefeſt *part* of all the *whole*,
Life more depends on *that*, than on the *Soul*,
When that departs, no *Soul* can longer ſtay;
But ſervily attends, and flys away,
Expires and vaniſhes in the *ſame* breath,
And leaves the limbs in the Cold hands of Death.
But he ſtill *lives* whoſe *mind* remains alone,
Altho his limbs lopt off, the *Soul* is gone.
So let *Ingenious* Tyrants malice ſtrive
Of *many* limbs, tho not of *all*, deprive
And ſo divide the *Soul*, the man will live:
So leave the *Pupil* ſound, but cut the *White*
We ſtill enjoy the noble power of ſight;
But that once hurt, tho all the parts around
Be left entire, and firm and free from wound,
The power decays, and an eternal night
And frightful darkneſs all o're-ſpreads the ſight.
Darkneſs where ere the wounded eye-balls roul,
And like theſe *Two* in this, are *Mind* and *Soul*.

The Soul mortal.

Now then, my Lovely Youth to let thee know
That *Souls* and *Minds* are born, and mortal too,
I'le write ſuch verſe as ſhall appear to be
By curious labour wrought, and worthy Thee:
Do you take both expreſt by either name,
(Both words in this diſpute expreſs the ſame)
So that for inſtance when the *Soul* you find
Prov'd *mortal*, think I likewiſe mean the *Mind*,

First Argument.

Since *both* do make but *One*, two natures joyn'd:
First then ſince I have prov'd the *Soul* conſiſts
Of *ſmaler* parts than water, ſmoak, or miſts,

(*Be-*

(Becauſe then all theſe three more apt to move
And take impreſſion from a weaker ſhove.
For by the Images of ſmoak and ſtreams,
And thinneſt miſts tis mov'd, as when in dreams
From fancy'd Altars, ſmoaky Clouds ariſe,
And in dark rouls are ſcatter'd thro the Skyes:
Thoſe thoughts are raiſ'd by ſubtile images.)
Now ſince you ſee that when the *Veſſels* broak
The *Water* runs away, and the thin ſmoak
By every Tempeſt ſcatter'd thro the Air,
Confus'dly mix with it, and periſh there;
Conclude the thin contexture of the *Mind*,
An *eaſier prey* to every rougher Wind:
With eaſe diſſolv'd, when from the *Body* gone;
'Tis toſt ith' Air all *Naked* and *alone*;
For ſince the *Limbs* that *Veſſel* of the *Soul*
Could not confine its *parts*, and keep it whole,
When bruis'd or draind of blood, how can the *Air*
A body, than our fleſh, our blood, more rare?
Beſides, tis plain that *Souls* are born and grow,
And all by age decay as *Bodies* do:
To prove this Truth; in Infants *Minds* appear
Infirm and tender as their bodies are,
In *Man* the mind is ſtrong, when Age prevails,
And the quick vigor of each member fails;
The *Mind's briſk powers* decreaſe, and waſt apace,
And grave and *reverend folly* takes the place;
'Tis likely then the *Soul* and *Mind* muſt die,
Like ſmoak in Air its ſcatter'd Atoms fly:
Since all theſe proofs have ſhown, theſe reaſons told,
'Tis with the *Body born*, grows *ſtrong* and *old*:
Beſides as *Violent Pains* and ſtrong diſeaſe
Torment the *Limbs* and all the *Bodie* ſeize,
So *Grief* and *Trouble Mind* and *Soul* ſurprize;

First Argument.

Second Argument.

Third Argument.

'Tis likely therefore that *That* also dies:
Sometimes when violent Feavers vex the brains,
The *Mind* grows mad, and raves with equal pains;
Sometimes when dull and death-like Lethargy,
Eternal sleep sits heavy on the Eye,
The *Soul* is *lull'd*, and neither knows nor hears
His friends kind voice, nor sees their falling tears,
Whilst they with Pious care about him weep,
And strive to rouse him from his death of sleep.
Since then the Limbs disease affects the mind,
That must be *mortal* too, for still we find
By Thousand instances diseases wait
On Death, as the sad Messengers of fate.

Fourth Argument. Besides, when Wine's quick force hath pierc't the brain,
And the brisk heat's difus'd thro every vein,
Why do the *members* all grow dull and weak?
The *Tongue* not with its usual swiftness speak?
The *Ey-balls* swim, the *Legs* not firm and streight,
But bend beneath the bodys natural weight,
Unmanly quarrels, noise and sobs deface
The powers of *Reason*, and usurp their place,
How could this be, did not the pretious juice
Affect the *Mind* it self, and spoyl its use,
Now things that can be thus disturb'd, that cease
From usual actions, by such lets as these,
Would dye suppose the force or stroaks increase.

Fifth Argument. Oft times with violent fits a *Patient* falls
As if with thunder struck, and foams and bawls,
Talks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breaths short;
Extends and tires his limbs with Antick sport:
Because the venome scatter'd ore the *whole*,
Makes such strange stirs, and motions thro the *Soul*;
As boisterous *storms* which ore the Ocean rave,
And raise white curles upon the foaming wave;

He

He *groans*, becauſe when pain'd, the ſeeds of voice
Break forth in a confuſ'd and troubled noiſe.
He's *mad* becauſe the parts of *Soul* and *Mind*
Are by the poyſon's violence diſjoin'd,
Diſturb'd and toſt, but when the Cauſes ceaſe
The black malignant humors, and diſeaſe
In ſome convenient veſſel lurk in peace;
His *Weakneſs* wears, and he forgets his pain,
His ſtrength, and life, and ſenſe return again:
Now ſince diſeaſes can this *Soul* divide,
Whilſt ſtrengthned by, and to the *members* ty'd:
Who can believe this *tender ſubſtance mind*
When from the *Body* loos'd, can brave the VVind?

Sixth Argument.

And ſince our *Minds* as well as *Bodyes* feel
The powers of medicines, that change or heal;
They muſt be mortal, for to change the ſoul
You muſt, or change the order of the whole,
Take off ſome old, or add ſome parts anew: -----
Now what's *Immortal*, common ſenſe hath told,
Can gain not one *new* part, nor looſe one *old*;
For whatſoever ſuffers change, unties
Its Union, is not what it was, but dies,
Therefore the *Mind* or by diſeaſes griev'd,
Or by the power of medicines reliev'd
Shews her ſelf *mortal*: ſuch plain evidence
Drawn from the ſtrongeſt reaſon, ſureſt ſenſe,
Doth all their ſpecious ſophiſtry oppoſe,
And either way confutes or overthrows.

Seventh Argument.

Beſides, Experience ſhows that Patients die
By *piece-meal*, thro the Toes, then Legs, then Thigh
Creeps treacherous Death; thence thro the reſt it
By ſlow degrees: and this one inſtance proves (moves
The Soul *mortal*, ſince Death doth ſlowly ſpread,
And ſome parts are *alive* at once, ſome dead.

But if you think the Soul by fate oppreſt,
Can to *one* limb retire, and leave the *reſt*,
That part where ſo much *Soul* hath reſidence
A greater muſt enjoy, and quicker ſenſe;
But ſince none ſuch appears, tis plain it flies
By *piece meal* thro the Air, and therefore dies:
But grant what's falſe; the Soul can backward fly,
And hudled up within one Member lye,
Yet this infers the Souls Mortality.
For what's the difference if by lateſt breath
Expell'd or hudled up, 'tis cruſht to Death.
Whilſt from the Limbs the ſenſes ſteal away,
And by degrees the powers of Life decay;
And ſince the Soul is part, and ſince it lies
Fixt in one certain place, as Ears or Eyes,
So like as thoſe when from the Body gone,
Perceive not, nor endure, but periſh ſoon.
The Mind can't live divided from the Whole,
The Limbs which ſeem the Veſſel of the Soul,
Or ſomewhat if you pleaſe more nearly joyn'd,
Becauſe theſe Two the cloſeſt Ties do bind.

The Soul ſeparated hath no ſenſe.

Laſtly, both *Soul* and *Body* joyn'd perceive
Exert their Natural powers, endure, and Live:
Nor can the *Soul* without the *Limbs* diſpenſe (ſenſe:
Her *vital powers*, nor *Limbs* without the *Soul* have
For as the *Eye* grows ſtiff, and dark, and blind
When torn from out her Seat, ſo *Soul* and *Mind*
Looſe all their *powers* when from the *Limbs* diſ-
Becauſe tis ſpread ore *all*, and there preſerves (joyn'd.
Her life by vital Union with the Nerves:
Nor could the little Seeds of *Soul* commence
Thoſe *ſhort vibrations* that are fit for ſenſe,
Were the ſpace great, which ſtrictly all enclos'd
They well perform, but from the Body loos'd

And

And to the wide unconſtant Air expos'd,
Could nere enjoy, becauſe the *Air* and *Mind*
Can never, as the *Soul* and *Limbs*, be joyn'd;
For could the thin unconſtant *Air* controul,
And keep in order too the fleeting *Soul*,
And *That* thoſe motions of brisk ſenſe maintain,
Which now it doth thro every Nerve and Vein,
And all our Limbs; then we might juſtly call
The *Air* a *Body*, and an *Animal*:
Well then the *Soul* all naked, and alone
When from the *Body* loos'd, her covering gone
Muſt dye, both *Soul* and *Mind*, for *both* are *one*.
Beſides, ſince when the *Mind*, and *Soul* are fled, *Another Argument.*
The *carcaſs* ſtinks, and rots as ſoon as dead,
How canſt thou doubt, but that the Union broak
The ſcatter'd Soul flies thro the Limbs like ſmoak,
And therefore muſt the *Bodies* fabrick fall,
Becauſe the *Soul*, that did preſerve this All,
Upheld and ſtrengthned it, is now no more,
But fled thro every paſſage, every pore;
Which ſhews the Soul, as all her powers decay,
Her parts diſſolve, ſhe ſcatter'd flies away.
Nay more, whilſt yet ith' Limbs, as Death comes on,
Her parts are all diſſolv'd before ſhe's gone.
Nay when ſhe's yet alive ſome ſtroaks prevail
And ſhake the *Soul*, her *powers* begin to fail,
The *Members* tremble, all the *face* looks pale,
As if 'twere *real* Death; this happens when we ſwoon
Then, then the Mind and Soul are almoſt gone,
The ties of *Union* allmoſt all undone:
For then the *Mind's* aſſaulted, and would bow
To *fate*, if ſhaken by a ſtronger blow.
Then who can think that from the Members gone
Expoſ'd to th' Air, all naked and alone,

It

It may but *one ſhort Moment* be ſecure,
Much leſs as long as Time, as Years endure.

Another Argument. Beſides, what *Patient* e're perceiv'd the *Soul*
Forſake the dying Members *ſafe* and *Whole*?
Or that by ſlow degrees it ſeems to riſe
Firſt thro the throat, then higher, jaws then flies
But every *ſenſe* in's *proper* Organ dies.

Another Argument. And were the Soul immortal, why then the Mind
Complains of Death, why not rejoyce to find
Her ſelf let looſe, and leave this Clay behind?
As Snakes, when e're the circling year returns,
Rejoyce to caſt their skins, or Deer their horns:
Again, ------
Why not the *Soul* produc'd in *any* part,
I'th' Head i'th' Hands? Why *only* in the Heart?
But 'cauſe each *Being* hath its *proper* ſeat,
There firſt begin, *there* grow mature, and great:
Thus *flames* ne're riſe from *Waves*, nor *Cold* from *Heat*.

Another Argument. And if the *Soul's immortal*, if She lives
Divided from the Body, if percieves,
She muſt enjoy *Five* Senſes ſtill, for who
Can fancy how the Soul can live below,
Unleſs 'tis thus endow'd? thus Painters pleaſe,
And Poets Pens to draw their Souls with theſe.
But as without the ſoul, nor Eye, nor Ear,
Nor either hand can touch, or ſee, or hear:
So neither can this Soul, this Mind perceive
Without theſe Hands, theſe Eyes, theſe Ears; nor live.

The Soul diviſible. Beſides, our vital ſenſe is ſpread ore *all*;
The *whole Compoſure* makes *one* Animal:
So that if ſuddain violent ſtroaks divide
This *whole*, and caſt the *parts* on either ſide;
The *Soul* and *Mind* too ſuffer the ſame fate,
And part remains in *this*, and part in *that*:

Now

Now what can be divided; what can lye
And waſt in ſeveral parts; can likewiſe dye.
So Chariots arm'd on every ſide to wound,
When fiercly drove bring death to all around,
And yet the wounded Man, ſo quick's the blow,
Is ſcarce diſturb'd, ſcarce ſeems to feel, or know
His wounds, and *now* but *half a body* grown,
Still haſts to fight, ſtill eagerly goes on,
Nor miſſes he his arm, nor ſhield,
Tho by the Chariots torn, drag'd ore the field:
Others that looſe *thoſe* hands that climb the Wall,
Reach on, or *fall*, and *wonder* at their fall.
Others, their legs lopt off, attempt to riſe,
Whilſt the poor foot lies trembling by, and dies.
And when the head's lopt off, the eyes and face
Still keep their natural, ſtill their vital grace;
The look is vivid ſtill, nor ſeems like dead,
Till every particle of Soul is fled:
So likewiſe chop a venemous Serpent's train,
You'l ſee each ſingle part is vext with pain,
Each turns, each bleeds, and ſprinkles all the ground
With poys'nous gore, each wriggles at the wound;
What then? hath every *part* its *proper* Soul?
This were to place a *Thouſand* in *one* Whole.
Well then the Soul, by the ſame fatal blow
That chopt the poiſ'nous tail, is cut in two:
Therefore tis *mortal*, ſubject unto fate,
Becauſe 'tis *diviſible* as well as *that*.

Beſides, were *Souls immortal*, nere began, *Another Argument.*
But *crept* into the *Limbs* to make up Man,
Why cannot they remember what was done
In former times, why all their memory gone?
Now if the Mind's brisk powers ſo far can waſt,
As to forget thoſe numerous actions paſt,

'Tis

'Tis almoſt dead, and ſure can dye at laſt.
VVell then, the *former* Soul muſt needs be dead,
And that which *now* informs us, *newly* made.

Another Argument.

But when the Bodies made, when we begin
To view the Light, if then the *Soul* crept in,
How is it likely it ſhould ſeem to grow,
Increaſe and flouriſh, as the *Members* do?
No, it would live confin'd to her cloſe Cage,
VVith powers as brisk in *Infancy*, as Age.

Another Argument.

Well then, 'tis prov'd the *Soul* is *born* and *dies*,
Beſide, ſuppoſe it fram'd without, what ties
Could knit this ſoul ſo cloſe, how could this mind,
As ſenſe aſſures, with every limb be twin'd?
For now 'tis knit to every *nerve* and *vein*,
To every *bone*, that e'en the *Teeth feel* pain,
As when with ſuddain chop they grind a ſtone,
Or when cold water chills the heated Bone:
Since then 'tis joyn'd ſo cloſe, how can this Soul
Loos'd from the *Limbs*, fly off ſecure and whole?

Another Argument.

But now ſuppoſe the mind was fram'd before,
And then Infus'd; grant this, I'le ask no more,
This proves 'tis mortal too, for whilſt the Soul
Inſinuates her *ſubſtance* ore the *whole*,
Its parts muſt be diſſolv'd, the natural tye
Of union loos'd, therefore the ſoul can dye:
As meats diſus'd thro all the members loſe
Their former nature, and different things compoſe,
So minds tho ſafe and whole they firſt begin
To enter, are diſſolv'd in ent'ring in.
Becauſe thoſe ſubtile parts, this Soul contains
Muſt be diffus'd thro all the *Nerves* and *Veins*.
And that which entred rules the *Body* now,
Is the *ſame* Soul that died in paſſing thro:
And therefore *Souls* are *born*, and *periſh* too.

Beſides

Beſides, from Carcaſſes ſome *part* alone,
Or the *whole* ſubſtance of the Soul is gone:
If only *part*, tis dead, its ſeeds disjoyn'd;
For *ſome* fly briskly off, *ſome* lurk behind.
But if *all* goes, why then do troops of Flies,
Why numerous Inſects from the bodies riſe,
Swarm o're the members? what's the cauſe of this?
But grant you can believe a *proper* Soul
For *every* worm, deſcends ſecure and whole:
Nor think it ſtrange, that when the former's gone,
A *Thouſand* little Souls ſhould come for *one*;
Yet ſtill tis doubtful whether every *Mind*
Hunts carefully for *ſeeds* of proper kind,
And faſhions its own *caſe*; or elſe doth wait,
Untill the limbs are perfect, all compleat,
And then goes *proudly* in, and takes her ſeat.
But what ſhould prompt the *ſoul* to all this pains,
What make her work? ſince freed from ſlaviſh chains
Of matter; hunger, cold, no ſharp diſeaſe,
No anxious cares her happy ſubſtance ſeize:
From the united limbs ſhe ſuffers theſe.
But grant 'twas good for *Minds* to put on Clay,
How are the *bodies* form'd, what curious way,
What manner, method, is the action done?
Souls *cannot*, therefore *do not*, frame their own:
And did they enter perfect frames, what art
Could ſubtily twine the *ſoul* with every part?
That *this* ſhould act on *that*, ſo nearly joyn'd;
The *mind* affect the *limbs*, the *limbs* the *mind*?
Beſides, why *Lions* fury, why the *Deer*
From their *cold Sires* derive their natural fear?
Why *Foxes* craft, why proper Powers adorn
Each different *kind*, unleſs the Souls are born?
For were the Souls *immortal*, could the Mind

Another Argument.

No Transmigration.

Fly off, and leave his former Case behind,
And take another of a different kind:
What change in *Animal's* manners must appear?
The *Tyger-Dog* would fly pursuing *Deer*;
The *Hawk* forget his rage, and learn to fear,
Trembling at every little Dove that flies;
Men would be *foolish* all, and *Beasts* be *wise*.
For tis absurd, that this *immortal* Mind
Should change according to the different kind
Of Body, unto which the *Soul's* confin'd.
For things thus *changeable*, the natural tie
Of Union broke, the *scatter'd* parts can flie
Dispers'd, disorder'd, and themselves can dye.
But if they say, that Souls expell'd by fate,
To other bodies of like kind, retreat;
Then tell me why, Why doth the *wisest* Soul,
When crept into a *Child*, become a *Fool*?
Why cannot *new-born Colts* perform the course
With equal cunning as a *full-grown* Horse?
But that the Souls are born, increase, and grow,
And rise mature, as all their bodies do.
Perchance they'l say, *weak* minds, and *tender* sense
Belong to *tender* bodies. *Poor Defence!*
This yields the cause, this grants that *Minds* are frail,
Whose *former* life and powers can change and fail.
Beside, come tell me why a *Soul* should grow,
And rise *mature*, as all the *members* do,
If 'twere not born? When feeble Age comes on,
Why is't in hast, and eager to be gone?
What doth it fear, it makes such hast away,
To be imprison'd in the stinking clay?
What doth it fear the aged Heap's decay?
Or that 'twill fall, and crush the Mind beneath?

Fond

Fond fear! *Immortal Beings are free from Death.*
'Tis fond to think, that whilſt wild beaſts beget,
Or bear their young, a *Thouſand ſouls* ſhould wait,
Expect the falling body, and fight and ſtrive
Which firſt ſhould enter in, and make it live.
Or is't agreed, do previous leagues declare,
That tis her lawful right, who firſt comes there,
To enter in, and ſo no need of war?
Beſides, no Trees in Heaven, no Stars below,
The Hills no Fiſh, the Stones no moiſture know,
Each hath its proper place to live and grow.
So neither *ſouls* can live without the blood,
And nerves, and veins, and bones; for grant they
Then thro one ſingle part, as arm, or head, (cou'd,
'Twould firſt be fram'd, thence o're the others ſpread;
As water into veſſels pour'd, doth fall
Firſt to one part, then riſe, and cover all.
But ſince tis certain that a *proper place*
Is ſetled for the life, and the increaſe
Of *Mind* and *Soul*; tis folly to believe
They can be made without the limbs, or live.
Well then, the *Soul* ſpread o're the limbs muſt fail,
And dye with thoſe, as years and death prevail.
For that *immortal* Beings ſhould lie confin'd
To *mortal* ones, their different powers be joyn'd,
And act on one another, is abſurd,
Plain non-ſenſe: what more fond can Dreams afford,
Than *mortal* with *immortal* joyn'd in one,
Should feel thoſe harms 'twas free from, when alone?
Beſide, what is *immortal*, muſt be ſo, } *Another argument.*
Becauſe tis *ſolid*, above the power of *blow*;
Whoſe parts no Wedge divides, which knows no (Pore,
And ſuch are *ſeeds*, as I explain'd before:
Or elſe becauſe, like *empty ſpace*, tis ſuch

As is ſecure from *ſtroak*, and free from *touch*;
Or elſe becauſe it can admit no bound,
Tis *infinite*, and knows no place beyond,
To which the *ſeeds* may ſink; this makes the *All Eternal*: there's no place whence *ſeeds* may fall,
And breed confuſion here; no *ſpace* doth lie
Without the *Whole*, to which the *parts* may flie,
And leave the mighty *All* to waſt and dye.
Now tis not perfect *ſolid*, every Maſs
Between the Seeds contains ſome empty ſpace:
Nor is't like *Void* untoucht; for ſubtile wind,
With rapid ſtorms, can hurry on the Mind;
Or take one part, and leave the reſt behind.
Beſides, there's ſpace enough, to which, the Tie
Of Union loos'd, the ſcatter'd parts may flie.
Well then, the *Mind* is *mortal*, and can *dye*.
But if you think't *immortal*, free from wound,
Becauſe its *ſubſtance* is encompaſs'd round,
Fenc'd from deſtructive cauſes; or that ſuch
Can very ſeldom, if at all, approach;
Or if they ſhould, fly off, before they make
Confuſion there: this is a grand miſtake.
For not to mention how diſeaſes vex
The Soul, what fear of future ills perplex,
When guilty Conſcience ſhall affright the Mind
For ſins, ſtrike deep, and leave diſpair behind;
Tis *mad*, *forgetful*; ſometimes *Lethargy*,
And death-like ſleep ſits heavy on her eye. (dye?
Againſt fear of Death. Well then, what's Death to us, ſince Souls can
For as we neither knew, nor felt thoſe harms,
When dreadful *Carthage* frighted *Rome* with Arms,
And all the world was ſhook with fierce alarms;
Whilſt undecided yet, which part ſhould fall,
Which *Nation* riſe the glorious *Lord* of all:

So

So after Death, when we ſhall be no more,
What tho the Seas forſake their uſual ſhore,
And riſe to Heaven? what tho Stars drop from thence?
Yet how can this diſturb our periſht Senſe?
But now ſuppoſe the *Soul*, when ſeparate,
Could live, and think, in a *divided ſtate*:
Yet what is that to *us*, who are the *Whole*,
A *frame* compos'd of *Body* joyn'd with *Soul*?
Nay, grant the ſcatter'd aſhes of our Urn
Be joyn'd again, and Life and Senſe return;
Yet how can that concern us, all when done?
Since all the memory of paſt life is gone:
Now we're joy, nor grieve, to think what *we*
Were heretofore, nor what thoſe things will be,
Which fram'd from *us*, the following age ſhall ſee.
When we revolve, how numerous years have run,
How oft the Eaſt beheld the riſing Sun
E're we began, and how the Atoms move,
How the unthinking Seed for ever ſtrove;
Tis probable, and Reaſon's laws allow,
Theſe Seeds of ours were once combin'd as now:
Yet now who minds, who knows his former ſtate?
The *interim* of Death, the hand of Fate,
Or ſtopt the Seeds, or made them all commence
Such motions, as deſtroy'd the former *ſenſe*.
He that is *miſerable*, muſt perceive,
Whilſt he is *ſo*, he then muſt *be*, and *live*:
But now ſince Death permits to feel no more
Thoſe cares, thoſe troubles, which we felt before,
It follows too, that when we dye again,
We need not fear; *for he muſt live, that lives in pain*:
But now the dead, tho they ſhould all return
To life again, ſhall grieve no more, nor mourn
For evils paſt, than if they ne're were born.

Now

Now when you hear a man complain, and moan,
And mourn his fate, becauſe when life is gone,
His limbs muſt waſt, and rot ith' earth, or feaſt
The greedy flames, or ſome devouring beaſt;
All is not well: He, by ſtrong fancy led,
Imagines *ſenſe* remains among the *Dead.*
Nor can I think, tho he himſelf denies,
And openly declares the *whole* man dyes,
But that from ſtrong conceits he ſtill believes,
Fond Fool, that e'en himſelf himſelf ſurvives:
For now, e'en whilſt he breaths, e'en whilſt he lives,
And thinks he muſt be torn or burnt, he grieves;
Thinks ſtill the *Carcaſs* muſt be *He*, and thence
His wanton fears infer there muſt be *ſenſe*:
And hence he grieves, that he was born to dye,
Subject to treacherous *Mortality*;
But never thinks, *fond fool*, that when kind death
Shall cloſe his eyes in *night*, and ſtop his breath,
Then Nothing of this *thinking Thing* remains
To mourn his fate, or feel ſharp grief and pains.
But if tis miſerable to be torn
By Beaſts when dead, why is't not ſo to burn?
If that's an ill, why not as great a one
To be oppreſt with Earth, or Marble-ſtone?
Or dipt all o're in hony, or be roll'd
O're boiſterous waves, on clifts expos'd to cold?
Ay but he now is ſnatch'd from all his joys:
No more ſhall his chaſt wife, and pratling boyes
Run to their Dad with eager haſt, and ſtrive
Which ſhall have the firſt kiſs, as when alive.
Ay, but he now no more from *Wars* ſhall come,
Bring peace and ſafety to his *friends* at home.
Wretched, O wretched Man! One fatal day
Hath ſnatcht the vaſt delights of life away!

Thus

Thus they bewail, but go no farther on,
And add, that his Deſires and VVants are gone:
Which if they thought, how ſoon would *all* give o're
Their empty cauſleſs tears, and weep no more?
Tis true thou ſleep'ſt in Death, and there ſhalt lie
Free from all cares to vaſt Eternity:
But we ſhall mourn thee ſtill; no length of years
Shall overcome our grief, and dry our tears.
Now I would gladly know, come tell me why,
Why do'ſt thou pine with grief, and weep, and ſigh?
Why do'ſt thou vex thy ſelf, why beat thy breaſt,
Becauſe thou once muſt *ſleep in Death, and reſt*?
So when the *jolly Blades*, with Garlands crown'd,
Sit down to drink, whilſt frequent Healths go round,
Some looking grave, this Obſervation make:
All thoſe delights are ſhort we Men can take;
Now we enjoy, but gone, we wiſh in vain,
In vain deſire to call them back again.
As if the greateſt ill ith' Grave they fear
Were thirſt, or to want wine, or garlands there,
Or any other thing they fancy here.
Fools! e'en in common ſleep what cares moleſt?
What thoughts for life or health diſturb our reſt?
Men all eternally might ſtill ſleep on
Free from ſuch cares, our reſt diſturb'd with none;
Yet then our *Mind* is *well*, tis whole, and lives,
And aptly moves, nay and almoſt perceives,
Small ſtroaks will wake the Man, and he revives.
Then *Death*, if there can be a *leſs* than *Leaſt*,
Is troubled leſs with *anxious Cares*, than *Reſt*:
Becauſe in *Death*, few parts of *Mind* remain;
And he that *ſleeps* in Death, ne're wakes again.
But now, if *Nature* ſhould begin to ſpeak,
And thus with loud *Complaints* our *folly* check:

Fond

A Prosopopœa of Nature.

Fond *Mortal*, what's the matter thou do'ſt *ſigh* ?
VVhy all *theſe tears*, becauſe thou once muſt dye ?
And once ſubmit to *ſtrong* Mortality ?
For if the *race* thou haſt already run
VVas pleaſant, if with *joy* thou ſaw'ſt the Sun ;
If all my *pleaſures* did not paſs thy mind
As thro a *Sieve*, but left ſome *Sweets* behind :
VVhy doſt thou not then like a *thankful* Gueſt
Riſe chearfully from *Life's abundant* Feaſt,
And with a *quiet* mind go take thy *reſt* ?
But if all thoſe delights are loſt and gone,
Spilt *idly* all, and Life a *burthen* grown,
Then why fond *Mortal* do'ſt thou ask for more ?
VVhy ſtill deſire t' increaſe thy *wretched* ſtore,
And wiſh for what muſt waſt like thoſe before ?
Not rather free thy ſelf from pains, and fear,
And end thy *Life*, and *neceſſary* Care ?
My *Pleaſures* always in a *Circle* run,
The ſame *returning* with the *yearly* Sun :
And thus tho thou doſt ſtill enjoy thy Prime,
And tho thy limbs feel not the *rage* of Time,
Yet I can find no *new*, no gay delight ;
The ſame *dull* joys muſt *vex* thy appetite,
Altho thou could'ſt prolong thy *wretched* breath
For *numerous* years, much more, if *free* from Death.
What could we anſwer, what excuſes truſt ?
VVe muſt confeſs, that her reproofs are juſt.
But if a *Wretch*, if one *oppreſt* by fate,
Mourns *coming* Death, and begs a *larger* Date,
Him *ſhe* may *fiercely* chide : Forbear thy ſighs,
Thou *Wretch*, ceaſe thy Complaints, and dry thine eyes,
If *Old* ; Thou haſt enjoy'd the *mighty* ſtore
Of gay delights, and now can'ſt taſt no more ;
But yet, becauſe thou ſtill did'ſt ſtrive to meet

The

The *abſent*, and contemn'dſt the *preſent* Sweet,
Death ſeems *unwelcome*, and thy race half run;
Thy courſe of life ſeems ended when begun,
And *unexpected* haſty Death deſtroys,
Before thy *greedy* mind is *full* of joys.
Yet leave theſe toyes, that not befit thine age,
New Actors now come on; *reſign* the Stage.
If thus *ſhe* chides, I think tis well enough,
I think tis nothing but a *juſt* reproof;
For *riſing Beings* ſtill the *old* purſue,
And take their place, *old* dye, and frame the *new*:
But nothing ſinks to *Hell*, and *ſulphurous* flames,
The *ſeeds* remain to make the future *frames*:
All which *ſhall* yield to Fate as *well* as thou,
And Things fell *heretofore* e'en juſt as *now*;
And *ſtill* decaying things ſhall new produce:
For Life's not given to poſſeſs, but uſe.
Thoſe Ages that in *long proceſſion* ran,
And meaſur'd *haſty* Time e're we began,
What all to *us*? From this think *further* on,
And what is *Time to us* when *Life* is gone?
Beſide, what dreadful Things in *Death* appear?
What *tolerable* cauſe for all our fear?
What ſad, what diſmal thoughts command us weep?
Is't not a *quiet* ſtate, and *ſoft* as ſleep?
And all which we from *Poets* tales receive
As done *below*, we ſee e'en *whilſt alive*.
No wretched *Tantalus* (as ſtories go)
Doth *vainly* dread the *hanging* ſtone, below:
But heavy weights of *ſuperſtitious* care
Oppreſs the *living*, they diſturb us here,
And force us *Chance*, and *future evils* fear.
No *Tityus* there is by the Eagle torn,
No new ſupplies of *Liver* ſtill are born:

For grant him big enough, that all the *Nine*,
Thoſe Poets acres, his vaſt limbs confine
To narrow bounds, but let him ſpread *o're all*,
And let his Arms claſp round the *watry Ball*;
Yet how could He endure *eternal pain*?
Or ſtill his eaten *Liver* grow again?
But he is *Tityus* here, that lies oppreſt
With *vexing love*, or whom *fierce cares* moleſt:
Theſe are the *Eagles* that do *tear* his breaſt.
He's *Siſyphus*, that ſtrives with mighty pain
To get ſome *Offices*, but ſtrives in vain;
Who poorly, meanly begs the *People's* voice,
But ſtill refus'd, and ne're enjoys the choice:
For ſtill to ſeek, and ſtill in Hopes devour,
But never to enjoy deſired Power,
What is it, but to roll a *mighty* ſtone
Againſt the *hill*, which ſtreight will tumble down?
Almoſt at *top*, it muſt *return* again,
And with *ſwift* force roll thro the *humble* Plain.
Laſtly, ſince *Nature* feeds with gay delight,
And never fills the *greedy* Appetite;
Since every year, with the *returning* Springs,
She new delights, and joys, and pleaſures brings;
And yet our minds, amidſt this mighty ſtore,
Are ſtill *unſatisfy'd*, and wiſh for more:
Sure this they mean, who teach that *Maids* below
Do *idle* pains, and care, and time beſtow
In pouring ſtreams into a *leaky* Vrn,
Which *flow as faſt again*, as faſt return.
The *Furies*, *Cerberus*, black *Hell*, and *Flames*,
Are *airy fancies* all, meer *empty Names*.
But whilſt we *live*, the fear of dreadful pains
For *wicked deeds*, the Priſon, Scourge, and Chains,
The Wheel, the Block, the Fire, affright the mind,

Strike deep, and leave a *conſtant* ſting behind.
Nay, thoſe not felt; the *guilty* ſoul preſents
Theſe *dreadful* ſhapes, and ſtill her ſelf torments,
Scourges, and ſtings; nor doth ſhe ſeem to know
An *end* of theſe, but fears more *fierce* below,
Eternal all. Thus *fancied* pains we feel,
And live as *wretched* here, as if in *Hell.*
But more, to comfort thee: ----
Conſider, *Ancus* periſht long ago,
Ancus, a better man by much than Thou.
Conſider, *mighty Kings* in pomp and ſtate,
Fall, and *ingloriouſly* ſubmit to *Fate.*
Conſider, even *He*, that *mighty He*,
Who *laught* at all the *threatnings* of the Sea;
That chain'd the *Ocean* once, and proudly led
His *Legions* o're the *fetter'd* waves, is *dead.*
Scipio, the ſcourge of *Carthage*, now the Grave
Keeps priſoner, like the meaneſt *common* Slave.
Nay, greateſt *Wits*, and *Poets* too, that give
Eternity to others, ceaſe to live:
Homer their *Prince*, that Darling of the *Nine*,
(What *Troy* would at a ſecond fall repine,
To be thus ſung?) is nothing now but fame,
A laſting, far diffus'd, but empty name.
Democritus, as feeble Age came on;
And told him that 'twas time he ſhould be gone,
(For then his *minds* brisk powers grew weak) he (cry'd,
I will obey thy *ſummons*, *Fate*, and dy'd.
Nay *Epicurus* race of life is run,
That *Man* of Wit, who *other* men out-ſhon,
As far as meaner Stars the mid-day Sun.
Then how dar'ſt *Thou* repine to dye, and grieve,
Thou *meaner Soul*, thou *dead* e'en *whilſt alive?*
That ſleep'ſt and dream'ſt the *moſt* of life away;

Thy *Night is full as rational as thy Day,*
Still vext with *cares*, who never underſtood
The *Principles* of *ill*, nor *uſe of good*,
Nor whence thy *cares* proceed, but reel'ſt about
In vain unſetled thoughts, condemn'd to doubt.
Did men perceive what tis diſturbs their reſt,
Whence *riſe* their fears, and that their *thoughtful* Breaſt
Is by the *Mind's* own natural weight oppreſt;
Did they know *this*, as they all think they know,
They would not lead *ſuch* lives as now they do:
Not know their *own deſires*, but ſeek to find
Strange places out, and leave this *weight* behind:
One tir'd at home, forſakes his ſtately ſeat,
And ſeeks ſome melancholy cloſe retreat,
But ſoon returns; for preſt beneath his load
Of Cares, he finds no more content abroad:
Others with full as *eager* haſt retire,
As if their Father's houſe were all on fire,
To their ſmall Farm; but yet ſcarce entred there,
They grow uneaſie with their uſual care;
Or ſeeking to forget their grief, lie down
To *thoughtleſs* reſt, or elſe return to Town:
They all endeavour to ſhun themſelves; in vain,
For troubleſome *he* ſticks cloſe, the *Cares* remain,
For they ne're know the cauſe of all their pain:
Which if they did, how ſoon would all give o're
Their fruitleſs toys, and ſtudy *Nature* more;
That is a noble ſearch, and worth our Care:
On That depends eternal hope, or fear;
That teaches how to look beyond our Fate,
And fully ſhews us all our future ſtate.
Our life muſt *once* have *end*, in vain we fly
From following *Fate*; *e'en now, e'en now we dye.*

Life

Life adds no *new delights* to thoſe poſſeſt.
But ſince the *abſent* pleaſures ſeem the beſt,
With wing'd deſire and haſt we thoſe purſue,
But thoſe enjoy'd, we ſtreight-ways wiſh for new.
Life, life we wiſh, ſtill greedy to live on;
And yet what *fortune* with the *following* Sun
Will *riſe*, what *Chance* will bring, is all unknown.
What tho a *thouſand* Years prolong thy Breath?
How can this ſhorten the long ſtate of Death?
For tho thy Life ſhall *numerous* ages fill,
The ſtate of Death ſhall be *eternal* ſtill.
And he that dies *to day*, ſhall be no more,
As *long* as thoſe that periſh'd *long* before.

The End of the Third Book.

LU-

LUCRETIUS

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I Feel, I riſing feel, *Poetick* heats,
And now *inſpir'd*, trace o're the *Muſes* ſeats
Untrodden yet: tis ſweet to viſit *firſt*
Untoucht and *Virgin-ſtreams*, and quench my thirſt:
I joy to crop *freſh* flowers, and get a Crown
For *new* and rare *Inventions* of my own;
So noble, great, and generous the Deſign,
That none of all the *mighty tuneful Nine*
E're grac'd a head with *Laurels*, like to mine.
For firſt I teach *great things* in *lofty* ſtrains,
And looſe men from *Religion's* grievous chains.
Next, tho my *Subject's* dark, my *Verſe* is clear,
And ſweet, with fancy *flowing* every where.
And this deſign'd: for as *Phyſitians* uſe,
In giving *Children* draughts of bitter juice,
To make them take it, tinge the Cup with ſweet,
To *cheat* the lip: *This* firſt the *eager* meet,
And then drink on, and take the *bitter* draught,
And ſo are *harmleſly deceiv'd*, not *caught*:
For by ſuch *cheats* they get their ſtrength, their eaſe,
Their vigor, health, and baffle the diſeaſe.
So ſince our *method* of Philoſophy

Seems

Seems harſh to *ſome*, ſince *moſt* our Maxims fly;
I thought it was the fitteſt way to dreſs
Theſe *rigid* Principles in *pleaſing* Verſe;
With fancy ſweetning them, to bribe thy mind
To read my Book, and lead it on to find
The *Nature* of the World, the *Riſe* of Things,
And what vaſt *profit* too That knowledge brings.
Now ſince tis ſhown what things *firſt bodies* are,
What different forms, what various ſhapes they bear;
And how they *move*, how *joyn* to make one *Whole*,
And what's the *nature* of the *Mind* and *Soul*;
Of what *compos'd*, how Fate doth break the Chain,
And ſcatter it into its *ſeeds* again.
Now (for tis fit) my *Muſe* declares, and ſings, *Of Images.*
What thoſe are we call *Images* of Things,
Which like *thin films* from bodies riſe in ſtreams,
Play in the Air, and *dance* upon the beams..
By *day* theſe meet, and ſtrike our *minds*, and fright,
And ſhow *pale* Ghoſts, and horrid ſhapes by night:
Theſe break our ſleep, theſe check our gay delight.
For ſure no *Airy* Souls get looſe, and fly
From *Hell's dark ſhades*, nor flutter in our sky:
For what remains beyond the greedy Urn?
Since *Soul* and *Body* to their *Seeds* return.
A *ſtream* of Forms from every *ſurface* flows,
Which may be call'd the *film* or *ſhell* of thoſe;
Becauſe they bear the ſhape, they ſhew the frame,
And figure of thoſe bodies whence they came.
The *dulleſt* may perceive, and know tis true:
For *bodies* big enough for ſenſe to view,
Do often riſe; ſome more *diffus'd*, and broke; (ſmoak;
Thus Fire, thus heated Wood doth *breath* forth
And ſome more cloſe and joyn'd; when heats begin,
Some *Inſects* ſeem to ſweat, and caſt their skin.

The

The *Heifers* caſt the *membranes* of their Horns,
Snakes leave their glittering coats among the thorns:
A glittering coat each tree, each buſh adorns.
We ſee with pleaſure: what we fled before,
We handle now the ſcales, and fear no more.
This proves, that numerous trains of *Images*
(For why can *theſe*, and not more *thin* than theſe?)
From every *ſurface* flow. For firſt they lie
Unchain'd, and looſe, and ready for our eye;
They ſoon will ſlip, and ſtill preſerve their frame,
Their *ancient* form, and tell from whence they came:
Nay more, they're thin, they on the *ſurface* play,
And ſo *few* chains to break, *few* ſtops to ſtay
Their courſe, or hinder when they fly away.
For now tis certain that a numerous ſtore,
Not only from the *middle* parts, as 'twas before
Obſerv'd, but even from the *ſurface* riſe,
As Colours often *looſned* ſtrike our eyes.
Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper red,
O're all the ſpacious *Theater* are ſpread,
Which mighty *maſts* and ſturdy *pillars* bear,
And the looſe Curtains *wanton* in the Air;
Whole ſtreams of *Colours* from the top do flow,
The rays *divide* them in their paſſage thro,
And ſtain the Scenes, and Men, and Gods below:
The more theſe Curtains ſpread, the pleaſing Die
Rides on the beams the more, and courts the eye;
The gawdy *colour* ſpreads o're every thing,
All gay appear, each *man* a *Purple* King.
Since Curtains then their *looſned* Colours ſpread,
Since they can paint the Under-Scenes with red;
Then every thing can ſend forth *Images*,
Thoſe fly from *ſurfaces* as well as theſe.
Tis certain then that ſubtile forms do fly,

And

And dance and frolick in our lower Skie,
Which ſingle, are too ſubtle for the eye.
But now the Odors, Vapors, and thin ſmoak
Fly *ſcatter'd* and *confus'd*, their order broke;
Becauſe whilſt they from *inward* parts do flow,
And thro ſtrait *winding* pores, and turnings go,
They are diſorder'd in their paſſing thro:
But now theſe *ſubtile films* of looſned Dies
What can diſorder as from things they riſe,
Since each upon the utmoſt *ſurface* lies?
Thus *forms* which *Glaſs*, which limpid *ſtreams* reſtore,
Bearing that ſhape, that dye, the body wore,
Moſt be compos'd of fleeting *Images*
That riſe from things; for why with greater eaſe
Can theſe forms riſe, than ſome more thin than theſe?
Then there are ſubtile ſhapes, like thoſe that ſtreams,
Or glaſs reſtore on the returning beams;
In figure like, but *aery* thin and light,
And *ſingle* each too ſubtle for our ſight;
Yet coming *thick*, and in a numerous train,
Reflected from the *poliſht ſpecular* plain,
Can make us ſee; and *that's the Reaſon* why
The forms *return* again, in ſhape, and die
So like the *Things*, and pleaſe the *curious* eye.
Next learn how *ſubtle* and how thin theſe are:
Firſt then, ſince Seeds of things are finer far
Than thoſe that *firſt begin* to diſappear:
But now to clear this, to confirm the more
The *Subtilneſs* of Seeds explain'd before;
And add *new* reaſons to the *former* ſtore:
How many *Animals* whoſe middle part,
The *ſharpeſt* eye with all the *helps* of Art
Can't ſee? *Dull Art may throw her glaſſes by,*
How ſubtile then the Guts, the Heart, the Eye?

The ſubtilty of the Images.

How thin each *little* member of the Whole?
How *infinitely* ſmall the Seeds that frame the Soul?
But more ------
Opoponax, or Rue that ſtrike the Noſe
With *ſtrongeſt* ſmells; or others like to thoſe,
If ſhaken, *Thouſand forms* do flie from thence,
A Thouſand waies, but *weak*, nor move the ſenſe:
And yet how *ſubtile* if compar'd with theſe,
How *thin*, what *Nothings* are the Images?
How vaſt the diſproportion twixt *theſe* two?
Tis more than *thought* can think, than *words* can ſhow.
But now, beſides thoſe *ſubtile* forms that rear
From *Bodies*; Thouſand *new* are fram'd in Air,
Faſhion'd by *chance*, and theſe, when born on high,
Prodigies. Do change their ſhapes; and wanton in the Sky;
Then joyn in various forms, grow thick, and move
Like Clouds combin'd, and darken all above:
Hence *Prodigies*, hence ſome *Gigantick* war
Marſhall'd ith' Air, looks dreadful from a far;
And ſhadows all: hence Mountains ſeem to fly,
And ſcatter'd Rocks cut thro the *wounded* Sky:
Hence other Clouds do *frightful* Creatures ſhow;
We ſtare amaz'd, and wonder at below.
Next learn ------
How ſoon theſe *forms* fly off, how ſwift they riſe:
For ſomething ſtill on every *ſurface* lies,
Juſt ready to depart, and pleaſe our eyes;
Reflection. This, when on *rare*, and *thin* Compoſures Toſt,
For inſtance *Cloaths*, it enters and 'tis loſt:
On rocks and wood 'tis broak; thoſe ne're *reſtore*
The forms, the *Image* then appears no more;
But if 'tis thrown on *denſe*, and *ſmooth*; as glaſs;
It muſt *return*, thoſe things it ne're can paſs
As Cloaths, nor *breaks*; becauſe the thing's *polite*;

Hence

Hence *forms* return from ſuch, and pleaſe the ſight;
And hence the poliſht glaſs, what'ere you place
Before, as ſwift as thought returns the face:
Which proves that *numerous* trains of forms aroſe,
And ſuch, as the reflecting *Mirror* ſhows,
Thin ſubtile *Images*, all like to thoſe
Each moment ſpring; and hence 'tis juſtly ſaid,
Their riſe is *quick*, theſe forms are *ſwiftly* made:
As *numerous* rays muſt every *minute* flow
From th' Sun, to keep all *full of light* below,
So numerous *Images* from things muſt rear,
Each minute riſe, and wander thro the Air;
Becauſe let *haſty* hands the *Mirror* place,
This way or that; yet ſtill we view the face,
The colour, ſhape, returning from the glaſs:
So often when the Heaven's ſerene, and bright,
Look gay, and clear, and ſmile with gawdy light:
A horrid Cloud ſtreight hides its glorious face,
As if the *ſhades* of Hell had left their place,
And fill'd the arched Skies: ſo *thick* the night,
So *dark* the Clouds appear; ſo much affright:
And yet how *ſubtile* if compar'd to theſe
How *thin*, what *Nothings* are the *Images*?
How vaſt the diſproportion twixt *theſe* two?
Tis more than *thought* can think, than *words* can ſhow:
Now next, how faſt they move, how quick they fly,
Parting with *ſwifteſt* wings the yielding Sky:
How they outſtrip *dull Time* whereere they go,
How quick, how ſwift they are in paſſing thro.
In *few*, but *ſweeteſt* numbers, *Muſe* reherſe,
My *few* ſhall far excel more *numerous* Verſe,
Thus dying *Swans* tho *ſhort* yet *tuneful* voice,
Is more delightful than an *Air* of Noiſe:
First then *Experience* tells, that thin and light,

The ſwiftneſs of the Images.

And ſubtile things are fit for ſwifteſt flight:
Such is the *Ray*, that *Vapor* of the Sun,
How ſwift? *its race is finiſht when begun,*
For they are *thin Compoſures*, *almoſt Seed*,
And cut the parted Air with *greateſt* ſpeed:
No lets to ſtop, but when *one part* is gone,
Another flows, and drives the *former* on:
The rayes ſtill riſe in a *continu'd* ſtream,
The *following* laſhes on the *lazy* beam:
So far the Reaſon holds, the Airy race
Of *Images*, muſt paſs a mighty ſpace
Each point of time: for firſt ſome force behind
Still drives them on t' outſtrip the lingring wind;
Their texture is ſo *thin*, their frame ſo *rare*,
That they can freely enter any where:
And even penetrate the middle Air.
Beſides; if theſe *Compoſures* from *above*
So ſwiftly thro the *lower* Regions move,
If in *one point* of Time the glorious ray
Swiftly deſcends, and ſhows approaching day:
From Heaven to Earth can take its haſty flight,
And guild the diſtant Globe with gawdy light;
If this ſo ſwift, then ſwifter thoſe that lay,
On *Surfaces* of Things, which nought could ſtay,
No ſtops to hinder as they fly away:
Thoſe larger ſpace in that *ſhort* time muſt fly,
Whilſt the Sun's *lazy* beams *creep* thro our Sky
Another inſtance of their *ſwiftneſs* this, ...
In Bowls of *water* ſet abroad by night,
We know the *Stars* do ſhed their *feeble* light,
So *quick* the glorious ray deſcends from far,
And we look *downward* to behold the Star,
Which ſhows theſe *Images* with eager haſt
From Heaven reach diſtant Earth, they move ſo faſt,

Before

Before the *preſent ſingle now* is paſt:
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion; having no account ſo ſmall:
Well then theſe *Images* that ſtrike our eyes
And *make us ſee*, from real things muſt riſe:
Thus *Odors* riſe from *Gums*, a gentle *Breez*
From *rivers* flows, and from the *neighbouring* Seas
Sharp *Salts* ariſe, and *fret* the ſhores around;
Thus all the Air is fill'd with Murmuring ſound;
And whilſt We walk the *Strand*, and pleaſ'd to view
The *wanton* Waves, or ſqueeſe, and mingle *Rue*,
Or *Salt*, or *Bitter* Taſts our Tongues ſurpriſe,
So certain tis that *ſubtle* parts ariſe,
From All, and wander in the *lower* Skies;
Theſe never ceaſe to flow, becauſe the Ear,
And Eye, and Noſe, ſtill ſmell, or ſee, or hear:
So *feel* by night, our *Touch* will ſoon betray
The ſhape like that the *ſight* beheld by day.
Well then; the cauſe whence *Touch* and *Sight* muſt riſe
Is *One*; the ſame affects the *Hands* and *Eyes*:
For thus, if when ith' *dark* we feel a *ſquare*,
The *Touch* informs what ſhape the Thing doth bear:
What is it makes us ſee the like by day,
But the *ſquare Image* riding on the Ray?
Well then, theſe *Images* are cauſe of ſight,
Sans Theſe, *all* would be *blind*, *all* hid in night:
But now theſe *Images*, theſe ſubtle ſtreams
Are ſcatter'd all around, on all the Beams:
And therefore whereſoe're we turn our Eye,
(In that alone the power of ſight doth lye:)
Theſe *Images* appear; and quickly ſhow
The Colour, Shape, and tell the *diſtance* too:
For theſe ariſing from the Object ſeen,
Drive forward all the *Air* that lies between;

How we know the diſtance of Objects.

This

This ſtream of Air unto the Eye doth flow,
And gently grates the *Ball*, and paſſes thro;
This ſhows the *diſtance*------
For as the ſtream of Air that paſſes by
Is *long*, or *ſhort*, as that doth ſtrike the Eye,
So *far*, or *near* the objects ſeem to lye:
And this is quickly done, at once we view
The diſtant *Thing*, and know the *diſtance* too;
But more, no wonder that the Eye deſcryes
The *Things themſelves*, altho the forms that riſe
Are *ſingle* far to ſubtle for our eyes:
For *Winds* moleſt, *Cold* makes the members ſmart,
And yet what ſenſe perceives each *ſingle* part?
What ſenſe each *Atom* of the Cold and Wind?
None feels the *ſingle* force, but all conjoyn'd.
Then we perceive the ſtroak, then pains commence,
As if *external* force did wound the ſenſe.
In *flints* we preſs the *utmoſt* part alone
Yet feel not *that*. that is to *Touch*, unknown;
We feel the *inward* hardneſs of the ſtone.

Why the Image ſems beyond the Glaſs.

Now learn, I'le ſing why each *reflected* face
Is ſeen, as if *remov'd beyond* the Glaſs;
For ſo it ſeems: as when the *hindring* dore
Impriſons up the *longing* Eye no more;
But *opened* wide, permits the eager ſight
O're objects plac't *without* to take her flight:
View all around, and revel with delight:
The Object then by *double* Air is ſhown,
The Air that lies *within* the Gate is *one*:
And then the *Gate* it ſelf is plac't between,
Then th' *outward* Air: and then the *Object* ſeen:
Thus when the *Image of the Glaſs* doth riſe,
And makes its paſſage *forward* to our Eyes,
It drives before it all the Air *between*,

So

So that is *felt* before the *Glaſs* is ſeen:
And when we ſee the poliſh't ſpecular plain,
Our form flys to it, and returns again,
Still driving on the *Air* that lyes between;
So *that* is felt before the *Face* is ſeen:
And that's the cauſe why each returning face
Seems far remov'd, and plac't beyond the *Glaſs*:
But more, returning Forms that reach the ſight,
Tranſpoſe the parts, and turn the *Left* to *Right*: *Why* Tranſpos'd.
Becauſe the *Forms* that ſtrike the *Poliſht* Plain,
Are not reſtor'd the ſame *unchang'd* again,
But ſtriking ſtrong, are turn'd a different way,
This Inſtance clears it: take a *form* of clay,
Not yet *grown dry*, and daſh it on a ſeat:
Now if the *Forms imire*, the *Front* retreat,
And come *behind*, the parts preſerve their ſite,
The *Right* will ſeem the *Left*, the *Left* the *Right*:
But more, returning Forms do often paſs,
And flye from *one* into *another* Glaſs. *Images from one Glaſs to another*
Thus from one *ſingle* thing theſe Plains reſtore
Six Images, and often *Ten*, or more:
Thus let the thing be *hid* ith' fartheſt Cell,
Yet place theſe Plains by art; and ſet them well:
The ſitting *Images* to *All* will come,
And all the thing appear in *every* Room:
But more; the ſhapes *tranſpos'd* by th' *former* Plain,
Which paſs to *others*; *there* are turn'd again,
But convex Glaſſes ſhow the *Bodyes* ſite, *Convex Glaſſes.*
Reſtoring *Left* as *Left*, and *Right* as *Right*:
Becauſe the Image is reflected *Twice*,
From Glaſs to Glaſs, and after ſtrikes our eys:
Or elſe 'tis *turn'd about*; for that the face
Is *turn'd about*, as it doth backward paſs,
We learn e'en from the *Figure* of the Glaſs.

But

Why the Image moves

But further on, the *Image* seems to wait
On all *our* steps, and imitate *our* gate:
For when we *move*, and leave *some parts* o'th' Glass,
Those parts thus left, no more return the face,
For Nature doth by steddy *Lawes* Ordain,
That when a form *comes on, and turns again*,
The *Lines* make *equal Angles* with the Plain:

Fulgid Objects hurtful.

The sight a *Fulgid* Object hates and flys;
The Sun e'en *blinds* the bold, and prying Eyes:
Because the Rays are strong and swiftly flye,
And with repeated stroaks disturb the Eye:
Thro pure, and *unresisting* Air they fall,
And *break* the texture of the *injur'd* Ball:
Besides all objects that are *glaring* bright
Do hurt, and burn the Eye, and spoyl the sight,
For flames a Thousand hurtfull parts contain,
Which strike the tender Eye, and raise a pain:

Why things seem yellow to those that have the Jnundice.

Besides, whatever *Jaundice* Eys do view,
Looks pale as well as those, and yellow too:
For *Livid* parts fly off with nimble wings,
And meet the distant *coming* forms of Things;
And others lurk *within the Eyes* and seize,
And *stain* with *Pale* the *entring* Images:

Why we see objects plact in the light.

More; Tho our Eyes are all enclos'd in *Night*,
They see those Objects that are plac't in *light*;
Because tho first the nearer *darker* Air,
Doth creep into the Eyes, and *settle* there,
Streight comes with *vigorous* force the shining Ray
To *cleanse* the Pores, and drive the *shades* away:
For tis more *subtle*, and more *strong* than they:
When this hath *cleans'd*, and opened every pore,
Which the *dark heavy* Air had stopt before:
The Forms of Things come in, They swiftly fly,
And strike, and raise a Motion in the Eye:

But

But now when *We our ſelves* are plac't ith' light,
The *Objects* in the dark ne're move the ſight;
Becauſe a *thicker* Air doth ſtill come on,
A *darker*, as the former dark is gone:
And ſtops the *Pores*, and thus no *Forms* can riſe,
None *move*, and find a *paſſage* to our Eyes.

Now farther, tis by ſure *Experience* found, *Why* ſquares
A *ſquare* when ſeen at diſtance, ſeems a *Round*: *ſeem* round.
Becauſe all *Angles* ſeem, when ſeen from far,
Obtuſe; or rather not *at all* appear;
For as thro flitting Air the *Forms* do flie,
They're ſtruck and *blunted* in the lower Skie,
And ſo grow weak, and never move the Eye:
Thus all the *Angles* hid, the Things appear
All *Round*: (Tho each may be a perfect Square)
Yet not like *perfect Rounds*, and ſeen when *near*:

And *ſhadows* ſeem to *move*, to turn, and ſtay, *Why* ſhadows *ſeem* to
As *Bodies* do, and *ſervilly* obey: move.
Now how can *Air*, *only depriv'd* of light,
(For *ſhadow* is no more, a *ſuddain* night,)
On all the Members *various* motions wait,
And turn, and imitate *her Bodie's* gate?

But thus it happens: When We walk by *day*,
Our *Bodies* ſtop the paſſage of the *Ray*;
But when we *leave* the place, they farther flow,
And their warm Kiſſes on the *Earth* beſtow:
And thus the *ſhadow* ſeems to move, to bend,
As *Bodies* do; and all their walk attend:
For ſtill *new* Rays ſpring from the glorious Sun,
The *former* dying when their Race is run:
And therefore *Earth* is ſoon *depriv'd* of Light,
And *Rays* as ſoon come on; and chace the *Night*:
The Negro darkneſs waſht becomes a White.

And yet here's no *deception* of the Eye, *The Eye not*
For *deceiv'd*.

For tis *its office* only to descry
Or *how*, or in *what place* the *shadow* is;
It must not pass the *narrow* bounds of this:
But if the *shadows* are the same, or no,
Whether they *dye*, or as the *Body goe*;
Tis not the office of the *Eye* to know:
Tis *Reason's* office that, for that's design'd
Things *Nature*, and *Philosophy* to find,
Then fix not on the *Eye* the failures of the *Mind*.
Thus *ships*, tho *driven* by a prosperous gale,
Seem *fixt* to Sailors, those seem *under sail*
That lye at *Anchor* safe; And all admire,
As *they now by*, to see the Rocks *retire*;
Thus *Stars* seem fastned to the *steddy* Pole,
Tho All with dayly constant motion roul.
For after they have *climbd* the tedious *East*,
Pass *thro* the Sky, fall *headlong* down the *West*:
And so the *Sun* and *Moon* seem *fixt* above,
Yet sure *Experience* tells us they must *move*:
And *Rocks* ith' Seas, that proudly raise their head,
Tho far *disjoyn'd*; tho Royal Navies spread
Their Sails *between*, yet if from *distance* shown,
They seem an *Island*, all combin'd in *One*:
And *Boys* that whirl around, then *cease* to move,
Think all the *Pillars* dance, and *Roofs* above;
So strong the Thought they dread the *tottering* Wall,
And fear the Roof should crush them with the fall:
Thus when *kind Nature* shews her *infant* days,
And the *new* Sun peeps forth with *trembling* Ray:
And loath, or fearful to begin the race,
Looks o're the Mountains with a *blushing* face:
That Hill, o're which the *humble* Beams appear,
Scorching with neighbouring flames, is often near,
And We might touch the Sun if We were there

When

When yet the *real* ſpace is vaſtly wide,
Great tracts of Land, and many a ſwelling Tide,
The *diſtant* Sun, and that *near* Hill divide.
Thus little *puddles* that in ſtreets do lye,
Tho ſcarce Inch deep, admit the ſearching Eye,
To view as large a ſpace, as Earth from Sky.
Thus when in *rapid* ſtreams my *Horſe* hath *ſtood*,
And I look't downward on the *rowling* flood:
Tho *He* ſtood ſtill, I fancy'd him divide
The rapid ſtreams, and ſtrive againſt the Tide:
And all things ſeem'd to *move* on every ſide.
Thus *Courts*, tho *equal wide*, yet ſeem to bend,
And grow more *narrow* at the *diſtant* End:
The Roof *depreſt*, the ſides ſeem *joyn'd in One*,
The *wearied* ſight loſt in a darkſome *Cone*:
The *Sun* from *Sea* to *Sailors* ſeems to riſe,
And *ſet*, for they ſee only *Seas*, and *Skies*:
Thus *All* ſeem to oppoſe, thus *All* commence
Strong proof againſt the *certainty* of ſenſe:
Thus *Ignorants*, when plac't on *ſteddy* ſhores,
Think feeble Ships are row'd with *broken* Oars;
The Rudders *ſhatter'd* and the Planks appear;
And They are loath to truſt their ſafety there:
Becauſe that part, that lies *above* the flood,
Seems firm, and ſtrait, and regular, and good:
But that *below* ſeems broke, and turning up,
Aſcends again, and reaches near the Top:
And when by Night the *Clouds* are whirl'd above,
The Moon, and glittering Stars do ſeem to move,
As driven forward by a *ſecret* force,
A different way from their own *Natural* courſe:
If any preſſeth *underneath* his Eyes,
Straight all the Objects *doubled* ſeem to riſe,
Two Lamps appear, when only *One* is brought,

His wealth seems *doubled*, and *He's rich in thought*:
Each man appears *increast*, in form, and grace,
Allmost *Geryon*, with a *double* face:
And Lastly when the Eyes with sleep oppreſt,
And all the *Body* lies dissolv'd in rest;
The Members seem *awake*, and vigorous still,
Now o're a Plain, now Flood, or shady Hill,
They seem to *move*; and e'en in *darkest* night
They think they see the *Sun* diffuse his light:
They see him chace the *frighted* shades away,
And clear a passage for *approaching* day.
They seem to hear a *Voice*, tho all around
Deep *Silence* stands, nor bears the *weakest* Sound.
Ten thousand such appear, ten thousand foes,
Judgment errs not the Senſe. To *certainty* of sense, and *all* oppose;
In vain, 'tis *Judgment*, not the *Senſe* mistakes,
Which *fancy'd* Things for *real* Objects takes.
Againſt the Sceptick. He that saies *Nothing* can be known, orethrows
His *own opinion*, for he *nothing* knowes,
So knows not *that*: what need of long dispute,
These *Maxims* kill themselves, themselves confute.
But grant this might be known, and grant *he* knew,
Yet since He hath discover'd *nothing true*:
What mark, and what *Criterion* then can show,
Or tell what 'tis *to know* or *not to know*?
Or how could He what *Truth*, what *Falshood* learn?
How, what was *Doubt*, what *Certainty* discern?
From *Senſe* all *truth*, and *Certainty* infer,
In vain they strive to prove that *those* can err;
Senſe cannot erre. For that which would *convince*, which would oppose
The *Senses*, must be *surer* far than those:
Now what is more to be believed than *Senſe*?
What, *false* and *erring Reason* rais'd from thence?
Errors in *Parent senſe* can *Reason* show,

Errors

Errors which ſhe from *Senſe* alone can know:
So that if *Senſe* be *falſe*, then *Reaſon* too.
What, can the *Ears* convince the *Eyes*? can *thoſe*
Convince the *Hand*, the *Palate*, or the *Noſe*?
Tell them when e're they *Erre*, when e're they miſs
And give falſe *Notices*? Fond fancy this:
For each a *Proper* uſe and power enjoy's,
A *proper* object every ſenſe imploy's.
Thus *Heat* and *Cold*, and other Qualities
Affect the *Touch*, whil'ſt *Colours* ſtrike the *Eyes*,
Odours the *Smell*, *Sapours* the *Taſt*, but none
Invades anothers right, uſurps his Throne,
All live at peace, contented with their *own*.
VVell then, from what the *other* ſenſes ſhew,
In vain we ſeek to prove *one* ſenſe untrue:
Or from it ſelf:——
For ſtill we muſt an *equal* credit give
Unto the *ſame*, ſtill *equally* believe:
'Tis truth what ever tis that *Senſe* declare,
Tho *Reaſon* cannot tell thee, why a *Square*
Should ſeem a perfect *Round*, when ſeen from far:
Better aſſign a *falſe*, than this pretence
Should overthrow the *certainty* of ſenſe,
Queſtion its truth; rather than *that* ſhould fall,
On which depends our *Safety*, *Life*, our *All*.
For now, not only *Reaſon* is o'rethrown,
Unleſs we truſt our *Senſes*, *Life* is gone:
For how can Man avoid the *bad*, or chooſe
VVhat's *good* for Life, unleſs he follow thoſe?
VVell then, thoſe pompous *Reaſons* ſome afford
Againſt our *ſenſe*, are empty and abſurd:
But Laſtly, as in *Building*, if the Line
Be not *exact*, and *ſtrait*, the Rule *decline*,
Or Level *falſe*, how *vain* is the deſign!

Uneven

Uneven, an *ill-ſhapt*, and *tottering* Wall
Muſt riſe, this part muſt *ſink*, that part muſt *fall*,
Becauſe the *Rules* were falſe that faſhion'd All:
Thus *Reaſon's* Rules are *falſe* if all commence
And riſe from *failing* and from *erring* ſenſe:
But now my *Muſe*, how proper *Objects* pleaſe
The other *Senſes*, ſing; tis told with eaſe:
Hearing. Firſt then, we *ſounds*, and voice, and noiſes hear;
When *Seeds* of ſound come in, and *ſtrike* the Ear:
All *Sound* is *Body*, for with painful force
It moves the ſenſe, when with an eager courſe
It ſcrapes the jaws, and makes the Speaker hoarſe:
The *crouding* Seeds of Sound, that ſtrive to goe
Thro narrow Nerves, do grate in paſſing thro:
Tis certain then that *Voice*, that thus can wound,
Is all *material*; *Body* every *ſound*.
Beſides tis known, to talk a tedious day,
How much it weakens, what it takes away
From all the Nerves, how all the powers decay;
But chiefly if tis loud, and ſpoke with noiſe,
And therefore little Bodies frame the voice:
Becauſe the Speaker looſeth of his own;
His weakneſs tells him many parts are gone:
Whence the difference in Sounds. But more; the *Harſhneſs* in a voice proceeds
From *Rough*, the *Sweetneſs* from the *Smoother* Seeds,
Nor are the *Figures* of the Seeds *alike*,
Which from the *grave* and murmuring *Trumpet* ſtrike,
To *thoſe* of *dying Swans*, whoſe lateſt breath
In mournful ſtrains laments approaching Death:
This *voice* when riſing from the Lungs, it breaks
Thro jaws and lips, and all the *paſſion* ſpeaks,
The *Tongue* forms into *words*, with curious Art,
The *Tongue*, and *Lips* do faſhion every part,
And therefore if the *Speaker* be but *near*,

If distance *fit*, you may distinctly hear
Each Word, each Air, because it keeps the *frame*
It first receiv'd, its *figure* still the same:
But if the space be *great*, thro all the Air
The sound must fly diffus'd, and perish there:
And therefore tho we hear a murmuring noise;
No words, the Air confounds, and breaks the Voice,
Besides, *one* sentence when pronounc't aloud
By strong-lung'd *Criers* fills the listning Croud,
Breaks into *many*, for it strikes them all,
To every *single* Ear it tels the Tale;
But some parts of the Voice, that miss the Ear,
Fly thro the Air *diffus'd* and perish there:
Parts strike on *solid* buildings, and restor'd *Eccho.*
Bring back again the *Image* of the Word: (Groves
This shews thee why, whilst men thro Caves, and
Call their *lost* friends, or mourn *unhappy* Loves,
The *flitting* Rocks, the *Groaning* Caves return
Their sad complaints again; and seem to mourn:
This all observe. and I my self have known
Some Rocks, and Hills, return *Six* words for *One*:
The *dancing* words from *Hill* to *Hill* rebound,
They all *receive*, and all *restore* the sound,
The *Vulgar*, and the Neighbours think, and tell,
That there the *Nymphs* and *Fawns* and *Satyrs* dwell,
And that *their* wanton sport, *their* loud delight
Breaks thro the *quiet* silence of the Night:
Their *Musick's* softest Airs fill all the Plains,
And mighty *Pan* delights the listning Swains;
The *Goat-fac't Pan*, whilst flocks securely feed,
With *long-hung* lip he blows his oaten reed,
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With Pine-leaves crown'd, provokes the Swains to
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Call their *lost* friends, or mourn *unhappy* Loves,
The *Pitying* Rocks, the *Groaning* Caves return
Their sad complaints again; and seem to mourn:
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Perhaps leſt men ſhould think the Gods will dwell
In *Towns* alone, diſdain their *Plains*, and Cell.
Or ſomewhat; for man *credulous* and *vain*,
Delights to *hear* ſtrange things, delights to *feign*.
Nor is it ſtrange that things which ſtill denye
The motion of ſound: An eaſy *paſſage* to the *ſharpeſt eye*,
Thro ſuch the ſmalleſt *Voice*, and *Sound* can come;
As when we whiſper in a *well-clos'd* Room:
Voice can paſs *crooked* pores, but *Rays* reflect,
Unleſs the pores be *open*, all *direct*,
And every paſſage *ſtrait*; as tis in glaſs,
Thro which all ſorts of *ſpecies* freely paſs:
Bnt farther now, voices and ſound *divide*,
And ſcatter thro the Air, on every ſide;
One breaks to *many*, as in darkeſt nights
One ſhaken ſpark will make a *Thouſand* lights;
And therefore all the numerous *Voids* around
Receive the *Voice*, and each is fill'd with ſound:
But now the *viſive* Rays ſcarce e're decline,
They ſtill proceed by the exacteſt line,
So *Sounds* can paſs, where never Ray can ſhine.
But yet ſuch *Sounds* before they reach the Ear,
Grow *weak* and we for *words* ſoft *murmurs* hear:
Taſt. We *taſt* (that's ſoon explain'd) when *ſapors* wrung
From meats by cruſhing teeth, immerſe the tongue,
When juices *flowing* from the tender meat,
(The tender food oppreſt doth ſeem to ſweat:)
Bedew the *Palate*, when they ſpread all o're
The *ſpungy* tongue, and ſtand in every pore:
Theſe *Juices*, if their ſeeds be *round*, and *ſmooth*,
Tickle, ſeem *ſweet*, and pleaſing to the mouth;
But if the ſeeds are *rough*, as they deſcend
They hurt the nerves, ſeem *bitter* and offend:
The *Sapors* pleaſe within the *mouth* alone,

For

For when the food's descended farther down,
We taste no more, and all the pleasure's gone:
So when tis in the *veins*, when every Pore
Is fill'd; we feel not, we are pleas'd no more:
So that it matters not what sorts of food
Increase the limbs, and make the flesh and blood,
If tis digestive, if for stomach good.
Now I'le explain, why *different* sorts of meat
Please *different* men; why that which *one* will eat,
Another loaths; why things yield *sweet* repast
To *one*, but *bitter* to *another* taste.
Nay more, so vast the difference, that which proves
Strong poyson unto *me*, another loves,
And eats, and lives: Thus *Hemlock*-juice prevails,
And kills a *Man*, but fattens *Goats* and *Quails*.
To know the cause of this, come search thy Mind,
(Some scatter'd Notions must remain behind)
And look how strongly former Reasons show,
That Things, that Bodies are compos'd and grow
From *various* Seeds; their *mixture* various too.
Besides, as *Animals* in outward size
And frame are various; Seeds, from whence they rise,
Have *various* shapes; from *different shapes* there springs
An *equal difference* in the *Pores* of Things:
So some are *Great*, some *Small*, and others *Square*,
Or *Round*, or *Poligons*, or *Angular*:
For as the *Shapes* are *various* that compose
The frame, so are the *Pores*, *their shapes depend on* (*those*.
It follows then,
That when *one* Object yields a *sweet* repast
To *one*, but *bitter* to *another* taste;
He that accounts it *sweet*, perceives the *smooth*
Round parts that tickle, and that please the mouth;
But he that thinks it *bitter*, *rough* alone

And *hooks* doth feel, the *ſmooth* ſlide *gently* down;
But thoſe with *pointed hooks*, as they deſcend,
Strike thro, and lance the *Organ*, and offend.
These *rules* apply'd each *ſingle caſe* explain.
For inſtance, when a man is torn with pain,
(Whether from inbred Gall the Fever came,
Or putrid Air begot the hurtful flame,)
The *Organ*'s chang'd; ſo thoſe which pleas'd before,
Are *loathſome* now, now they delight no more,
Their Figures diſagree with every Pore:
But thoſe do moſt agree, thoſe fit the part,
Which fret the *injur'd* Senſe, and cauſe a ſmart:
For, as I ſaid before, Seeds *rough* and *ſmooth*
Lie hid in *every thing*, in *Hony* both,
Or to *offend*, or to *delight* the Mouth.

Smell. Now next for *Smell*. ---
Firſt then tis certain, *ſtreams of Odours* riſe
From *every* Thing; but for their *different* ſize,
And figures, they do *differently* agree
To *Animals*: Thus *Hony* ſtrikes the *Bee*;
Tho far remov'd; the *Vultur* ſmells the *ſlain*;
The *Hound* with *faithful* noſe purſues the *train*;
And *Geeſe*, *Rome*'s *Saviours* once, perceive a *Man*.
Thus Beaſts preſerve their lives, they know their food
By ſmell, and fly the *bad*, but chooſe the *good*;

The motion of Odours. Odours are *dull*, and thoſe of ſwifteſt wings
(Not to propoſe the *Images* of Things)
Scarce fly ſo far as feeble *Sounds*, but toſt
By *angry* winds in flitting Air, are loſt.
For firſt, the pleaſing *Odour* ſlowly flows
From *inmoſt* parts: for that it comes from thoſe,
E'en common ſenſe aſſures; for *heat*, or *preſs*,
For *bruiſe*, or *break* the Gums, the *Smells* increaſe.
Beſides, ---

Its

Its parts are *greater* far than parts of *voice*,
(This makes its flight *more slow*, and *short than Noise*)
Becauſe thro *walls* it cannot freely go,
Tho *Sounds* can find an eaſie paſſage thro.
And thus tis hard to find an Object out
By ſingle *ſmell*, but we muſt trace about,
Becauſe the *Odours*, wandring in the Air,
Grow *dull*, and *weak*, and loſe their briskneſs there,
Nor quickly lead us to the thing that's ſought,
And therefore *Dogs* are often at a fault.

Not only *Sounds*, and *Taſts*, but *Images*,
And *Colours*, *different eyes offend*, and *pleaſe*.
Thus when the *Cocks* call forth the Morning light,
The fierceſt *Lions* cannot bear the ſight,
Their courage ſinks, and they prepare for flight:
For *ſubtle pointed* Particles, that lie
In *Cocks*, ſent forth, offend the *Lyons* eye;
Theſe pains ſtreight force him turn his head, and fly.
Yet theſe not hurt *our* eyes, they cauſe no pain,
For they ne're *enter*, or *return* again
Thro *proper* Pores, and ſo the Skin preſerves
Her Texture whole, they never launce the Nerves.

Why Lions are afraid of Cocks.

Now farther, (my Delight) my *Muſe* will ſhow
What Things do move the *Mind*, and *whence* they flow.
Firſt then, thin *Images* fill all the Air,
Thouſands on *every* ſide, and wander there.
Theſe as they meet in *various dance*, will twine
As threds of *Gold*, or *ſubtile Spiders* line;
For they are *thin*, for they are *ſubtler* far,
Than *fineſt* things that to the ſight appear:
Theſe *paſs* the limbs, no narrow Pores controle,
They enter *thro*, and ſtrike the *Aery* Soul.
Hence tis we think we ſee, and hence we dread
Centaurs, *Scyllas*, and *Cerberus* monſtrous head,

The cauſe of Imagination.

And many empty *ſhadows* of the Dead.
For various *Images* fly every where,
Some *riſe from Things*, and ſome are *form'd in Air*
By chance, and ſome from theſe combin'd appear.
The Image of a *Centaur* never flew
From *living Centaurs*, never *Nature* knew,
Nor bred ſuch *Animals*; but when by chance
An *Image* of a *Man* in various dance
Did meet an *Horſe*, they both combin'd in *one*,
And thus all *monſtrous Images* are done.
Theſe quick briſk Images, extremely thin,
Paſs thro the *limbs*, and ſtrike the *Soul* within;
They move 't with eaſe, the *Soul* is apt to move,
And takes impreſſion from the weakeſt ſhove.
That thus tis done, is certain. ---
Becauſe the Objects ſtill appear the ſame
To *mind*, and *eye*; in *colour*, and in *frame*:
But now the *Eye* receives ſome *thin, refin'd*,
And *ſubtile* forms; ſo likewiſe muſt the *Mind*:
For 'twixt theſe two this *ony difference* lies,
The *Mind* ſees *finer Objects* than the *Eyes*.
Thus often, whilſt the *Body* lies oppreſt
With heavy ſleep, the *Mind* ſeems loos'd from reſt;
Becauſe thoſe Images do ſtrike and ſhake
The *Airy* Soul, as when we were *awake*;
So *briſk* the ſtroak, we think we *clearly* view
The abſent Dead, and think the Image true.
This *cheat* muſt be, becauſe the *ſenſe* is gone,
Bound up by powerful ſleep; by ſenſe alone
Fancied from *real*, *true* from *falſe* is known.
Beſides, the *Memory* ſleeps, ſoft reſt doth ſeiſe
On that briſk power, and charms it into eaſe;
It lies *unactive*, *dull*, nor can controle
The errors of the Mind; nor tell the Soul

Why we think on Monſters.

Why theſe fancies ſeem real.

That

That theſe are *dead*, whom her vain thoughts believe
From cheating *Images* to ſee alive.
Beſides, no wonder that theſe forms ſhould ſeem
To *move*, as often in a *vigorous* dream
They ſeem to dance, for when the *firſt* is gone,
And ſtreight *another* riſes, ſtreight comes on,
The *former's ſite* ſeems chang'd; tis quickly done,
So *ſwift*, ſo *numerous* are the Forms that riſe,
So *quickly* come, ſo vaſt the *new* ſupplies.
A Thouſand weighty Queries more remain,
Ten Thouſand more, which we muſt all explain,
Ten Thouſand more, or elſe our ſearch is vain.
Why we can think on what we will.
Firſt then, tis askt why men with ſo much eaſe
Can think on any *Object*, what they pleaſe.
For what? are the *obedient Forms* at hand,
And wait what our *imperious* wills command?
And ſtreight preſent whate're the *will* deſires,
Whether tis *Heaven*, or *Earth*, or *Seas*, or *Fires*,
Wars, *Senates*, *Battles*, *Fights*, or *Pomp*, and *State*:
Doth *Nature* theſe, as *ſhe* commands, create?
Since fixt in one, one *conſtant* place, the Mind
Can think on *various* things of *different* kind.
And why the *Images* with wanton pace
Can ſeem to move and dance? why every *grace*
And *meaſure*'s kept, and why they claſp their arms,
And *toſs* their legs, and ſhew a *thouſand* charms?
What have theſe *Wantons* skill, they thus delight
To ſhew their *Fairy* tricks, and dance by night?
Or rather, 'cauſe each part, each *ſingle Now*
Of *running Time*, as *Reaſon* ſeems to ſhow,
Hath *numerous* parts, and ſo in ſhorteſt ſpace,
Ten *thouſand* forms may flie thro *every* place;
Different, and various, here and there may rove,
So numerous are they, and ſo ſwift they move,

But ſince theſe forms are *ſubtile* and *refin'd*,
They are *too thin* to be perceiv'd by *Mind*,
Unleſs ſhe *ſets her ſelf to think*, and pry,
Contracting cloſe her *intellectual* eye;
But this not done, the fleeting Images,
Unſeen, *unthought on*, and *unheeded*, ceaſe.
But when ſhe *ſeeks to know*, *contracted* cloſe,
She *pryes* upon the Thing, and therefore knows.
Thus when the curious eye deſigns to view
An Object ſubtile, and refin'd, and new,
Unleſs *contracted cloſe* ſhe ſtrictly pryes,
In vain ſhe ſtrives; the *Object* ſcapes the eyes.
Nay e'en in *plaineſt* Things, unleſs the *Mind*
Takes heed, unleſs ſhe ſets her ſelf to find,
The Thing *no more is ſeen*, no more *belov'd*,
Than if the moſt *obſcure*, and far *remov'd*:
What wonder then, if *Mind* the *reſt* ſhould loſe,
And only what ſhe *ſtrives to know*, ſhe *knows*?
And often too, a Form of *different* kind
From what it *ſeem'd before*, affects the Mind,
And ſtrikes the *fancy*. Thus the form that came
A *Man* before, is chang'd; in *different* frame
Preſents a *Woman* now to our embrace,
Or ſhows ſome other *change* in Age, or Face.
Yet tis not ſtrange, that *monſtrous* forms commence
I'th' fancy, when ſoft *ſleep* hath lull'd the *ſenſe*,
And *Memory*; ſo that Neither can controle
The *erring* Thoughts, Neither direct the *ſoul*.

The limbs not made for proper uſes.

But now avoid Their groſs *miſtakes*, that teach
The limbs were made for *work*, a *uſe* for *each*;
The *Eyes* deſign'd to *ſee*, the *Tongue* to *talke*,
The *Legs* made ſtrong, and knit to *Feet*, to *walk*:
The *Arms* fram'd long, and firm, the *ſervile Hands*
To work as *Health* requires, as *Life* commands:

And ſo of all the reſt, what e're they feign,
What e're they teach, tis *Non-ſenſe all*, and vain.
For *proper* uſes were deſign'd for none,
But all the members fram'd, *each made his own.*
No *Light* before the *Eye*, no *Speech* was found
Before the *Tongue*, before the *Ears* no *Sound.*
In ſhort, the *working* Seeds each limb create
Before *its uſe*, ſo tis not fram'd for That.
We knew to *fight* without the help of Art,
To *bruiſe* and *wound*, before we fram'd a *Dart*;
And Nature taught us to *avoid a wound*,
Before the uſe of *Arms* and *Shields* was found.
Before a *Bed*, e'en *Nature* threw us down
To *reſt*, we *drank* before a *Cup* was known.
Theſe various Things *Convenience* did produce,
We thought them fit, and made them for our uſe.
Thus *theſe*, and thus our *Limbs* and *Senſes* too
Were *form'd* before that any *Mind* did know,
What *office* twas that they were *fit* to do.
Well then, tis fond to think that theſe began,
For proper uſes made, beſtow'd on Man.
What wonder is't, that *bodies* ask for *meat*? *Thirſt, and Hunger.*
That Nature prompts an *Animal* to eat?
For I have taught before, how thouſand ways
Small *parts* fly off, and every Thing *decays*:
But more from *labouring Animals* retreat,
More inward parts fly off in breath and ſweat;
And ſo the *Body* waſts, and *Nature* fails,
The *ſtrength* decays, and *grief* and *pain* prevails;
And therefore *Meat*'s requir'd, a *new* ſupply
To fill the places of the parts that dye;
Recruit the *ſtrength*, allay the *furious* pain,
And ſtop each *gaping* Nerve, each *hungry* Vein.
The *cooling* Drink to every part retreats

That

That wants the moiſture, and the numerous heats
That burn, and fire the *ſtomach*, fly before
The *coming* Cold, and we are ſcorcht no more.
Thus *Drinks* deſcend, and thus they waſh away
Fierce *Thirſt*, thus *Meats* do *hunger's* force allay.
And next I'le ſing, why men can *move*, can *run*
When e're they pleaſe, what force the members on;
Why men can move when they pleaſe. What move the dull *unactive* weight, and bear
The *load* about; you with attention hear.
Firſt then, the *ſubtile Forms*, extreamly thin,
Paſs thro the Limbs, and *ſtrike* the *Mind within*:
That makes the *Will*, for none pretends to doe,
None ſtrives to act but what the *Mind* doth know.
Now what the *Mind* perceives, it only *ſees*
By *thin*, and very *ſubtle Images*:
So when the *active Mind* deſigns to move
From place to place, it gives the *Soul* a ſhove:
The *ſoul* ſpreads o're the *limbs*, (tis quickly done,
For *ſoul* and *mind* are joyn'd, and make up *one*,)
That ſtrikes the *limbs*: ſo *all* is carried on.
But more than this, the *Body* then grows *rare*,
The *Pores* are *open*, and the flitting Air,
As tis in motion ſtill, muſt enter there:
This ſpreads o're all, and *both theſe things* combin'd
Force on the *limbs*, as *Ships* both *Oars* and *Wind*.
Nor is it ſtrange ſuch *litle parts* ſhould ſhove
The *heavy maſs* of limbs, and make them move,
And turn them; for *unſeen* and *ſubtile* Gales
Drive forward *heavy Ships* with labouring Sails:
And yet when Theſe ruſh on with mighty force,
One hand may turn the Helm, and change the courſe:
And *Engines*, *Pulleys* too with eaſe can rear
The *greateſt weights*, and ſhake them in the Air.
Sleep. Now how *ſoft* Sleep o're all ſpreads, *thoughtleſs* reſt,

And

And frees from anxious cares the *troubled* breſt;
In *few* but *Sweeteſt* numbers, *muſe* reherſe,
My *few* ſhall far excell more *numerous* verſe;
Thus dying *Swans*, tho *ſhort* yet *tunefull* voice
Is more delightful than an Air of noiſe:
You entertain my words with willing mind,
And liſtning ears; leſt what my *muſe* deſign'd
Should ſeem *abſurd*, *impoſſible to be*
And *Truth* be ſlighted, whilſt the fault's in *Thee*,
And *wilfull blindneſs* will not let thee ſee.
Firſt then, when the *divided* Soul flyes *part* abroad,
And *part* oppreſt by an unuſual Load,
Retiring backward, cloſely lurks within:
Then *Sleep* comes on, and *Slumbers* then begin:
For then the Limbs grow weak, ſoft reſt doth ſeize
On all the nerves; they lye diſſolv'd in Eaſe:
For ſince *ſenſe* riſes from the *Mind* alone,
And all the *Senſe* is *loſt as ſleep* comes on;
Since *heavie* ſleep can ſtop, dull *reſt* controul
The *Senſe*, it muſt *divide*, and *break* the *Soul*;
Some *parts* muſt *flie away*, but *ſome muſt* keep
Their *ſeats within*, elſe 'twould be *Death*, not *Sleep*:
For then no ſubtile *Atoms* of the mind,
No *little ſubſtance* would be left behind;
As *Sparks* in aſhes, which might well compoſe
Reſtored *ſenſe*, as *flames* ariſe from *thoſe*.
But now I'le ſing what 'tis that *breaks* the ſoul,
What ſpreads enfeebling *reſt* ore all the Whole,
And why the Bodie lies diſſolv'd in eaſe;
Great things; you carefully attend to theſe.
How the Soul is diſſolved in Sleep.
Firſt then the *Surfaces* of things muſt bear
The conſtant impulſe of the *neighbouring* Air,
Still vext, ſtill troubled with external blows;
And therefore *Shells*, or *Rinds*, or *Films* encloſe
Or *Skin* or *hair*, On every bodie grows,

Besides, our breath when drawn, in that short stay
Grates off some *inward* parts, and bears away
In its *return* again, its conquer'd prey
Since then our *Limbs* receive, and Since they bear
These strokes *within*, *without*, and *every where*,
Since some creep thro the *pores*, and strive to breed
Confusion there, and disunite the Seed;
(The *Bodies* strength must fail by just degrees,
Its *vigor* weakned by enfeebling ease:)
Some *Soul* they *drive away*, and *some* they press,
Drive deeper in, and shut in *close* recess,
Some parts spread ore the Limbs no more *combine*,
Nor with the *others* in friendly motions joyn:
For *nature* stops the passages between.
Now since the *Atoms* different waies are tost,
And lose their *usual* Course, the *sense* is lost:
And when that *prop* is gone the *Lids* must fall,
The Limbs grow *dull*, and *Weakness* spread ore all:
Thus after meals we sleep; because the *food*
Spread thro the *Veins*, and mingled with the blood,
Doth only what the Air did use to do:
For that doth press the Soul, and break it too:
So after *labour*, or with toyl *oppress*,
Or *Bellys full*, we take the *sounder* Rest:
For then the *Atoms* of the *Mind* retreat
The farther in, and take the *deeper* seat,
And more *flye off*, more substance of the Soul,
And those *within* to distant spaces foul;
More scatter'd, and divided ore the whole:

Dreams. Bnt more, what *Studies please*, what most *delight*,
And fill mens thoughts; they dream them ore at night,
The *Lawyers* plead, make *Laws*, the *Souldiers* fight,
The *Merchants* dream of *Storms*, they hear them roar,
And often *Shipwrak't*, leap, or swim to shoar:

I think of *Natures powers*, my *Mind* purſues
Her works, and e'en in ſleep invoke a *Muſe*:
And other *Studies* too which entertain
Mens *waking* thoughts, they *dream* them o're again:
So thoſe that with *continu'd* ſport, and play,
Make the dull *troubleſome Time* fly *brisk* away.
The Objects, *tho remov'd*, yet leave behind
Some *ſecret tracts*, and *paſſage* thro the mind,
And fit for *Images* of the *ſame* kind:
Before their waking eyes, *thoſe ſports* appear,
They ſee the *Wantons* dance, and ſeem to hear
The *Speaking ſtrings* breath forth the ſofteſt Air.
The *Same* Companion ſtill, the *ſame* delight,
And the *ſame* painted Scenes ſtill pleaſe their ſight:
So ſtrong is *Uſe*, ſuch *Cuſtom's* power confeſt,
And not in *thoughtful* Man alone, but Beaſt: *Beaſts Dreams.*
For often ſleeping *Racers* pant, and ſweat,
Breath ſhort, as if they ran their *ſecond* heat;
As if the *Barrier* down, with eager pace
They ſtretch, as if *contending* for the Race:
And often *Hounds*, when ſleep hath cloſ'd their Eyes,
They toſs and tumble, and attempt to riſe:
They *Open* often, often *ſnuff* the Air,
As if they preſt the footſteps of the Deer;
And ſometimes *wak't* purſue their fancy'd prey;
The *fancy'd* Deer that ſeems to run away,
Till quite *awak't*, the followed ſhapes decay:
And *ſofter* Curs that lye and ſleep at home,
Do often rouſe, and walk about the Room,
And bark, as if they ſaw ſome *Strangers* come.
But now, thoſe *Images* whoſe forms compriſe *Frightful Dreams*
Rough Seeds, from ſuch the *frightful* dreams ariſe.
Thus *Birds* will *ſtart*, and ſeek the VVoods by night
VVhen e're the *fancy'd* Hawk appears in ſight:
VVhen e're they *ſee* his *wing*, or hear him fight.

Besides, what raise *Heroick* thoughts in Men?
E'en such are often rais'd in dreams, for then
They fight, are taken *Captive*, and Rebel,
They shout and groan, as if the *Victor* fell:
Some *strive*, some *weep*, some *sigh*, and oft affraid,
Pursu'd or *torn* by Beasts, cry out for aid,
Some talk of *State affairs*, and some betray (day,
Those *Plots*, their treacherous Minds had fram'd by
Some flye from *following Death*, and others thrown
From lofty *Pinacles* link headlong down:
But waking, tho they know themselves abus'd,
Yet are their Powers, their spirits so confus'd,
They lye half dead in deep amaze, remain
Thoughtless, and scarce recover sense again:
Others when *Thirsty*, fancy *Purling* streams,
Sit down, and quaff the River off in dreams:
And those whose blood boyls high, whom vigorous
Hath fill'd with *Seed*, & fir'd with *Lustful* rage, (age
If pleasing dreams present a *beauteous face*,
How hot his blood! how eager to embrace!
Nay oft, as in the *fury* of the joy,
The flowing seed pollutes the *Amorous Boy*:
Love rises then, when from a *beauteous* face
Cause of Love. Some *pleasing* forms provoke us to embrace
Those *Bawds to Lust*, when with a *tickling* Art,
They gather turgent *seed* from every part;
And then provoke it, then rise *fierce* desires;
The *Lover* burns with strong, but pleasing fires:
Those often are pursu'd by *following* Care,
Distracting thoughts, and often *deep despair*:
Nay tho the pleasing *Object* is remov'd,
Allthough we do not *view* the Thing belov'd,
Yet *Forms* attend, or if we chance to hear
Her *Name*, *Love enters with it at the Ear*:

But 'twill be wise, and prudent to remove,
And banish all *incentives* unto Love.
And let thy Age, thy vigorous Youth be thrown
On *All* in Common, not reserv'd for *One*:
For that breeds cares and fears, that fond disease,
Those raging pains, if nourish't, will encrease:
Unless you fancy *every* one you view,
Revel in Love, and cure *old* wounds by *new*:
Nor do those miss the *joy* who *love* disdain,
But rather take the *sweet* without the *pain*,
Nay they have greater sweets: whilst Lovers Arms
Shall clasp their *Dears*, whilst they behold their charms;
Streight Doubts arise, their *careful* Mind's employ'd,
Which *sweets* must first be rifled, which enjoy'd:
What they desir'd they hurt; and 'midst the bliss
Raise pain, when often with a furious kiss
They wound the balmy Lip, this they endure,
Because the joy's not perfect, tis not pure:
But still some *sting* remains, some *fierce* desire
To hurt what ever 'twas that rais'd the *fire*:
But yet the *pains* are *few*, they quickly cease,
The *mixt delight* doth make the hurt the less:
Perhaps they hope, that she that *stroke* the same,
Can *heal*, that she that *rais'd*, can *stop* the flame:
Fond fancy this in *Love*; We ne're give o're;
The more we know, and have, we wish the more,
Tis true, because the *Meat* and *Drink's* convey'd
To proper *Vessels*, Thirst and Hunger's staid:
But now from *Beauty*, now from *Forms* that please,
What comes but *thin* and *empty Images*?
E'en such as *He* enjoys that drinks in dreams,
His *Thirst* encreaseth 'midst the *fancy'd* streams:
So *Love* deludes *poor men*, their *covetous* Eye,
What *long*, what *frequent* Sights can satisfye!

A Caution against Love.

What

What from the *tender* Limbs with wanton play,
And *amorous* Touch poor *Lovers* bring away?
Nay e'en in the *Embrace*; whilst both employ
Their ſtrength, and *Bodies* feel the *comeing* joy,
Tho then they twine, and bill like loving Doves,
Tho *ardent* breathings *fire* each others Loves:
In vain, fond fools, they cannot mix their Souls,
Altho they ſeem to try, in Amorous rouls
So ſtrictly twin'd, till all their *powers* decay,
And the *looſe Airy pleaſure* ſlips away:
Then a ſhort *pauſe* between, and then returns
The ſame *fierce Luſt*, the ſame *fierce fury* burns;
Whilſt they *both* ſeek, whilſt they *both* wiſh to have
What e're their *wanton* fancys, *wanton* wiſhes crave:
For *this* no cure, for *this* no help is found,
They waſt, and periſh by a *ſecret* wound:
Beſides, they waſt their *ſtrength*, their *vigour* kill;
And live *poor ſlaves* unto *anothers* will:
Debts they *contract apace*, their *mony* flies;
Their *Fame*, their *Honour* too *grows ſick*, and dies:
Rich *Shoes*, and *Jewels* ſet in Gold, adorn
The Feet, the richeſt *Purple* Veſts are worn:
The Wealth their *Fathers* toild, and *fought* to gain,
Now buys a *Coat*, a *Miter*, or a Chain:
Great *ſhows*, and *ſports* are made, and *Royal* Feaſts,
Where *choiceſt* Meats and VVines *provoke* the Gueſts,
VVhere *gawdy* Tapeſtry, and *Odors* ſpread
O're all the *Room*, and Crowns grace every head:
In vain; for ſtill ſome *bitter* thought deſtroys
His *fancy'd* mirth, and *poiſons* all his joys:
Perhaps ſome *doubtful* word torments his mind,
Sinks deep, and wounds, and *leaves a ſting* behind:
Pehaps he thinks his *Miſtriſs* wanton Eyes
Glote on his friend, perhaps faint ſmiles he ſpies:

Such

Such miſcheifs happen e'en in *proſperous* Love,
But thoſe that *croſs*, and *adverſe* paſſion prove,
Thoſe wretched *Lovers meet* ten Thouſand more,
(Ten Thouſand ſcarce can meaſure the vaſt ſtore)
So obvious all, that with the ſtricteſt care
'Tis good to keep my *Rules* and ſhun the ſnare,
'Tis eaſier to avoid, than break the chain
When once intrap't, or be redeem'd again,
The Nets are ſtrong, and we may ſtrive in vain:
Nay tho *ſecurely* caught, you may be free
Again, unleſs you are reſolv'd to be
A *willing* Slave; and from your thoughts remove
The faults in *Mind* and *Face* of her you love;
For often, Men quite blind by fond deſire
Firſt think their *Loves great beauties*, then *admire*:
Their *powerful working fancy* ſtill ſupplies
With *borrowed* ſhapes, and *flattering* diſguiſe,
The meaner *Beautie's* great neceſſities:
Hence 'tis that *ugly* things in *fancy'd* dreſs
Seem *gay*, *look fair* to Lovers eyes, and *pleaſe*:
The *Black* ſeems *Brown*; the *Naſty*, *Negligent*,
Owl-ey'd like *Pallas*, and *my hearts content*;
The little *Dwarf* is *pretty*, *Grace all o're*;
The *vaſt*, *ſurpriſing*, and we muſt adore;
The *Stammering*, *Liſps*, the Lover thinks he hears
The broken ſounds breath'd forth in ſofteſt Airs:
She's *Modeſt* if ſhe's *Dumb*, and nought can ſay;
The *fierce* and *prattling* Thing is *brisk* and *gay*:
She's *thin* if *Hectick*, and but one remove
From Death; the *Meager* is my *ſlender* Love:
The *great* and *ſwelling breaſt* like *Ceres* is,
The *big* and *hanging* Lip a very *Kiſs*:
Ten Thouſand ſuch; but grant the *ſweeteſt* face,
Grant each part *lovely*, grant each part a *Grace*,

Yet

Yet others *equal* beauties to enjoy,
Yet we have liv'd before without this *Toy*:
Yet she is *base*, yet she *perfumes*, to hide
Her *natural* smell, her maids on every side
Stand off, and *smile*, and *waggishly* deride
Nay tho a Lover, when deni'd the bliss
Stands long, and waits, and warms with *Softning* Kiss
The less *obdurate* Gate, tho then he pours
His *Ointments* on, and *crowns* the Gates with flowers;
Yet when admitted; when no longer coy
The *Miss* provokes the *eager* fool to joy;
Then *every* thing offends, he fancies none,
But seeks some *fit excuses* to be gone:
Then He forgets the *Stories* he design'd,
Nor tells how much her *Coldness* vext his mind,
Nor sighs, *and why my Dear was you unkind?*
Then grieves, he gave to her that *awful* Love
He only ow'd to the great *Powers* above:
And this our *Misses* know, and strive to hide
Their faults from those, (the Covering's decent pride)
Whom they would *cheat*, and bind to an Amour;
Tho foul *behind*, they look all *bright* before:
In vain; for thou canst understand the cheat,
Discover, and know their *Wiles*, and gross deceit:
Nay if she's *free*, if not designs to vex
Nor cross thy Courtship, or thy thoughts perplex,
She'l show the *common* failures of her Sex:
The *Child* still bears that form whose Seed prevails,
If *Mothers*, *Hers*; if *Fathers*, then the *Males*:
But those that show a part of *either* face,
Are made of Seeds whose *friendly* powers embrace,
When neither *this* nor *that* prevails, and forms the Mass:
And oft with joy indulgent *Fathers* view'd
The *Grandsires* Image in their *Sons* renew'd.

why the Child *like the* Parents.

why like their Grand-fathers.

Because

Becauſe the *little* Maſs of Seed remains
Intire, and *whole*, within the *Fathers* veins,
Which from the *Grandſire* fell, this *Venus* takes,
Of this a *likeneſs* in the ſhapes ſhe makes,
She imitates the *Grandſires* voice, or hair,
His *ſmile*, or ſome peculiar grace, and Air:
For *theſe* on *proper* Seeds depend, and riſe
From *proper* ſhapes, as well as Hands, or Eyes:
The *Males* and *Females* Seed, agree to make
The tender *Young*, of *both* the Young partake,
But yet that Sex the *Young* reſembles moſt,
That hath more *powerful* Seed, more *vigorous* Luſt.
Nor do the *Gods* decree, nor thoughts imploy, *Of Barrenneſs.*
Which *Mortal* ſhall, which *ſhall not* get a Boy:
As ſome believe, and therefore Sacrifice,
Whilſt Clouds of *Incenſe* from the *Altars* riſe;
Make Vows, and Prayers, Temples, and Altars build
To pleaſe the angry *Gods*, and beg a Child,
Fond fooling this to court the *Powers* above,
They ſit at *eaſe*, and never *mind* our Love:
But Male and Female, tho they oft embrace,
In vain endeavour, to increaſe their race,
If Either's Seed's too *ſubtile*, *thin* and *fine*,
Or elſe too *groſs* and dull for that deſign:
For if *too Thin*; the *Veſſels* ne're retain
The Seed receiv'd; it ſtraight flows out again,
And all the *Kind* endeavour is in vain:
But if *too groſs*, and *dull*, it moves but *ſlow*,
And *little* Pores refuſe to let it thro:
Or it lies *ſullen* there, unfit to breed,
Nor *kindly* mixes with the *Female* Seed:
For *All* not fit with *All*; thus ſome do prove
Unfruitful after many years of *Love*,
Tho they have often prov'd the *nuptial* joy,

Yet others *equal* beauties to enjoy,
Yet we have liv'd before without this *Toy*:
Yet she is *base*, yet she *perfumes*, to hide
Her *natural* smell, her maids on every side
Stand off, and *smile*, and *waggishly* deride
Nay tho a Lover, when deni'd the bliss
Stands long, and waits, and warms with *Softning* Kiss
The less *obdurate* Gate, tho then he pours
His *Oyntments* on, and *crowns* the Gates with flowers;
Yet when admitted; when no longer coy
The *Miss* provokes the *eager* fool to joy;
Then *every* thing offends, he fancies none,
But seeks some *fit excuses* to be gone:
Then He forgets the *Stories* he design'd,
Nor tells how much her *Coldness* vext his mind,
Nor sighs, *and why my Dear was you unkind?*
Then grieves, he gave to her that *awful* Love
He only ow'd to the great *Powers* above:
And this our *Misses* know, and strive to hide
Their faults from those, (the Covering's decent pride)
Whom they would *cheat*, and bind to an Amour;
Tho foul *behind*, they look all *bright* before:
In vain; for thou canst understand the cheat,
Discover, and know their *Wiles*, and gross deceit:
Nay if she's *free*, if not designs to vex
Nor cross thy Courtship, or thy thoughts perplex,
She'l show the *common* failures of her Sex:
The *Child* still bears that form whose Seed prevails,
If *Mothers*, *Hers*; if *Fathers*, then the *Males*:
But those that show a part of *either* face,
Are made of Seeds whose *friendly* powers embrace,
When neither *this* nor *that* prevails, and forms the Mass:
And oft with joy indulgent *Fathers* view'd
The *Grandsires* Image in their *Sons* renew'd:

why the Child *like the* Parents.

why like their Grandfathers.

Because

Becauſe the *little* Maſs of Seed remains
Intire, and *whole*, within the *Fathers* veins,
Which from the *Grandſire* fell, this *Venus* takes,
Of this a *likeneſs* in the ſhapes ſhe makes,
She imitates the *Grandſires* voice, or hair,
His *ſmile*, or ſome peculiar grace, and Air:
For *theſe* on *proper* Seeds depend, and riſe
From *proper* ſhapes, as well as Hands, or Eyes:
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And *little* Pores refuſe to let it thro:
Or it lies *ſullen* there, unfit to breed,
Nor *kindly* mixes with the *Female* Seed:
For *All* not fit with *All*; thus ſome do prove
Unfruitful after many years of *Love*,
Tho they have often prov'd the *nuptial* joy,

And ſtrove, but all in vain, to get a boy:
Yet by a *ſecond* Husband's briſk embrace,
They quickly bear a fair, and *numerous* race,
And the *decaying* Families increaſe:
They ſee their ſons look briſk with youthful rage,
The Joy, and Comfort of their feeble Age.

The End of the Fourth Book.

LUCRETIUS

THE FIFTH BOOK.

WHAT *Verſe* can ſoare on ſo *ſublime* a wing
As reaches his *deſerts*? What *muſe* can ſing
As he requires? What Poet now can raiſe
A ſtately Monument of *laſting* Praiſe;
Great as His *vaſt* deſerts, who *firſt* did ſhow
Thoſe uſefull Truths, who taught us firſt to know
Natures great powers? *'Tis more than man can do.*
For if we view the *mighty things He* ſhow'd,
His *uſefull* Truths proclaim *He* was a *God*;
Who taught us wiſdom, *firſt* reform'd our Souls,
And led us by *Philoſophy*, and *Rules*,
From Cares, and Fears, and *melancholly* night,
To Peace, to Joy, to Eaſe, and ſhewd us Light:
For now compare what *other* Gods beſtow,
Kind *Bacchus* firſt the pleaſing *Vine* did ſhow,
And *Ceres* Corn, and taught us how to plough:
Yet men might ſtill have liv'd without *theſe* two,
They might have liv'd as *other Nations* do:
But what *content* could man, what *pleaſure* find,
What joy in Life, whilſt *paſſions* vext the mind?
Well then, that *man* is more a *God* than theſe,
That man, that ſhowd us how to live at Eaſe,

That man that taught the World *delight* and *peace*,
His *uſefull benefits* are rais'd above
Alcides Acts, that greateſt ſon of *Jove*:
For tell me how the fierce *Nemean* roar
Could fright us now? how could th' *Arcadian* Boar,
The *Cretan* Bull, the plague of *Lernès* lakes,
The poiſnous *Hydra* with her *numerous* Snakes?
How could *Geryon*'s force, or triple Face,
How *Diomed*'s fiery Horſe, thoſe plagues of *Thrace*?
How could the *Birds*, that or'e *Arcadian* plains
With crooked Talons toar the frighted Swains,
Offend us here? whom had the *Serpent* ſtrook
Mighty in *bulk*, and *terrible* in *Look*,
That arm'd with Scales, and in a dreadfull fold
Twin'd round the Tree, and watcht the *growing* Gold,
Remov'd as far as the *Atlantick* ſhore
Deſarts, untrod by *us*, or by the *Moore*?
Thoſe *others* too, that *fell* and *rais'd* his fame,
That gave him this diffus'd and laſting name;
And made him riſe a *God* from *Ætnas* flame;
Had they ſtill liv'd, what miſchief had they done?
Whom had they torn? whom frighted? ſurely none;
For now, e'en now, vaſt troops of *Monſters* fill
Each *thick* and *darkſome* wood, each *ſhady* Hill,
Yet who complains? yet who their *Jaws* endure?
For men may *ſhun* their dens, and *live* ſecure;
But had not *this Philoſophy* began
(What had not *man* endur'd, *ingratefull* man?)
And *cleans'd* our ſouls, what Civil wars, what Cares
Would fierce *Ambition* raiſe; what pungent Fears?
How Pride, Luſt, Envie, Sloth, would vex the mind?
Well then, that *man* who thus reform'd our *Souls*
That ſlew theſe *monſters*, not by *Arms*, but *Rules*,
Shall we, *ingratefull* We not think a *God*?

Eſpe-

Especially Since *He* divinely ſhow'd
What Life the *Gods* muſt live; and found the Cauſe
And *riſe* of things, and taught us *natur's* Laws:
His ſteps *I* trace, and prove as *things* begun,
By the *ſame* laws, and nature they live on:
And fail at laſt, looſe all their vital ties;
But *chiefly* that the *Soul* is born, and dies,
And that thoſe ſhadows which in *Dreams* appear,
And forms of friends, and periſh't *Heroes* bear,
Are but *looſe* ſhapes, by fancy wrought in Air:
Now I muſt teach the *World* as *Years* prevail
Muſt die, this *noble* frame muſt *ſink* and *fail*,
And how at firſt 'twas form'd, what *various* blows,
Made Seed, *Earth*, *Seas*, *Sun*, *Heaven*, and *Stars*, com-
What living Creatures *did*, what never roſe, (poſe,
How *Leagues* and how *Society* began,
What *Civiliz'd* the *Savage* Creature man;
Whence ſprang that mighty *dread* of powers above,
That *reverence*, that *awfull* fear and love;
Which firſt *Religious* Duties did engage,
And now ſecures their *Holy things* from rage;
How towards both Poles, the Suns fixt journey bends,
And how the year his *crooked* walk attends,
By what juſt ſteps, the *wandring* Lights advance.
And what *eternal* meaſures guide the dance:
Leſt ſome ſhould think, their *Rounds* they *freely* go,
Scattering their *Servile* fires on things below,
On *Fruits* and *Animals* to make them grow:
Or that ſome *God* doth whirl the Circling Sun,
And fiercely laſh the *fiery* Horſes on:
For e'en thoſe few *Exalted* Souls that know
The *Gods* muſt live at eaſe, nor *look* below,
Free from all *medling* Cares, from *hate* and *Love*:
If they *Admire*, if view the *World* above,

And

And *wonder* how thoſe glorious Beings move,
They are intrapt, they bind their *ſlaviſh* chain,
And *ſink* to their *Religious* fears again,
And then the World with *Heavenly* Tyrants fill,
Whoſe *force* is as unbounded as their *will.*
Deluded *Ignorants*! who ne're did ſee
By Reaſon's light what *can*, what *cannot* be;
How every thing muſt yield to *fatal* force,
What ſteddy bounds confine the *natural* courſe.

The World mortal.

But now to prove all this: firſt caſt an eye,
And look on all *below*, on all on *high*,
The *ſolid Earth*, the *Seas*, and arched *Sky*;
One fatal hour muſt ruine all,
This glorious Frame, that ſtood ſo long, muſt fall.
I know that this ſeems *ſtrange*, and *hard* to prove,
(Strong *hardned* Prejudice will ſcarce remove,)
And ſo are all things *new*, and unconfin'd
To *ſenſe*, nor which thro *that* can reach the *Mind*;
Whoſe notice *Eye*, nor *Hand*, thoſe only ways
Where *Science* enters, to the *Soul* conveys.
And yet I'le ſing: perchance the *following* Fall
Will *prove* my words, and ſhew tis reaſon all:
Perhaps Thou ſoon ſhalt ſee the *ſickning* World
With ſtrong *Convulſions* to *confuſion* hurl'd;
When every *rebel* Atom breaks the chain,
And all to *primitive Night* return again,
But *Chance* avert it! Rather let *Reaſon* ſhew
The *World* may *fall*, than *Senſe* ſhould prove it true.

But now before I teach theſe *Truths*, more pure
And certain *Oracles*, and far more ſure
Than what from trembling *Pythia* reacht our ears,
I'le firſt propoſe ſome Cure againſt thy fears;
Leſt *Superſtition* prompt Thee to believe,
That *Sun* and *Moon*, that *Seas* and *Earth* muſt live,

Are

Are *Gods eternal*, and above the rage,
And powerful envy of devouring Age.
And therefore those, whose *impious* reasons try
(More bold than those fond *Fools* that storm'd the sky)
To prove the *World* is *mortal*, and may *dye*,
That *Orbs* can *fall*, the *Sun* forsake his *light*,
And buried lie, like meaner things, in night,
Calling that *mortal*, which is *all Divine*;
Must needs be damn'd for their design.
For *these* are so *unlike* the Gods, the Frame
So much unworthy of that *Glorious* Name;
That Neither *lives*, nor is an *Animal*,
That Neither *feels*; *dull* Things, and *senseless* all:
For *Life*, and *Sense*, the *Mind* and *Soul* refuse
To joyn with *all*; their *bodies must be fit for use.*
As *Heaven* doth bear no *Trees*, no *Stars*, below;
As *Stones* no *blood*, no *Fishes Mountains* know,
But each hath *proper* place to rise and grow:
So, neither *Souls* can rise without the *Blood*,
And *Nerves*, and *Veins*, and *Bones*; for grant they could,
Then thro one *single* part, as Arms, or Head,
'Twould first be fram'd, thence o're th' *other* spread:
As *Water* into vessels pour'd, doth fall,
First to *one* part, then rise and cover *all.*
But since tis certain, that a *proper* place
Is setled for the *life*, and the *increase*
Of *mind* and *soul*; tis folly to believe
That they can *rise* without *fit* limbs, or *live*:
Or be in *flitting* Air, or *chilling* Seas,
Or Earth, or *scorching* Flames. Fond fancies these!
Well then, they are not *Gods*, their sense *divine*,
For they are far unfit for that design,
Since none with *Minds* in *vital* union joyn.
Nor must we think these are the *blest* Abodes,

The World not an Animal.

The

Heaven not the ſeat of the Gods.

The *quiet* Manſions of the *happy Gods.*
Their *ſubſtance* is ſo *thin*, ſo much *refin'd*,
Unknown to *ſenſe*, nay ſcarce perceiv'd by *Mind.*
Now ſince they cannot all be toucht by *Man*,
They cannot touch *thoſe* other things that can;
For what e're *touch*, thoſe muſt be *toucht* agen.
Well then, the *Manſions* of thoſe *happy* Powers,
Muſt all be far unlike, diſtinct from ours;
Of *ſubtile* nature, ſuitable to their own,
All which by long diſcourſe I'le prove anon.

The World not made for Man.

But now to ſay this *ſpatious* World began
By *bounteous* Heaven, contriv'd to pleaſure *Man*;
And therefore this *vaſt* frame they toyl'd to raiſe,
And fit for us, ſhould meet with *equal* praiſe,
Or be eſteem'd *Eternal*, All ſecure
From ruine, or the *teeth of Time* endure;
And that tis *impious* to deſign to prove,
What was contriv'd by the wiſe *Powers* above,
And fixt *eternal* for the *Man* they love;
That This can *dye*, that this to *Fate* can bow,
And with bold *reaſon* ſtrive to overthrow,
And make that *mortal* they deſign'd not ſo.
Tis fond; for what could *Man* return again?
What *profit* to the *Gods* for all their pain,
That they ſhould work for him? why break their reſt,
In which they liv'd before *ſecure*, and *bleſt*?
What *coming* Joy, what pleaſure could they view,
To leave their *former* life, and ſeek a *new*?
For thoſe delight in *New*, whoſe *former* ſtate
Was made *unhappy* by ſome *trecherous* fate.
But why ſhould *thoſe* that liv'd in *perfect* eaſe,
Who ne're ſaw any thing but what did pleaſe,
Be tickled thus with love of *Novelties*?
Perhaps they lay *obſcure*, and hid in *Night*

Till

Till Things began, and *Day* produc'd the Light.
Beſides what harm, had the *Sun* idly ran,
Nor warm'd the *Mud*, and kindled it to *Man*,
What harm to *us* if we had ne're began?
True, thoſe that are in *Being* once, ſhould ſtrive,
As long as *Pleaſure* will invite, to live;
But thoſe that ne're had taſted joys, nor ſeen,
What hurt to them ſuppoſe they ne're had been?
Beſide, (Mind
Whence had the *Gods* their *notice*, whence their
Thoſe gay *Ideas* of the Humane Kind?
What *Image* of the work they then deſign'd?
How did they underſtand the power of *Seed*,
That *thoſe* by change of *order* Things could breed?
Unleſs kind *Nature's* powers at firſt did ſhow
A *model* of the Frame, and taught them how to know?
For Seeds of *Bodies* from *eternal* ſtrove,
And us'd by *ſtroaks*, or their *own weight*, to move;
All ſorts of *Union* try'd, all ſorts of *Blows*,
To ſee if any Way would *Things* compoſe;
And ſo no wonder they at laſt were hurl'd
Into the decent order of *this* World;
And ſtill ſuch *motions*, ſtill ſuch ways purſue,
As may ſupply *decaying* Things by *new*.
For were I ignorant how Beings riſe,
How things begin; yet reaſons from the skyes,
From every thing deduc'd, will plainly prove
This *World* ne're fram'd by the *wiſe Powers* above,
So fooliſh the Deſign, contriv'd ſo ill. *The world not made by an intelligent Being.*
For firſt, thoſe tracts of *Air* what *Creatures* fill?
Why *Beaſts* in every Grove, and ſhady Hill?
Vaſt *Pools* take part, and the impetuous Tide,
Whoſe *ſpreading* waves the *diſtant* Shores divide;
Two parts in *three* the *Torrid* Zone doth burn,

Or *Frigid* chill, and all to *Deſarts* turn:
And all the *other* Fields, what would they breed,
If let *alone*, but *bryars*, *thorns*, and *weed*?
Theſe are their *proper* fruits, this *Nature* wou'd,
Did not *laborious Mortals* toyl for food,
And *tear*, and *plough*, and *force* them to be good:
Did they not turn the clods with *crooked* Share,
By frequent *torments* forcing them to bear;
No *tender* fruits, none of their own accord
Would riſe to feed *proud* Man their fancied Lord:
Nay often too, when *Man* with pains and toyl
Hath conquer'd the *unwilling* Soil;
When *flowers* put forth, and budding *branches* ſhoot
Look gay, and promiſe the deſired fruit,
The ſcorching Sun, with his too buſie beams,
Burns up the fruits, or Clouds do drown with ſtreams
Or chill'd by too much *Snow* they ſoon decay,
Or *ſtorms* blow *them*, and all our *hopes* away.
But further, why ſhould *Parent Nature* breed
Such hurtful *Animals*, why cheriſh, feed,
Deſtructive *Beaſts*? why ſhould ſuch *Monſters* grow,
Did the *kind Gods* diſpoſe of Things *below*?
Why *Plagues* to all the *ſeaſons* of the year belong?
And why ſhould *haſty* Death deſtroy the *Young*?
Again,
A *man*, when firſt he leaves his *primitive* Night,
Breaks from his *Mother's womb* to view the Light,
Like a poor *Carcaſs* tumbled by the flood,
He falls all *naked*, but *beſmear'd* with blood,
An *infant*, *weak*, and *deſtitute* of food,
With *tender* cryes the *pitying* Air he fills,
A fit *preſage* for all his *coming* Ills:
Whilſt *Beaſts* are born, and grow with greater eaſe;
No need of ſounding *Rattles* Thoſe to pleaſe;

No

No need of *tatling* Nurſes *buſie* care;
They want no *change* of garments, but can wear
The *ſame* at any *ſeaſon* of the year;
They need no *Arms*, no *Garriſon*, or *Town*,
No ſtately *Caſtles* to defend their *own*:
Nature ſupplies *their wants*, what e're they crave,
Kind Nature, and preſerves the *Life* ſhe gave.

The Elements changeable.

But now ſince *Air*, and *Water*, *Earth*, and *Fire*,
Are *Bodies all produc'd*, and all expire,
Since *theſe* are ſuch, *theſe* that compoſe the Frame,
The Nature of the *Whole* muſt be the ſame;
For *thoſe*, whoſe *parts* the ſtroaks of fate controle,
If *thoſe* are made, and dye, ſo muſt the *Whole*.
Now ſince the *members* of the World, we view,
Are chang'd, conſum'd, and all produc'd anew;
It follows then, for which our *proofs* contend,
That this *vaſt frame* began, and ſo muſt end.

But leſt you think, I poorly *beg* the Cauſe,
And that it diſagrees with *Natures* laws,
That *Water*, *Air*, that *Fire*, and *Earth* ſhould ceaſe,
And *fail*; that they can *dye*, or elſe *increaſe*;
Conſider *Earth*, when parcht with *buſie* beams,
And trodden *much*, flies up in *duſky* ſtreams,
And *litle* Clouds of thickning *duſt* ariſe,
Diſperſt by winds thro all the *lower* skies;
And *gentle* Rivers too, with wanton play
That kiſs their *rocky* banks, and glide away,
Take *ſomewhat* ſtill from the *ungentle* ſtone,
Soften the parts, and make them *like* their own.

But more:
By *what* another Thing is fed, and grows,
That Thing ſome portion of its *own* muſt loſe.
Now ſince *all* ſpring from *Earth*, and ſince we call,
And juſtly too, the Earth the Source of all;

Since *All*, when cruel Death *diſſolves*, return
To *Earth* again, and *She*'s both *Womb* and *Urn*;
The *Earth* is *chang'd*, *ſome* parts muſt ſometimes
And ſometimes *new* come on, and *ſhe* increaſe. (ceaſe,
Beſides, that *Seas*, that *Rivers* waſt, and dye,
And ſtill increaſe by conſtant *new* ſupply.
What need of *proofs*? the *ſtreams* themſelves do
And in ſoft murmurs *babble* as they flow: (ſhow,
But leſt the *Maſs* of Water prove *too great*,
The *Sun* drinks ſome, to quench his *natural* heat;
And ſome the *Winds* bruſh off, with wanton play
They dip their *wings*, and bear ſome parts away:
Some paſſes thro the *Earth*, diffus'd all o're,
And leaves its *ſalt* behind in every Pore;
For all *returns* thro narrow channels ſpread,
And joyns where e're the *fountain* ſhews her head:
And thence ſweet ſtreams in fair *Meanders* play,
And thro the Vallies cut their *liquid* way;
And *Herbs*, and *Flowers* on every *field* beſtow;
The *fields* all *ſmile* with *flowers* where e're they flow.
But more, the *Air* thro all the mighty Frame
Is *chang'd* each hour, we breath not *twice* the ſame;
Becauſe as all things *waſt*, the parts muſt flie
To the vaſt *Sea of Air*; they mount on high,
And ſoftly *wander* in the lower ſky.
Now did not *this* the *waſting* things repair,
All had been long ago diſſolv'd, *all* Air.
Well then, ſince all things *waſt*, their *vital* chain
Diſſolv'd, how can the frame of *Air* remain?
It *riſes* from, and *makes up* things again.
Beſide, the *Sun*, that *conſtant ſpring* of Light,
Still cuts the *Heaven* with ſtreams of *ſhining* White,
And the decaying *Old* with *New* ſupplies:
For every portion of the *beam* that flies,

Is

Is but *ſhort-liv'd*, it juſt *appears*, and *dyes*.
As thus tis prov'd. ----
For when an *envious Cloud* ſtops up the ſtream,
The *conſtant* ſtream of Light, and breaks the beam,
The *lower* part is loſt, and diſmal *ſhade* (vey'd.
Oreſpreads the *Earth*, where e're the Cloud's con-
Well then, there muſt be *conſtant* ſtreams of rays,
Since every portion of the Beam decays:
Nor ſhould we ſee, but all lie *blind* in Night,
Unleſs new ſtreams flow'd from the *ſpring* of Light.
So from our *Lights*, our *meaner fires* below,
Our *Lamps* or brighter *Torches*, ſtreams do flow,
And drive away the *Night*; they ſtill ſupply
New Flames, as ſwiftly as the *former* dye;
New beams ſtill *tremble* in the lower sky:
No *ſpace* is free, but a *continued* ray
Still keeps a *conſtant*, tho a *feeble* Day;
So faſt, e'en *Hydra* like, the fruitful fires
Beget a *new* beam, as the *old* expires.
So Sun and Moon with many a *numerous* birth
Bring forth *new* rays, and ſend them down to th' Earth;
Which dye as faſt, leſt ſome *fond fools* believe
Theſe all *ſecure* from fate, that *theſe* muſt live.
Laſtly, the *ſtrongeſt* Rocks, and Towers, do feel the (rage
Of powerful Time; e'en Temples waſt by age:
Nor can the *Gods* themſelves prolong their date,
Change *Nature's* laws, or get reprive from Fate.
E'en *Tombs* grow old and waſt, by years o'rethrown;
Men's Graves before, but now become their own.
How oft the *hardeſt* Rock diſſolves, nor bears
The ſtrength but of a *few*, tho *powerful* years?
For if that Rock for *infinite* Ages paſt
Stood ſtill *ſecure*, if it was free from waſt,
Why ſhould it fail, why now diſſolve at laſt?

Laſtly,

Laſtly, look round, view that *vaſt tract* of Sky,
In whoſe embrace our Earth and Waters lie,
Whence all things riſe, to *which* they all return,
As ſome diſcourſe, the *ſame* the *Womb* and *Urn*;
'Tis ſurely *mortal* all, for that which breeds,
That which gives birth to *other* Things, or feeds,
Muſt loſe *ſome* parts; and when *thoſe* Things do ceaſe,
It gets ſome *new* again, and muſt increaſe.
But grant the World *eternal*, grant it knew
No *infancy*, and grant it never *new*;
Why then no *Wars* our *Poet's* Songs employ
Beyond the ſiege of *Thebes*, or that of *Troy*?
Why former *Heroes* fell without a Name?
Why not their *battles* told by *laſting* Fame?
But 'tis as I declare; and thoughtful Man
Not *long ago*, and all the *World* began:
And therefore *Arts* that lay but *rude* before,
Are *poliſht* now, we now *increaſe* the ſtore,
We perfect all the *old*, and find out *more*.
Shipping's improv'd, we adde new Oars and Wings;
And *Muſick* now is found, and ſpeaking ſtrings.
Theſe *Truths*, this *riſe of Things* we *late'ly* know:
Great *Epicurus* liv'd not long ago.
By my aſſiſtance *Young Philoſophy*
In *Latin* words now firſt begins to *cry*.
But if you think *ſucceſſive* Worlds, the ſame
They *now* appear, but *Earthquakes* ſhook the frame,
Or *Fire* deſtroy'd, or *Floods* ſwept all away;
Grant only *This*, and you the *Cauſe* betray:
This ſtrongly proves the *World* will once decay.
For what can *ſicken* thus; can waſte, and fail,
And *periſh* all, if *ſtronger* ſtroaks prevail.
For thus, ſince *we* can feel the *ſame* diſeaſe,
Same harms, that other *periſhing* Things do ſeize,

We

We think that *we* ſhall dye as well as theſe.
Beſides, what ere's *immortal*, muſt be ſo,
Becauſe tis *ſolid*, above the power of Blow,
Whoſe parts no *Wedge* divides, which know no Pore,
And ſuch are Seeds, as I explain'd before:
Or elſe becauſe like *empty ſpace*, tis ſuch
As is ſecure from *ſtroak*, and free from touch;
Or elſe becauſe it can admit no bound,
Tis *infinite*, and knows no place beyond,
To which the *ſeeds* may ſink: This makes the *All*
Eternal, there's no place where *ſeeds* may fall,
And breed confuſion here; no *ſpace* doth lie
Without the Whole, to which the *parts* may fly.
And leave the *mighty All* to waſt and dye.
But now the *World*'s not *ſolid*, every Maſs
Contains between the *ſeeds* ſome *empty ſpace*;
Nor is't like *Void*, for *thouſand Things*, if hurl'd
With mighty force, can ſtrike and breake the World:
Seeds *ruſhing* on may bear *ſome parts* away,
Like *violent* ſtreams, and ſo the *World* decay.
Beſide, there's *ſpace beyond*, to which, the Tie
Of *Union* loos'd, the ſcatter'd parts may fly:
Well then, theſe *Heavens* and *Earth* can waſte and dye,
And therefore *once began*, for what can fail,
And waſt, o're what the ſtroaks of *Fate* prevail,
Is much unable to endure the rage
Of *infinite paſt Time*, and power of Age.
But laſtly, ſince the *Elements* are at jars,
Still fight, and ſtill engag'd in *Civil* wars,
Cannot their *battles* ceaſe, their wars be done,
And all the *other* parts ſubmit to *One*?
The *Fire* prevail, and with deſtructive beams
Dry *Seas*, the *Thirſty* Sun drink up the ſtreams,
Which now *He* ſeems to try; but all in vain,

For

For *Rivers* ſtill bring new ſupplies again,
So faſt, ſo great, as if deſign'd to raiſe
A *Flood*, and o're the *Center* ſpread the Seas.
But that's in vain, the *Waters* ſtill decay,
The *Winds* bruſh off, and bear ſome parts away;
The *Sun* drinks ſome, the *Stars* take ſome for food,
And ſeem to threaten more a *drought*, than *flood*.
Thus ſtill they fight, with equal force maintain
The war, now *conquer*, and now *yield* again.

The world may be burnt.

Yet *Fire* (as ſtories go) did once prevail,
And once the *Water* too was ſpread o're all.
The *Fire* prevail'd, when the Sun's furious Horſe,
Diſdaining *Phaethon*'s young feeble force,
Ran thro the ſky in an *unuſual* courſe;
And falling near the *Earth* burnt all below,
Till angry *Jove* did dreadful Thunder throw,
And quencht the hot-brain'd fiery Youth in PO.
But *Phebus* gather'd up the ſcatter'd *ray*,
And brought to Heaven again the *falling* Day:
The *Horſes* too, that ran thro *Heaven's* wide Plain,
He caught, and harneſs'd to the *Coach* again;
They ever ſince with *due obedience* drew
The *flaming* Carre. This *Greece* reports as true,
Yet tis abſurd: but All may yield to *Flame*,
If great *ſupplies* of rapid Matter came
From the *vaſt Maſs*; for then *thoſe* Seeds muſt fail,
And ſink again, or *Fire* muſt ruine all.

Seas once prevail'd, nor could the Towns withſtand
The raging waves; they ſpread o're all the Land:
But when the *numerous* Seeds the mighty Maſs
Supply'd, were turn'd from *this* into *another* place,
The *Water* ceas'd, and the continual rain,
And *Rivers* ran within their banks again.

Now next I'le ſing, how *moving* Seeds were hurl'd

How

How *toſt* to Order, how they fram'd the world:
How *Sun* and *Moon* began, what ſteddy force
Mark't out their *walk*, what makes them keep their Courſe:
For ſure *unthinking* Seeds did nere diſpoſe
Themſelves by *Counſel*, nor their order chooſe;
Nor any Compacts made how each ſhould move,
But from Eternal thro the *Vacuum* ſtrove;
By their *own weight*, or by *external* blows
All *Motions* try'd to get the beſt of *Thoſe*,
All *Unions* too, if by their various play,
They could Compoſe *new Beings* any way;
Thus *long* they whirl'd, moſt ſorts of *motion* paſt,
Moſt ſorts of *Union* too they joyn'd at laſt;
In ſuch *convenient* Order, whence began
The *Sea*, the *Heaven*, and *Earth*, and *Beaſts*, and *Man*:
But yet no *glittering Sun*, no *twinckling Star*,
No *Heaven*, no roaring *Sea*, no *Earth*, no *Air*,
Nor any thing *like theſe* did *then* appear:
But a *vaſt Heap*, and from this mighty Maſs
Each part retir'd, and took his *proper* place:
Agreeing Seeds combin'd, each *Atom* ran,
And ſought his *Like*; and ſo the Frame *began*:
From *diſagreeing* Seeds the World did riſe,
Becauſe their various *motions*, *weight*, and *ſize*,
And *figure*, would not let them all combine
And lye together, nor *friendly* motions joyn:
Thus *Skies*, and thus the *Sun* did raiſe his Head,
Thus *Stars*, and *Seas* o'e proper places ſpread.
For Firſt, the *Earthy* part's, a heavy Maſs,
And cloſely twin'd, poſſeſt the *middle* place;
Now as theſe *heavy* parts combin'd more *cloſe*,
Deſcending ſtill, they vext with *conſtant* blows,
The *lurking* parts of *Sea*, of *Stars*, and *Skies*,
And *Sun*, and ſqueez'd them out, and made them riſe;

How the World began.

How the Earth was Made.

Becauſe theſe Seeds are *ſubtile*, more *refin'd*,
And *round*, and *ſmooth*, and of a *leſſer kind*
Then *thoſe* of Earth; and ſo can freely paſs
The ſubtile *Pores* of the deſcending Maſs:
How Heaven. And thus the parts of *Heaven* did firſt retire,
And bore up with them *numerous* Seeds of Fire:
As when the Sun begins his early race,
And views the joyful Earth with *Bluſhing face*
And quaffs the *pearly Dew* ſpread or'e the Graſs;
From *Earth* he draws ſome Miſts with buſie beams,
From *wandring* waters ſome, and *running* ſtreams:
Theſe thin, theſe *ſubtile Miſts*, when rais'd on high,
And *joyn'd* above, ſpread *Clouds* or'e all the ſky;
Juſt ſo the parts of *Heaven* did upward move,
The ſubtile *Æther* thus combin'd above,
And vaſtly wide, and ſpread or'e every place,
Contains the reſt within her kind embrace.
Thus Heaven; then roſe the *Moon*, and *Stars*, and *Sun*,
Which thro the ſky with *conſtant* motions run:
Becauſe their Seeds were all *too light* to lye
In *Earth*, not *light enough* to riſe on high,
And paſs the *utmoſt* limits of the ſky:
But plac't *between* them both, the midſt controul,
Certain, but *moveing*, portions of the *Whole*;
Juſt as in man, *ſome parts* refuſe to ceaſe
From *Motion*; *ſome* ſtill lye diſſolv'd in eaſe.
These *Things* retired, the *heavier* parts of Clay
Sank *farther down*, and made an eaſy way
For flowing *ſtreams*, and *caverns* for the Sea:
And as by conſtant blows the vigorous Sun
Did ſtrike the *upper parts*, and *preſs* them down;
More *moiſture* roſe, and then did *ſtreams* increaſe;
More *parts* were ſtill ſqueez'd out and ſwell'd the Seas.
More *Æther* then, of Air *more parts* did riſe,

And

And born on high, there *thickned* into Skies :
The *Mountains* rais'd their heads, the humble field
Sank low, the *ſtubborn* Stones refus'd to yield ;
The Rocks did *proudly* ſtill their height maintain,
Nor could all ſink unto an *equal* Plain :
Thus *Earth* at firſt was fram'd, and thus did fall
The loweſt ; as the *Sediment* of All :
Thence *Seas*, thence *Air*, thence *Æther*, every Maſs
Diſtinct from others, took its *proper* place :
All *Fluids*, and *All* differently *light*,
And therefore reach't the *leſs*, or *greater* height :
Then Liquid *Æther* did the fartheſt rear,
And lies on *ſofteſt* Beds of *yielding* Air ;
But yet their parts ne're mix, whilſt *winds* do blow,
And *rapid* ſtorms diſturb all here below;
They *undiſturb'd* move round the *ſteddy* Pole,
And *Sun* and *Stars* with conſtant motion roul:
For that by *conſtant* turns the Skies may move,
The *ſteddy motions* of the *waters* prove;
This thing the mighty Maſs the *Ocean* ſhows,
For that at *ſetled* hours ſtill *Ebbs*, and *Flows* :
Now learn what *moves the Stars*, what mighty force *why the Stars move*
Doth *drive* them on, what Laws *confine* their Courſe;
Firſt ; if the *Orb* is mov'd, and *whirls* or *draws*
The *Sun* about, then *this* may be the Cauſe ;
Vaſt tracts of *Air* the diſtant *skyes* do bound,
And with a *cloſe embrace* encircle round,
The *upper* part of that *drives down* the skyes
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, the *under* makes them riſe :
And ſo the *whirl's* perform'd : Thus oft a *Flood*
Turns round a *Wheel*, and whirl's the *weighty* wood :
Or elſe the *Orbs* may lye at reſt above,
Steddy and *fixt*, and only *Stars* may move,
Becauſe the *Fires* confin'd to litle ſpace

Grow fierce and wild, and ſeek a *larger* place,
And thus thro the *vaſt Heaven* begin their race:
Or elſe *external* Air, or ſubtile Wind
May whirl them round; or they may move to find
Their *nouriſhment*, and run where *food* invites,
And kindly calls their *eager* Appetites:
For now what *ſingle* force makes *Stars* to riſe
And ſet, what governs theſe our *ſingle* Skies,
Tis hard to tell, ------
And therefore I, how *Stars* may move, propoſe
A *Thouſand* wayes, and *numerous* as thoſe;
And what may whirl the *Sun* and palefac't Moon
In all the *Worlds*, but cannot fix on *One*,
Altho but *One* rules here, but which *that* is
Tis hard to point, it may be *That*, or *This*:

Why the Earth doth not fall.

And that the *heavy* parts ſhould end their race,
And *reſt*, and *Earth* poſſeſs the *middle* place,
Its *weight* decay'd, that *Power* did weaker grow,
Becauſe *convenient* Things were plac't below,
That *roſe* with it, to which tis *cloſely* joyn'd
By *natural* ties, and ſtrongeſt bands confind;
And thus it *ſoftly* reſts, and hanging there
Grows light, nor *preſſeth* down the lower Air,
Juſt as in *Man*, the *Neck* the *Head* ſuſtains;
The *Feet* the *Whole*, yet *neither* part complains
Of preſſing *weight*, neither is vext with pains:
Yet other *weights* impoſ'd we ſtraight perceive,
Tho *lighter* far, contract our limbs, and grieve:

So *Earth* was faſhion'd in its *proper* place,
Not made, *then* thruſt into the *ſtrange* embrace
Of *different* Air, but with the *World* began,
A *certain* part of it, as *Limbs* of Man:

Beſides

Beſides, the *ſhakeing Earth* doth often move
The *upper* Air, diſturbing all above:
Which could not be; unleſs the *ſtrongeſt* tye
Did cloſely joyn the *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Skie*:
Thin *ſubtile* Souls, 'cauſe cloſely joyn'd, do prop
The mighty *weight* of limbs, and bear it up;
What raiſe the *Limbs* in *leaping*? what controul,
And guide their *motion*, but the *ſubtile* Soul?
Which ſhows the *mighty* force of Things *refin'd*,
When ty'd to others of a *groſſer* kind,
As *Air* to *Earth*, to our *groſs* limbs the *Mind*:

But farther on, the *Sun* and *Moon* do bear
No *greater* heats, nor *figures* than *appear*;
Becauſe *that ſpace* thro which the rayes can fly,
The *Heat* can reach our Touch, the *Light* our Eye,
Can leſſen nothing, nor *contract* the frame,
Nor make the *Fire* appear a *milder* flame:
Now ſince the *vigorous* rayes do freely flow
As far as us, and viſit all below:
Their fires, and figures are the ſame they ſhow,
Nor *greater* all, nor *leſs*. And thus the Moon,
Whether with *borrowed* rayes or with her *own*,
She views the World, doth bear no *larger* Siſe,
No *fiercer* flames than theſe that ſtrike our Eyes:
For *Objects* far *remov'd*, at *diſtance* ſeen,
When *too much hindring Air* is plac't between,
No *certain* figure ſhow; no Eye can trace
Each line, each *figure* of the *diſtant* face:
But ſince the Moon preſents a *certain* Siſe
A *certain* ſhape, and *figure* to our Eyes,
'Tis certain it appears as great as 'tis.

The Sun *no bigger than it ſhows.*

The Stars *ſomewhat greater, or leſs.*

But farther on, ſince all our *flames* below
At *diſtance* ſeen, do *various* ſiſes ſhow:
Now *lower* ſink, now raiſe their lofty head,

And

And now *contracted* seem, now *farther* spread,
We may conclude the *Stars* when seen from *far*,
Or *somewhat greater* than their figures are,
Or *somewhat*, *tho but little less*, appear:
How so much light comes from the Sun. But more, no wonder that *such vast* supplies
Such Streams of rayes from this *small Sun* should rise,
As cherish all with heat, and fill the Skies:
For we may fancy this the *spring* of fire
To which the *Vapours of* the *World* retire;
There gather into streams, and *thence* they fall
As from the *fountains head*, and spread o're all:
Thus have we seen a *little fountain* yield
Vast spreading streams, and flow o're all the field;
Or else the Sun might kindle *neighbouring* Air,
And raise surprising heat, and fervour *there*,
Perchance the Air is of *convenient* frame,
And may be kindled by a *little* flame;
As oft in *Straw* and *Corn* fierce flames prevail
From one *poor falling spark*, and spread o're all:
Or else the *Sun* hath *secret* stores of Heat,
Dark and *unshining* stores, but *vastly* great;
And these *increase* the warmth, these move the sense,
And these *united*, make the heat *intense*.
The cause of the Suns *motion.* How towards *both Poles* the Suns *fixt* journy bends,
And how the *Year* his *crooked* walk attends;
Why from the *Summers* height he soon declines,
And falls to visit the *cold Winter* signs:
And then *returns*, and why the *nimble* Moon,
Doth drive her *Chariot* faster then the *Sun*,
And in *one Month* thro all the *Zodiack* go,
Whilst the *grave Sun's* a year in walking thro:
For these a *Thousand* reasons may be shown,
But tis unsafe, and hard to fix on *One*:
For first, *Democritus* hath found the cause

Perhaps

Perhaps, and rightly ſetled *Natures* lawes,
For thus he ſayes, *great Orbs* are whirl'd above,
And by that whirl the *lower* Circles move;
And ſo the *diſtant Orbs* that lye below
Far from this *ſpring of motion*, move but ſlow;
Becauſe the *Power* ſtill leſſens; Thus the Sun
Is far outſtrip't by *nimble* Stars, that run
In *higher* rounds; much more the *lower* Moon:
Now ſince ſhe's plac't *ſo low*, ſince *weak* the force,
She cannot have an equal *nimble* courſe
With *Stars*; So thoſe may overtake the *Moon*,
And paſs beyond her, *oftner* than the Sun:
Thus ſhe may ſeem to move, her walk appear
Thro all the ſigns, 'cauſe they return to her.
Beſides, *by turns* a *conſtant* ſtream of Air,
At fixt and *certain* ſeaſons of the year,
Might ruſh from *either part*, make th' Sun *decline*,
And fall from *Summer*, to the *Winter* ſign:
Or *drive it up* again, and bring the rayes
And *heat* to Us, and ſhow us *longer* dayes:
And thus the *Moon*, thus other *Stars* may riſe
And ſink again into the *Winter* Skies
Driven by theſe *two conſtant* ſtreams of Air:
For *Clouds* in *ſtorms* two *different* waies do move,
The *lower* oppoſite to thoſe *above*:
What wonder then the *Sun* with *vigorous* beams,
And Stars are driven by theſe two *conſtant* ſtreams?
And *Day* may end, and tumble down the *Weſt*; *Of Night and Day.*
And *ſleepy Night* fly ſlowly up the *Eaſt*;
Becauſe the *Sun* having now perform'd his round,
And reach'd, with *weary* flames, the utmoſt bound
Of finite *Heaven*, He there puts out the ray
Wearied and *blunted* all the *tedious* day
By *hindring* Air, and thus the flames decay:

Or

Or elſe, that *conſtant* force might make it move
Below the Earth, which whirl'd it round *above*:
And ſo the Conſtant *Mornings* ſtill may riſe,
And with *pale* fiers look thro the *lower* skys,
Becauſe the *Sun* touls round with *conſtant* ray,
And *riſing upward*, ſhews *approaching* day,
Or elſe becauſe the *fires* diſſolv'd at Night,
There joyn again, and *ſcatter* vigorous light:
Thus when the *Morning Sun* begins to riſe,
Its flames lye ſcatter'd ore the *Eaſtern* skys,
Then gather to a *Ball*, and this we view
From *Ida*'s top; this *Fame reports as true.*
Nor is it ſtrange that *numerous Seeds* of fire
Should to the *Eaſtern* quarter ſtill retire,
Still every day *return*, and make a Sun,
Becauſe a thouſand other Things are done
At *ſett* and *conſtant* times, and *then* alone:
Thus *Trees* at certain times, thus *Shrubs* do ſhoot
At certain times, and bud, and bear their Fruit:
Thus *Teeth* in *Boys* begin, and ~~thus they fall,~~
Thus *Beards* in Youth, at certain Seaſons all:
Thus *Thunder*, *Snow*, and *Storms*, and *Wind* appear
At *fixt* and *certain* Seaſons of the Year:
As Things firſt happen'd, They continue on,
The Courſe that Chance firſt gave them ſtill They run:

why Dayes *or* Nights *lengthen.*

The *Daies* may *longer* grow, and vigorous light
Unwillingly give place to *drowſy* Night;
And ſomtimes *ſleepy Night* may *longer* ſtay,
And *ſlowly* wake before approaching day:
Becauſe the *Sun* might walk the *conſtant* rounds,
In *crooked* paths, and in *uneven* bounds,
Nor into *Equal* parts the *Globe* divide,
Now longer *here*, and now on t'other ſide.
Until it comes, and warms with *Neighbouring* rayes

The

The *Line*, and meaſures *equal* Nights and Days:
The *Line* lies juſt *between* the *North* and *South*,
And leaves an *equal* diſtance unto *Both*;
Becauſe the *Zodiack* is *oblique*, ----
Thro which the *Sun* his yearly Walk doth go,
And views *obliquely* all the world below.
Thus teach *Aſtronomers*, and *This* confeſt
A fair *Opinion*; probable at Leaſt.
Or elſe the Air is *thick*, and ſtops the Ray,
Nor gives the Sun a *free*, and *eaſie* way.
And this *prolongs* the tedious *Winter-Night*:
The *Darkneſs ſlowly* yields to *lingring* Light.
Or elſe at certain Seaſons of the Year
The *Flame* meets ſlowly in the *Eaſtern* Air,
And frame the *Sun*, and make the *Day* appear.
But more: The *Moon* may ſhine with *borrowed* rays,
Her *various* light increaſing with the days,
As *ſhe* the further from the *Sun* retires,
And with *full face* receives his ſcorching Fires,
When *full*, *oppos'd*; She *climbing* up the Eaſt,
Views him *below* fall *headlong* down the Weſt:
And ſo her *light* decreaſe, as *ſhe* goes on
Thro *different Signs*, approaching near the Sun.
And thus the *Phaſes* are explain'd by All
That think her ſhape is round, the Moon a *ball*;
And place her *Circling Orb* below the reſt:
A fair Opinion, probable at leaſt.

The Phaſes of the Moon.

Beſides, ---
Tho *proper* Light the *Moon's pale face* ſhould fill,
Yet it might ſhew the *different Phaſes* ſtill;
Becauſe as that *bright body* rouls *above*,
Another *dark*, *unſeen*, *thick* thing might move
Beneath; and ſtop the *rays*, divert the ſtreams
Of *falling light*, and turn away the Beams.

Or elſe, if like a *Ball*, *half-dark*, *half-bright*,
Roll'd round its *Axis*, may affect the ſight
With *different Phaſes*, and ſhow *various* light:
Now turn that *half* which the *full light* adorns,
A *Quarter* now, now dwindle into *Horns*:
And *this* the later *Babylonian* Sect
Doth hold, and the *Chaldean* Schems reject:
As if it could not *either way* be done,
But *powerful* reaſons fixt our choice on *one*.

Why the Moon endures a month,

But why the *Moons* a *monthly round* purſue?
Why *one* ſo long, not every day a *new*?
Why are they *fram'd*, *endure*, and always *ceaſe*
At this *ſet time*? The cauſe is told with eaſe:
Since *other things* at *certain times* appear,
And *only then*; thus th' *Seaſons* of the Year:
Firſt *Spring*, and *Venus* kindeſt powers inſpire
Melting thoughts, *ſoft wiſhes*, *gay deſire*,
And warm *Favonius* fans the *Amorous* fire;
Then Mother *Flora*, to prepare the way,
Makes all the *field* look *glorious*, brisk, and gay,
And *freely* ſcatters with a *bounteous* hand
Her ſweeteſt, faireſt Flowers o're the Land.
Next *Heat*, and *duſty Harveſt* take the place,
And ſoft *Eteſia's* fan the *Sun-burnt* face.
Then *ſweaty Autumn* treads the Noble Vine,
And *flowing* bunches give *immortal* Wine;
Next roars the *ſtrong-lung'd Southern blaſt*, and brings
The *infant* Thunder on his *dreadful* wings.
Then *Cold* purſues, the *North* ſeverely blows,
And drives before it *chilling* Froſt and Snows.
And next *deep Winter* creeps, gray, wrinkled, old,
His *Teeth* all ſhatter, *Limbs* all ſhake with Cold.
Well then, no wonder ſure, the *Moon* ſhould riſe
At *certain* times, and that again *ſhe* dyes

At

At *certain* times; ſince thouſand things are ſhown
At *fixt* and *ſteddy* times, and then alone.
Eclypſes may be ſolv'd a *thouſand* ways: *Eclypſes.*
For if the *Moon* can ſtop *deſcending* rays,
By thruſting her *dark* ſelf between, and ſo
Bring *ſudden* night, and ſhade on all below;
Then give me *Reaſons*, why there cannot be
Another Thing, *too dark* for us to ſee,
And fit to ſtop the *rays* as well as *ſhe*.
Or why the *Circling* Sun, in paſſing by
Some *venomous* places of the *lower* ſky,
May not *grow ſick*, and *pale*, and *almoſt dye*?
Thoſe paſt, grow well, recover his *former* light?
Thus ſometimes makes us *day*, and ſometimes *night*.
And whilſt the *Moons* their *monthly* Courſes run
Within the reach of *Earth*'s dark ſhadowing *Cone*,
If then *revengeful Earth* can ſtop the light,
If *ſhe* can hide the *ſickning Moon* in Night;
Why cannot *other things* divert the ſtreams,
The *falling* ſtreams of Light, or ſtop the Beams?
Or if the *Moon* ſhines with a *natural* ray,
As thro *infectious* Air *ſhe* cuts her way,
Why may not *ſhe* grow *ſick*, her powers decay?
Now ſince I've taught the *motion* of the *ſtars* above,
How *Sun*, and *Moon*, and by what cauſe they move;
And how *Eclyps'd*, they loſe their *gawdy* light,
And ſpread o're all an *unexpected* night,
As if they *wink'd*; and then with *open* eyes
View'd all again, and cheer'd the *lower* skies:
Now let's deſcend again to *new born* Earth,
And find to what *ſhe* gave the *ſooneſt* birth;
What ſort of *Beings*, which of all the Kinds *Herbs firſt.*
She firſt durſt venture to the *faithleſs* Winds.
Firſt then, *green herbs* and *flowers* ſhe firſt did yield,

And ſpread a gawdy *Green* o're every field,
And next the *Tree* with ſpreading branches ſhoots,
Then Trees. But cloſely *fixt*, and bound with *ſteddy* roots.
As *briſtles*, *hairs*, and *plumes* are firſt deſign'd,
O're limbs of *Beaſts*, and o're the *winged* Kind;
So *new-born Earth* with *Herbs*, and *Trees* began,
And *then* by various ways bore *Beaſt*, and *Man*;
For *Heaven* tis certain did not faſhion all,
Then let the *various Creatures* downwards fall;
Nor *Seas* produce an *Earthly* Animal.
And therefore *Parent Earth* doth juſtly bear
The name of *Mother*, ſince *all* roſe from Her.
She now bears *Animals*, when ſoftning Dew
Deſcends, when *Sun* ſends heat ſhe bears a thouſand new.
Well, who can wonder then, if *then ſhe* bore
Far ſtronger bulky *Animals*, and more,
When *both* were *young*, when both in Natures pride,
A *luſty Bridegroom He*, and *She* the *Bride*?
Birds the firſt Animals. The firſt of *Animals* ith' *teeming* Spring,
The *feather'd Kind* peep'd forth, and clapt their wing;
As even *now*, our *tender Inſects* ſtrive
To break their bags, get forth, and eat, and live.
Next *Beaſts*, and *thoughtful Man* receiv'd their birth,
For then much *vital heat* in *Mother* Earth,
Much *moiſture* lay; and where *fit place* was found,
The Origin of Man. There *Wombs* were form'd, and faſtned to the ground:
In theſe the yet *imperfect Embrio's* lay,
Thro theſe, when grown mature, they forc'd their way,
Broke forth from *Night*, and ſaw the cheerful *Day*:
Then *Nature* faſhion'd for the *Infant's* uſe
Small *Breaſts in Earth*, and fill'd with *milky* juice,
Such as in *womens breaſts* ſhe now provides
For *future Infants*; thither *Nature* guides
The *chiefeſt* parts of food, and there they meet

Fit

Fit *Ferment*, there they grow both *white*, and *ſweet*.
Earth gave the *Infants* food, thin *Miſts* were ſpread
For *Cloaths*, the graſſy *Meadows* gave a *Bed*.
The Earth, when new, *produc'd* no *rageing* Cold,
No *Heats*, nor *Storms*; theſe grew, as *ſhe* grew old,
Well then, our *Parent Earth* deſerves to bear
The name of *Mother*, ſince all roſe from *her*.
Thus for a certain time *Mankind* ſhe bore,
And *Beaſts*, that ſhake the woods with dreadful *Roar*;
And various kinds of *Birds*, and as they flew,
The *Sun* with *curious* skill the *figures* drew
On all their Plumes; He well the *Art* did know,
He us'd to draw the *like* on his *own* Bow:
But *wearied* now, and tir'd by *length* of Time,
Grows *old* and *weak*, as Women paſt their Prime.
Time changes all; and as by *ſwifteſt* wings
He paſſes forward on, *He* quickly brings
A *different* face, a *different* ſight of Things.
And *Nature* alters; this grows *weak*, this *ſtrong*,
This *dyes*, this *newly made* looks *brisk* and *young*.
Thus *altering* Age leads on the *World* to Fate,
The *Earth* is *different* from her *former* ſtate;
And what in *former* times with eaſe ſhe bore,
Grown feeble now, and weak, ſhe bears no more,
And can do that ſhe could not do before.
Beſides, the *Earth* produc'd a *numerous* train *The Earth bore Monſters.*
Of *Monſters*, Thoſe her labour wrought in vain;
Some without *hands*, or *feet*, or *mouth*, or *eyes*;
Some *ſhapeleſs* lumps, *Nature's* Abſurdities,
Dull, *moveleſs things*, and *deſtitute* of food.
Which could not flie the *bad*, nor chooſe the *good*.
A Thouſand ſuch *in vain* aroſe from Earth;
For *Nature* frighted at the ugly birth,
Their *ſtrength* and *life* to *narrow* bounds confin'd,

De-

Deny'd them *food*, or to *increaſe* their Kind.
For that *one power* a *thouſand things* requires,
Almoſt as many as its own deſires:
There muſt be *food*, and *ſeed*, and *Organs* fit
For flowing *ſeed*, whilſt all the happy night
The *body* lies diſſolv'd in *gay* delight.
That *Male* and *Female* might their *powers* imploy,
They muſt have *Organs* fit for mutual joy.
But more, theſe *years* muſt numerous Kinds deface,
They could not all *preſerve* their feeble race:
For thoſe we ſee *remain*, and bear their young,
Craft, *ſtrength*, and *ſwiftneſs* hath preſerv'd ſo long.
Many their *profit*, and their *uſe* commends;
Thoſe *ſpecies* Man preſerves, kind *Man* defends.
Wild *Beaſts* and *Lions* race, their *Native* rage
Preſerves ſecure, thro all devouring Age.
Swiftneſs preſerves the *Deer*, and *craft* the *Fox*;
The vigilant faithful *Dog*, the *Horſe*, the *Oxe*
We *Men* defend, we keep the *tender flocks*:
They ſhun *wild Beaſts*, they flie the *dreadful Wood*,
They ſeek for *peace*, and *much*, and *eaſie* food,
Gotten without their toyl; and this we give,
For the vaſt profits we from them receive.
But thoſe to whom *kind Nature* gave no force,
No *courage*, *ſtrength*, or *ſwiftneſs* to the courſe:
Whom neither *profit* could, nor *uſe* commend,
Thoſe *man* refus'd to feed, or to defend;
Thus *doom'd by chance*, they liv'd an *eaſie* prey
To all, and thus their *Kinds* did ſoon decay.

No Centaurs.

But never *Centaurs*, thoſe were never known,
That *two* ſuch Natures ſhould combine in *one*,
Such *diſagreeing* powers; abſurd, and vain,
Plain non-ſenſe! *Theſe are Creatures of the Brain*,
A *fool* knows this: For *Horſes* oft enjoy

Full

Full growth at three years old; not ſo a *Boy*:
He ſcarce forgets his *Teat*, and oft at reſt,
As *Dreams* preſent, he ſeeks his *Nurſes* breaſt.
Then when the *Horſe* grows *old*, his limbs decay,
And *looſned life* begins to flie away;
The *Boy* grows ſtrong, he feels the *pride* of growth,
A *briſk*, a *vigorous*, *gay*, and *bearded* Youth:
Leſt you ſhould think ſuch *Monſters* apt to grow,
A *thoughtful man* above, an *horſe* below:
Or *Scyllaes*, whom a numerous train entwines
Of *half Sea-dogs*, and barks about her loyns:
Or ſuch that live, nor grow an *equal* time,
And which at *equal years* not reach their prime;
Whom *equal* years not fill with *youthful* rage,
Nor loſe their *ſtrength again* at *equal* age;
Whom neither the ſame Kinds of *Beauty* fire,
Nor raiſe ſoft thoughts, gay wiſhes, warm deſire:
Or Thoſe that ſeek, and live by *different* food;
Thus *Hemlock* kills a *Man*, for *Goats* tis good.
Beſide, ſince *flames* will ſcorch the *Lions* breaſt, No Chimæ-
And burn, as well as any *meaner* beaſt; ra.
How could *Chimaraes* riſe, or how contain
Three Kinds, a *Lyons* head, a *Serpents* train,
A *Goat* the midle of the fancy'd frame,
And ſtill with *ſcorching Noſtrils* breathing flame?
Then he that thinks the *new-made* Heaven, and
Did give to ſuch *prodigious* Monſters birth; (Earth,
But brings no *cauſe* to prove the *fancy* true,
But ſtill relies on the poor ſhift, *'Twas New;*
May *fancy* more, that *ſtreams* enricht the Seas
With *golden* waves, that *Jewels* grew on Trees;
That *man* of ſuch vaſt *force* and *limbs* did riſe,
That he could ſtride the *Ocean*, whirl the *Skies*,
Or any thing *mad fancy* can deviſe.

For

For tho *much seed* lay hid, when *thoughtful* Man,
And all the *various Kinds* of Beasts began;
Yet nothing proves, that things of *different* Kind,
That *disagreeing* Natures should be joyn'd,
Since now the *Grass*, and *Trees*, and all that grows
And springs from *Earth*, are never joyn'd like those:
But each arising from its *proper* Cause
Remains *distinct*, and follows *Nature's* laws.

The state of Man.

Then Man was *hard*, as *hard* as *Parent*-stones,
And built on *bigger* and on *firmer* bones; (*strong*,
The *Nerves* that joyn'd their limbs were *firm* and
Their Life was *healthy*, and their *Age* was long.
Returning *years* still saw them in their *Prime*,
They wearied e'en the wings of measuring Time:
No *colds*, nor *heats*, no *strong disease* did wait,
And tell *sad* news of *coming hasty* Fate:
Nature not yet grew *weak*, not yet began
To shrink into an *Inch*, the larger *Span*:
Like *Beasts* they lay in every *Wood* and *Cave*,
Gathering the *easie* food that *Nature* gave.
No *impious* Plowman yet had learnt to tear
His *Parents* bowels with the *crooked* Share:
None planted fruitful *Trees*, none drest the *Vine*,
None prun'd *decaying boughs*, none prest the Wine;
Contented they with the *poor easie* store
That *Sun* and *Earth* bestow'd, they wish'd no more.
Soft *Acorns* were their first and *chiefest* food,
And those *red Apples* that adorn the Wood,
And make *pale Winter* blush; such *Nature* bore
More numerous then, beside a *thousand* more,
Which all supply'd poor *man* with ample store.
When thirsty, then did *purling* streams invite
To satisfie their *eager* appetite:
As now in *murmurs* loud, the headlong Flouds

Invite

Invite the thirſty *Creatures* of the Woods.
Beſides, by *night* they took their reſt in Caves,
Where little ſtreams roll on with ſilent waves,
They bubble thro the ſtones, and ſoftly creep,
As fearful to diſturb the *Nymphs* that ſleep,
The Moſs ſpread o're the *Marbles* ſeem'd to weep,
Whilſt other *ſtreams* no narrow bounds contain,
They break ſuch banks, and ſpread o're all the plain.
They knew no uſe of Fire to dreſs their food;
No Cloaths, but wandred naked o're the Wood.
They liv'd to *ſhady Groves* and *Caves* confin'd,
Meer ſhelter from the *cold*, the *heat*, and *wind*.
No fixt *Society*, no ſteddy Laws,
No *publick* good was ſought, no *common* Cauſe:
But all at war, each rang'd, each ſought his food;
By Nature taught to ſeek his *private* good.
Then to renew frail Man's decaying race,
Or *mutual luſt* did prompt them to embrace,
Or elſe the *greater vigour* of the Male,
Or ſome few *treacherous* Preſents did prevail;
Some *Acorns*, *Apples* ſome, ſome *Pears* beſtow:
The Thing the ſame, the price was leſs than now.
Then ſtrong and ſwift they did the Beaſts purſue,
Their Arms were *Stones* and *Clubs*, and ſome they ſlew,
And ſome they *fled*, from Thoſe they fear'd to fight
They ran, and ow'd their *ſafety* to their *flight*.
When drowſie *Night* came on, they *naked* lay
Spread o're the ground like *Bears*, and rough as they:
Their ſleep was *ſound*, they wak'd not all the night,
Nor wandred here and there, whilſt *ſhades* affright,
Nor view'd the *Eaſt* with longing eyes for light:
But all diſſolv'd in *ſweeteſt ſlumbers* lay,
Till the gay *Sun* aroſe, and brought the Day.

For ſince they had beheld, ere ſince their Birth,
The *Day* and *Night* by turns ſpread o're the *Earth*,
They never fear'd the *Sun* ſhould loſe his light,
And all lie buried in eternal night:
The moſt they dreaded was the *furious* Beaſt,
For thoſe ith' dead of *night* did oft moleſt,
And *lengthen* into *death* their ſlumbring reſt.
Sometimes they left their *Caves* by night, and fled,
Rous'd from their *ſofteſt* ſleep, all pale, half dead,
Whilſt *Bores* and *Lions* came, and ſeis'd their bed.
Yet fewer dy'd than *now*, for *ſingly* then
Each caught within the *limits* of the den,
Whilſt the *Beaſt* tore the *living* trembling food,
And revel'd in full draughts of *reeking* bloud,
With *dreadful* cryes he fill'd each *Wood* and *Cave*,
To ſee his limbs go down a *living* Grave:
Others that ſcap't with life, but *wounded*, groan'd,
Holding their hands on the *corrupting* wound,
Whilſt trembling *Ecchoes* did reſtore the ſound:
Not skill'd in *Herbs*, and now grown deſperate,
With *horrid* cryes they call'd on *lingring* fate,
Till *worms* increas'd, and eating thro the Clay
Made paſſage for the *ſoul* to fly away.
But then no *Armies* fell at once, no *Plain*
Grew *red*, no Rivers *ſwell'd* with *thouſands* ſlain;
None plough'd the *floods*, none *ſhipwrackt* made their Graves
Ith' *Sea*, none drank *cold death* among the waves:
But oft the furious *Ocean* rag'd in vain,
No miſchief done, the *waves* grew mild again:
No *Ships* were found, nor could the treacherous ſmile
Of ſmooth-fac'd *waves* tempt on poor man to toyl.
Then *want*, now *ſurfets*, bring a haſty death,
Our Bellies ſwell ſo much, they ſtop our breath.

Then

Then *poysonous herbs*, when pluckt by chance, did kill,
Now *poyſ'ning*'s grown an *Art*, improv'd by skill.
But when they built their *Hutts*, when Fire began,
And *skins* of murthered Beaſts gave *cloaths* to man;
When One to One confin'd in chaſt embrace
Enjoy'd *ſweet love*, and ſaw a *numerous* race;
Then Man grew *ſoft*, the temper of his Mind
Was chang'd from *rough* to *mild*, from *fierce* to *kind*.
For us'd to fire, his *tender* limbs could bear
No more the *piercing* Cold of open Air:
And *Luſt* enfeebled him; beſide, the *Child*,
Softned by *Parents* love, grew *tame*, and *mild*.
Then *Neighbours*, by degrees *familiar* grown,
Made Leagues, and Bonds, and each ſecur'd his *own*:
And then by *ſigns*, and broken words agreed,
That they would keep, preſerve, defend, and feed
Defenceleſs *Infants*, and the *Women* too,
As *natural pity* prompted them to do.
Tho this fixt not an *univerſal* peace,
Yet *many* kept their faith, and liv'd at eaſe;
Or elſe almoſt as ſoon as it began,
The *race* had fallen, this *Age* ne're ſeen a man.
Kind *Nature* power of framing *Sounds* affords
To man; and then *Convenience* taught us *Words*.
As *Infants* now, for want of *words*, deviſe
Expreſſive ſigns, they ſpeak with Hands and Eyes;
Their *ſpeaking* hand the want of words ſupplies:
All know their *powers*, they are by *Nature* ſhown.
Thus tender Calves with *naked fronts* will run,
And *fiercely puſh* before their *horns* are grown.
Young *Lions* ſhew their Teeth, prepare their paws,
The *Bears* young Cubs unſheath their *crooked* claws,
Whilſt yet their *nails* are *young*, and ſoft their jaws.
The *Birds* ſtreight uſe their *wings* on them rely,

How Words were found.

As ſoon as *dangers* preſs they ſtrive to fly.
Beſides,
That *One* the various *Names of Things* contriv'd,
And that from *Him* their knowledge *All* deriv'd,
Tis fond to think: for how could *that man* tell
The Names of Things, or liſp a ſyllable,
And not another man perform't as well?
Beſides, if others us'd not *words* as ſoon,
How was their *uſe*, and how the *profit* known?
Or how could He inſtruct the Others mind,
And make them underſtand what was deſign'd?
For *his*, being *ſingle*, neither force, nor wit
Could conquer *many* men, nor *they* ſubmit
To learn his *words*, and practiſe what was fit.
How He perſwade *thoſe* ſo unfit to hear?
Or how could *ſavage They* with patience bear
Strange *ſounds*, and *words*, ſtill *rattling* in their ear?
But now ſince *Organs* fit, ſince *Voice*, and *Tongue*,
By *Nature's* gift beſtow'd, to *Man* belong,
What wonder is it then, that *man* ſhould frame,
And give each *different Thing* a *different* Name?
Since *Beaſts* themſelves do make a *different* noiſe,
Oppreſt by pains and fear, or *brisk* with joys.
This plain Examples ſhew: when *Dogs* begin
To bend their backs, and ſhew their teeth, and grin,
VVhen *hollow murmurs ſhew deep rage within*:
Their *voice* is *different* when they bark aloud,
And with ſtrong *Roarings* fright the *trembling* croud:
And when they lick their *whelps* with tender tongue,
Or when they play, and *wanton* with their young;
Now ſeem to bite, but never chop their Jaws,
Now ſpurning, but with tender fearful Paws:
Then *flattering*, ſoft, and tender is their voice,

Far

Far different from that *grating* howling noiſe
They make, when ſhut alone, or creeping low,
Whine, as they ſtrive to ſhun the *coming* blow,
Beſide,
The *Horſe* with *different* noiſes fills the Air,
When brisk and young he neighs upon his *Mare*,
Rous'd by *ſtrong Love*; or when by fierce Alarms,
He ſnorts, and bears his *Rider* on to Arms.
Thus *Birds*, as *Hawks*, or thoſe that cut the Flood,
Make *different* noiſes as they eat their food;
Or when they fiercely fight, or when purſue
Their *trembling* prey; *each Paſſion hath a new.*
Sometimes at change of *Air* they change their voice:
Thus *Daws*, and *ominous Crows*, with various noiſe
Affright the *Farmers*, and fill all the Plain,
Now calling for *rough Winds*, and now for *Rain.*
Well then, ſince *Beaſts* and *Birds*, tho *dumb*, commence
As various *voices*, as their various *ſenſe*;
How eaſie was it then for *men* to frame,
And give each *different* Thing a *different* Name.

How Fire began.

Now for the riſe of *Fire*: Swift *Thunder* thrown
From broken *ſulphurous Clouds*, firſt brought it down;
For many things take fire, when *Lightning* flies,
And *ſulphurous Vapours* fill the lower skies:
And *Trees* when ſhaken by a *Southern* blaſt,
Grow warm, then hot, and ſo take fire at laſt;
Their branches mingling with a rude *embrace*,
Burſt into *flames*. ---

Why they dreſt their food.

And thus our *Fires* might riſe from either Cauſe.
The *Sun* firſt taught them to *prepare* their meat,
Becauſe they had obſerv'd his *quickning* heat,
Spread o're the Hills, and every *ſhady* wood,
Did ripen fruits, and make them fit for food.

Hence

Hence *various* methods they did ſtill purſue,
And chang'd their *former* life to take a *new*.
The *wiſer* and the *wittier* left the field,
And *Towns*, for ſafety, did begin to build:
By Nature, *Kings*.---
Diviſion of Lands. Then *Cattle* too was ſhar'd, and ſteddy bounds
Markt out to *every man* his proper grounds:
Each had his *proper* ſhare, each what was fit,
According to his *beauty*, *ſtrength*, or *wit*:
For *beauty* then, and *ſtrength*, had moſt command;
Thoſe had the greateſt ſhare in *Beaſts* and *Land*.
But when once *Gold* was found, the powerful Oar
Saw light, and Man gap'd after mighty ſtore;
Then *Wit* and *Beauty* were eſteem'd no more.
But *Wealth* enjoy'd their *honour*, ſeis'd their place,
The Wiſe and Beauteous bow to Fortune's Aſs.
But if *men* would live up to *Reaſons* rules,
They would not ſcrape and cringe to *wealthy* Fools;
For tis the *greateſt wealth to live content*
Againſt Ambition. *With little*, ſuch the greateſt joy reſent;
And bounteous *Fortune* ſtill affords ſupply
Sufficient for a *thrifty Luxury*.
But *Wealth* and *Power* men often ſtrive to gain,
As that could bring them eaſe, or make a Chain
To fix *unſteddy Fortune*, all in vain.
For often when they climb the *tedious way*,
And now ith' reach of top where *Honours* lay;
Quick ſtroaks from Envy, as from Thunder thrown,
Tumble the bold *aſpiring Wretches down*;
They find a Grave, who ſtrove to reach a Crown.
And thus tis better, than *proud Scepters* ſway,
To live a *quiet* Subject, and Obey.
Thoſe former *Kings* now murthered, they or'e-thrown,
The glory of the *Scepter*, and the *Crown*

De-

Decreas'd; the *Diadem*, that ſign of State,
Now wept in drops of bloud, the *Wearer's* fate,
Spurn'd by the *common feet*, who fear'd no more:
Tis ſweet to ſpurn the things we fear'd before.
Thus *Monarchy* was loſt.---
That *Sun* once ſet, a *thouſand* little *Stars*
Gave a *dim* light to *Jealouſies* and *Wars*,
While each among the *many* ſought the Throne, *Common-Wealths.*
And thought no head like his deſerv'd the Crown.
This made them ſeek for *laws*, this led their Choice
To *Rulers*; Power was given by *publick* voice.
For *men* worn out, and tir'd by conſtant ſtrife,
At laſt began to wiſh an *eaſie life*,
And ſo ſubmitted of their own accord
To *rigid* Laws, and their *elected Lord.*
For ſince each *ſingle* man, led on by rage,
Grew bloody in revenge, and ſtrove t' engage
His *Enemy*; 'twas an *unpleaſant* Age.
Hence men grew weary of *continual* wars,
Which *ſour'd* the *ſweet* of life with conſtant fears:
Becauſe *diffuſive wrong* can ſpread o're *all*,
No *ſtate* ſecure, nay oft the *wrongs* recoyl,
With double force on the Contrivers fall.
Nor can thoſe men expect to live at eaſe,
Who violate the *common* bonds of Peace.
Tho now they lie conceal'd from man and God,
They ſtill muſt fear 'twill *ſometimes* come abroad:
Since ſome *diſeas'd*, and ſome by *night* betray
The wicked *Actions* they have done by *day*;
Tho hid in *Night*, ſcarce *Hell* ſo *deep* as *They*.
Now ſing, my *Muſe*, for that's my next deſign,
Why *All* do bow to *ſomewhat* as Divine.
Why every *Nation* hath its *proper* Shrine?
Why *all* do *Temples* build? why Altars raiſe?

And

Why men think there are Gods.

And why all ſacrifice on *ſacred* Days?
How this *diffus'd*, this laſting *fame* was ſpread
Of *Power above*? Whence came that awful Dread?
That *Parent of Religion* thro the *Rout*,
Which forceth them to bow, and grow devout?
This is an eaſie task: For *new-born* Man
Juſt ſprang from *Earth* when firſt this Frame began:
Divine, and *glorious* Forms deſcending came,
And ſtroke his Mind by *Day*, by *Night* the ſame;
But then increas'd, their working *fancies* ſhow'd
Great limbs and *ſtrength*, and *fit* to make a *God*. (ſhook
And theſe they thought had *ſenſe*, becauſe they
(As fancy told) their limbs, and *proudly* ſpoke,
Their Words were all *majeſtick* as their Look.
Eternal too; becauſe a *new* ſupply,
A *conſtant* ſtream, where e're they turn'd their eye,
Of *forms* came in, and ſhew'd the *Deity*.
Nor could they think ſuch *mighty* things could fail,
Or *powerful* blows on *ſo much* ſtrength prevail,
And *Happy* too; becauſe no fear deſtroys,
No dread of *ſullen Death* corrupts their joys,
Beſide, in Dreams They often ſeem'd to do
A *Thouſand* various things, and *wonders* ſhow;
Yet never weary They, but vigorous ſtill,
Their Strength as much unbounded as their Will.
Beſides, they ſaw the *Heavens* in *order* roll,
Their *various* motion round the *ſteddy* Pole;
The Seaſons of the Year by *conſtant* laws
Run round, but knowing not the *natural* Cauſe;
They therefore thought the *Gods* muſt rule above;
Poor ſhift! and all at their *Direction* move.
In *Heaven* they plac't their ſeat, their ſtately Throne
For there the *Sun*, the *Stars*, and *various* Moon,
And *Day*, and *Night*, their *conſtant* courſes run.

An

And Hail and Rain, and thro a broaken Cloud
Swift *Lightning* flies, and *Thunder* roars aloud.
Unhappy Man, who taught, the *Gods* engage
In these; that they are subject unto rage,
A Curse to theirs, to Ours, and future Age.
What grief they brought *themselves*? to *us* what fears?
To poor *Posterity*, what sighs, and tears?
Alas, what *Piety*! Alas! tis none
To bend all cover'd to a *senseless* stone;
Lye *prostrate*, or to visit every shrine,
Or with spread Arms invoke the *powers* Divine
Before their *Temples*; whilst the Altar flows
VVith Blood of Beasts, and we make vows *on* vows:
But sure tis *Piety* to view the *Whole*,
And search *all Nature* with a *quiet* Soul.
For when we view the *Heavens*, and how the Sun
And Moon, and Stars, their constant Courses run.
Then *Doubts* that lay oppress with *other* Cares
Begin to raise their Head, and bring *new* fears.
VVe doubt; what are there *Gods* that rule above?
At whose direction the bright Stars do move?
For *Ignorance* in Causes troubles Man,
And hence we doubt if e're the VVorld began,
If't e're shall end, how long the *Orbs* shall roll,
How long the Stars run round their steddy Pole.
Or if preserv'd by Gods, can stand the rage
And powerful *Envy* of devouring Age:
Besides,
VVhat *Mind's* unshaken, and what *Soul* not aw'd
And who not thinks the *angry Gods* abroad? (hurl'd
VVhose limbs not shrink, when dreadful *Thunder*
From broken Clouds shakes the *affrighted* World?
What do not *Cityes*, do not *Nations* fear,
And think their dismal *dissolution* near?

What is Piety.

What do not *Tyrants* then, and mighty Lords
Recall their wicked deeds, and boasting words,
And fear that now *revenge* is surely come?
Do not They *Tremble* at *approaching* Doom?
Besides, when winds grow high, when *storms* encrease,
And scatter *warlike Navies* thro the Seas;
When Men for *Battle* arm'd, must now engage
A *stronger* foe, and fight the *Waters* rage:
Doth not the trembling *General* prostrate fall?
And beg a Calm o'th' Gods, or prosperous Gale?
In vain, the Storms drive on, no Offering saves;
All shipwrack't *drink cold Death* amongst the Waves.
And hence we fancy *unseen* powers in Things,
Whose force, and will, such strange Confusion brings,
And spurns, and overthrows our *greatest* Kings.
Besides, when *Earthquakes* shake this mighty Ball,
And tottering Cities fall; or seem to fall:
What then if Men, defenceless Men despise
Their own weak selves, and look with anxious Eyes,
For present help, and *pitty* from the Skies.
What wonder if they think some *Powers* controul,
And Gods with *mighty force* do rule the *Whole*?

How Metals were found.

But farther, *powerful Gold* first rais'd his head,
And *Brass*, and *Silver*, and ignoble *Lead*:
When mighty *Woods* on lofty *Mountains* grown
Felt scorching *Fires*; whether from *Thunder* thrown,
Or else by *Mans design* the Flames arose,
Who burnt the *neighbouring* Woods to *fright* their foes:
Or else delighted all with *fruitful* grounds,
They sought more *Meadows*, & enlarg'd their bounds:
Or greedy to encrease their *store* of food
And take the *Beasts*, they fir'd the shelt'ring Wood:
For thus Men *hunted* whilst no *Nets* were found;
Nor *Forrests* trembled at the *barking* Hound:

What

VVhat ever 'twas that gave these Flames their birth
Which burnt, the towring Trees, and scorcht the Earth
Hot *Streams* of *Silver*, *Gold*, and *Lead*, and *Brass*,
As Nature gave an *hollow proper* place,
Descended down, and form'd a *glittering* Mass:
This when *unhappy* Mortals chanc't to spy,
And the gay *Colour* pleas'd their *childish* Eye;
They dugg the *certain cause of Misery*.
And then observing that it *show'd* the frame,
And figure of the *Hollow* whence it came;
They thought, these *melted* would with ease receive,
What ever shapes the *Artist* pleas'd to give:
Or drawn to *breadth*, or take the *keenest* edge;
And so the *Hook* be fram'd or *subtile* Wedge:
Or other *Instruments*, all apt, and good,
To *cut*, or *cleave*, or *scrape*, or *hollow* VVood:
But *Gold* they try'd in vain; the *Metal* broak,
Or the *soft Edge* was turn'd at every stroak:
This They *contemn'd*, the blunted *Gold* despis'd,
And feeble *Silver*; *Brass* alone was priz'd:
But now the *Feeble*, and the *useless Ore*
Gets all the *Honor*; *Brass* is priz'd no more:
•Thus *Time* doth change the dignity of Things,
For some He bears away with swiftest VVings,
And hurls into contempt; brings others forth,
And gets them new, and still preserves their worth:
VVhilst *Cruelty* was not improv'd by *Art*,
And *Rage* not furnish't yet with *Sword*, and Dart:
VVith *Fists*, or *Boughs*, or *Stones* the Warriors fought,
These were the only *Weapons* Nature taught: (*ground*,
But when Flames burnt the *Trees*, and scorcht the
Then *Brass* appear'd, and *Iron* fit to wound:
Brass first was *us'd* because the *softer* Ore,
And Earth's cold Veins contain'd a *greater* store:

Thus *Braſs* did plough, and *brazen* Trumpets ſound,
Their Weapons *Braſs*; and *Braſs* gave every Wound:
Thus arm'd they did *invade* their Neighbours field,
And took his *Beaſts*, to *Arm'd* the *Naked* yield:
At laſt They melting down the *rigid* Maſs
Made *Iron* Swords, and then deſpis'd the *Braſs*;
Then They began to plough with *Iron* ſhares;
And *Iron* Weapons only us'd in *Wars*:
Thus Men firſt learn't to ride a *ſingle* Horſe,
And whilſt their ſteddy *Left hands* rul'd the Courſe;
The *Right hands* briskly fought; before they knew,
Or brought to Wars a Chariot *drawn by Two*:
Then *Four* were joyn'd; and then the Armed Carrs,
And caſtled *Elephants* were brought to Wars:
The *Moors* firſt taught them to endure the blows,
And break the *ranks*, and order of the Foes:
Thus *Rage* invented ſtill *new Arms* for fight;
New *dreadful* VVeapons ſtill, and *fit* to fright:
Some train'd the furious *Bull*, and ſome the *Bore*;
Before the *Parthian Ranks* did *Lions* roar,
VVith *armed Guides* ſent out to ſcour the Plain,
And fright the *Foes*; but theſe *deſigns* were vain:
Becauſe when *hot* in fight, They *fiercely* fall,
On *either* ſide, and *common* Foes to All:
Confus'dly *Enemies*, or *Friends* engage;
Shaking their dreadful Heads, and fir'd with *Rage*:
The *Horſes* frighted with the dreadful roar
Ran o're the Plain, and would obey no more,
The Beaſts leapt on their *Friends*, and tore their *Face*;
Or ſeis'd *behind*, and with a rude embrace
They bore their *wondring* frighted Friends to ground,
VVhilſt *Teeth* and cruel *Paws* did *doublely* wound.
The Bulls grew wild, and with deſtructive force
They *toſt*, or *trod* the *Men*, and *gor'd* the *Horſe*

VVhole

VVhole *Ranks*, and Troops fell by the furious Bore,
Their Arms yet *whole*, bluſht with their *Maſters* gore:
For tho the *Horſes* turn'd, tho oft did rear,
And ſtand aloft, and paw'd the *yeilding* Air:
Yet all in vain they ſtrove to ſhun the Wound;
Their *Nerves* all cut, they ſtrook the *ſhakeing* ground.
Thus what ſeem'd tame at *home*, grew wild again,
And *fierce*, when ſcouring o're the warlike Plain,
Their *Rage* was fir'd by *Tumult*, *Wounds*, and Noiſe,
Refus'd to hear their former *Maſters* voice:
But fled, much miſchief done, as furious Bulls,
VVhen the *weak Ax* deſcends, nor breaks their Skulls,
They ſtart, and fright the Prieſt, and bellowing loud
Run frantick round, and gore the *Pious* croud:
'Tis ſafer far to ſay that this was done
In *ſome* of *All* the VVorlds, than fix't on *One*:
Yet I can ſcarce believe but that They knew,
Before their ſad *experience* prov'd it true,
The Ills of Theſe; but that the *weaker* ſide
The various methods of *Confuſion* try'd,
Not hoping to ſubdue; but bring fierce woes,
And *grief*, and *pains* upon their *ſtronger* foes.

But more, the *Garments* by the *Antients* worn — *How Garments.*
VVere ſown with tender *twigs*, or pinn'd with *Thorn*;
Before they learn't to *weave*; the *Wheel*, the *Round*,
Whilſt rigid *Iron* lay within the ground,
Were All *unknown*, Thoſe Things, did firſt begin
When that appear'd, and *Men* learn't firſt to ſpin:
Becauſe the Witts of Men are finer far
And fitter to invent than Womens are:
Till *laught* and jeer'd at by the *ruder* Swains,
They taught the *Women*; They manur'd the *Plains*,
And hardned all their limbs with *rougher* Pains.
Nature firſt taught them how to *plant* and *ſow*; — *How Men ſow'd.*

For

For They obſerv'd that *falling Seeds* did grow;
They ſaw Them *fixt*, and bound to *ſteddy* roots
Then *riſe* and *ſpread*, and promiſe *noble* fruits:
Then ſome began to *graft*, and *till* the field,
And found the *Trees* a better *burthen* yield,
When dreſt with Care, and in a richer ſoyl;
The Fruits *encreaſt* and *did reward* their toyl:
They forc't the *cumbring* Wood to narrow bounds,
Enlarging ſtill their *Corn*, and *paſture* grounds;
The *Tyrant* Wood that all the *Plains* did fill,
Was now *confin'd* unto the *barren* Hill;
And left the *Vales* to *Olive*, *Corn*, and Vine,
Thro which *ſmooth* ſtreams in fair *Meanders* twine,
Now kiſs the *tender* roots with *wanton* play,
Now flow again, enriching all their way:
Such *beauteous* pride did All the Vallies ſhow,
So taking pretty, as our *Gardens* now,
Where *fruitful* Trees in *decent* Order grow:
How Sing. Thro all the Woods They heard the charming noiſe
ing. Of chirping Birds; and try'd to frame their voice,
And *imitate*; thus *Birds* inſtructed *Man*,
And taught them *Songs*, before their *Art* began:
And whilſt ſoft *Evening* gales blew o're the Plains,
And ſhook the *ſounding* Reeds, they taught the Swains,
And thus the *Pipe* was fram'd, and tuneful Reed,
And whilſt the tender Flocks *ſecurely* feed,
The *harmleſs* Shepherds tun'd their *Pipes* to Love,
And *Amaryllis* ſounds in every Grove:
Thus *Time*, and thus *ſagacious* Men produce,
A Thouſand Things, or for *delight*, or *uſe*: (pleaſe
These charm'd the Swains, and These were wont to
When Feaſts were done, for then All ſeek for eaſe;
Then underneath a loving Mirtle's ſhade,
Cloſe by a purling ſtream ſupinely laid,

When

When ſpring with gawdy flowers the Earth had ſpread,
And ſweeteſt Roſes grew around their head:
Envied by *Wealth*, and *Power*, with *ſmall* expence,
They oft enjoy'd the vaſt *delights* of ſenſe:
Then *laughing*, merry *jeſts*, and *wanton* play,
And Tales began, *As once upon a day*:
Then pleaſant *Songs* they ſang, and *wanton* grown,
Each pluckt, and bound his *Flowers*, and made a Crown:
And with *uneven* ſteps they *danc't* around; (
Their *heavy* leaps ſtill ſhook the *trembling* ground:
Whilſt all the *idle Croud* that flock't to view
Laught much, becauſe the *Tricks* ſeem'd *ſtrange* and *new*:
And thus they paſt the *day* in *gay* delight,
And *watch't*, and fed their tender Flocks by *Night*;
No need of *Sleep*, that want the *Songs* ſupply,
The noiſe chac't Morpheus from their willing Eye.
These *now* our *Wantons* uſe; with toyl and pain,
They learn to dance in *meaſure*; all in vain.
For theſe can reap no *joy*, no more content
Than what theſe *Earth-born* Swains did firſt reſent:
For whilſt we know no *better*, but poſſeſs
A preſent good, it doth *extreamly* pleaſe:
The *later* good our *varying* Thoughts employs;
And We contemn the guſt of *former* joys:
Thus Man deſpiſ'd their antient eaſy Food,
Their Acorns, and their Apples of the Wood:
When *Cloaths* were found, and other *coverings* ſpread,
They ſcorn'd their *Skins* of Beaſts, and *graſſy* bed:
The Skins of Beaſts, which ſure the *firſt* that found
Not long enjoy'd; but by a treacherous wound
He fell; ſo highly then, the now deſpis'd,
Contemn'd, neglected Skins of Beaſts were priz'd:
Then Men did fight for *Skins*, thoſe rais'd their Cares,
But *Gold* and *Purple now* are cauſe of VVars:

The

The fault is *ours*, for *they* could only find
These *Skins* as *Cloaths* against the *Cold* and *Wind*;
But now what harm if none go proudly dreſt
In *Cloth of Gold*, or an *embroidred* Veſt,
Since *meaner* Garments yield as much defence
'Gainſt *Wind* and *Cold*; as much preſerve the Senſe?
Then wretched Mans endeavours are in vain;
They fruitleſsly conſume their years in pain,
Not knowing how to *uſe*, nor how to *meaſure*
Their boundleſs *Wiſh*; nor *height* of *real* pleaſures:
This drives them on into a *Sea* of Cares,
And the deſtructive *rage*, and ſtorms of VVars:
The *Sun* ſtill running round his yearly race
Shew'd all the *ſeaſons* turn'd by conſtant cauſe,
By *certain* order rul'd, and ſteddy Lawes;
Some liv'd in *Caſtles* then, ſome built a *Town*,
And *Land* divided, each enjoy'd his *own*:
Then *mighty* Ships driven by th' *labouring* Wind
Flew o're the *Seas*, and *diſtant Nations* joyn'd;
Whilſt *Leagues* and *Bonds* the *neighbouring* Towns
Then *Letters* found, and the *Poetick* rage (combind;
Firſt told the Noble *Actions* of the Age:
But all *beyond* lies hid in *diſmal* Night,
And only ſeen by *powerful Reaſons* Light:
Thus *Ships*, thus *Cloaths*, thus *Wine*, and *Oyl* began,
And *Towns*, the *comforts* and *ſupports* of Man;
But *better'd* all, to due *perfection* brought,
By *ſearching* Witts from long *experience* taught,
Thus *Time*, and thus *ſagacious* Men produce
A *Thouſand* Things, or for *delight*, or *uſe*:
For one Thing known, doth *vigorous* Light impart
For farther ſearch, and leads to *Height* of Art.

The End of the Fifth Book.

LUCRETIUS

THE SIXTH BOOK.

Athens first gave us *Laws*, and chang'd our *Food*,
For *Acorns* tender *fruit*, and *Corn* bestow'd
On *wretched* Man; *Each was a mighty good*:
But *then* she taught us how to live at ease,
She taught the joys of *Life*, and shew'd us Peace:
When *Epicurus* rose, when *He* began,
That *Oracle* of Truth, that *more* than Man:
The *fame* of whose *Inventions* still surviv'd,
And rais'd an everlasting *Pyramid*,
As *High* as Heaven the *Top*, as *Earth* the *Basis* wide:
For He observing *some* that could supply
Contented Nature's *thrifty Luxury*;
Happy in *Honours*, and in *Wealths* embrace;
And *doublely happy* in a noble race:
Still groan'd at home, with *Cares*, and *Fears* oppress,
Each found a sad *disturber* in his Breast:
Imagin'd streight some *fault* lay hid in *Man*,
Whence this *Corruption* of the joys began:
Because his *Wish* is *boundless*, *vast* his Mind,
The *Goods* ran *thro*, and left no *sweet* behind:
Or else some ill *Opinion* still destroys
The entering *Good*, and *sours* all his joys:

The praise of Epicurus

Then *He*, the *Mighty He* by *powerful* rules
And true *Philoſophy* reform'd our Souls;
He purg'd away all *vain*, and *empty* Care (*fear*:
And taught what man ſhould *hope*, what Man ſhould
The *End* at which our Actions aim, He ſhow'd,
And taught an *eaſy* way to find the Good;
What We from *Chance*, or *Nature's* force may fear,
And taught us how t' avoid, or how to bear:
And prov'd that Man is *fondly* vext with care:
For *We*, as *Boys* at *Night*; at *Day* do fear
Shadows, as *vain* too, and *ſenſeleſs* as *thoſe* are
Wherefore that Darkneſs that o'reſpreads our Souls
Day can't diſperſe, but thoſe *eternal* Rules
Which from firm *Premiſes* true Reaſon draws,
And a deep inſight into *Natures* Laws.
And therefore I'le proceed; Now ſince the *Sky*,
And all that is, or can be fram'd on high,
Is *Mortal*, once was *made*, and once muſt *dye*:
Since this is prov'd; Now I'le go farther on,
And finiſh this ſo *happily* begun.
The various *Wonders* of the *lower* Air
Perplex Mens *doubtful* thoughts with vexing Care;
And make the Wretches *bend* with *ſlaviſh* fear:
For *Ignorance of Cauſes* heaves the Mind
To *Powers above*; *As Birds fly high when Blind*:
We ſee *Effects*, but when their *Cauſes* lye
Beyond the ken of *vulgar Reaſon's* eye;
They are aſcrib'd unto the *Deity*.
For e'en thoſe few *exalted* Souls that know
The *Gods* muſt live at *eaſe*, not look below;
If They *look up*, and view the *World* above,
And wonder how thoſe *glorious Beings* move,
They are intrapt, They bind their *ſlaveiſh* chain,
And ſink to their *Religious* fears again:

And

And then the *World* with *Heavenly Tyrants* fill,
Whose *force* is as *unbounded* as their *Will*:
Deluded Ignorants! who ne're did see
By *Reasons* Light, what *can*, what *cannot* be:
How *all* at last must yield to *fatal* force,
What steddy *bounds* confine their *Natural* Course:
Thus greatly Err; If *you* refuse to fly
Such thoughts, *unworthy* of the Deity;
But think they *act such things* as *break* their ease,
And *opposite* to joy, and *happyness*:
Then thou shalt surely *smart*, and fancying still
The *Gods* are *angry* fear a *comeing* ill:
Tho no *revengeful thoughts* their Minds employ,
No *Thirst* to punish Man disturbs their joy;
Yet Thou dost think their *happy quiet* age
Still vext with *wakeing* Cares, and *violent* rage.
Nor shalt thou visit on the sacred days
Their *Shrines* with *quiet* Mind, or sing their *praise*:
Besides, the *Images*, the forms that rise
From their *pure limbs*, and strike thy *Reason's* eyes,
And constantly present the *Deityes*,
Those *Images* will still *disturb* thy Mind,
Strike *deep*, and *wound*, and leave *despair* behind:
And then how *sad* thy life? what *pungent* cares,
Will vex thy *wretched* Soul? what *anxious* fears?
But now to chace these *Phantoms* out of sight
By the plain *Magick* of *true Reason's* light,
Tho I have sung a *Thousand Things* before,
My *labouring Muse* must sing a *Thousand* more, *The Subject.*
How *Thunder*, *Storm*, and how *swift Lightning* flies
Singeing with *fiery* Wings the *wounded* Skies:
Lest *Superstitious You* observe the Flame;
If those quick Fires from *lucky quarters* came,
Or with *sad Omen fell*, and how They burn

Thro *cloſeſt* Stones, and waſt, and then return:
And you my *ſweeteſt Muſe* come lead me On,
I'me eager, and 'tis time that I was gone:
Come lead me On, and ſhow the *Path* to gain
The *race*, and *glory* too, and *Crown* my pain.

Of Thunder. First then, the *dreadful Thunder* roars aloud,
When *fighting* Winds drive *heavy Cloud* on *Cloud*:
For where the *Heaven* is *clear*, the *Skie ſerene*,
No dreadful *Thunder's* heard, no *Lightning* ſeen:
But where the *Clouds* are *thick*, There *Thunders* riſe,
The furious Infant's born, and ſpeaks, and dies:
Now *Clouds* are not ſo *thick*, ſo cloſe combin'd,
As *Stones*, nor yet ſo *thin*, ſo far refin'd
As riſing *Miſts*, or ſubtle *Smoak*, or *Wind*:
For then the *upper* Clouds like weighty Stone
VVould fall abruptly, and come *tumbling* down:
Or elſe *diſperſe* like *Smoak*, and ne're encloſe
The hanging drops of Rain, nor Hail, nor Snows:
They give the *Crack*, as o're a Theater
Vaſt *Curtains* ſpread, are *ruffled* in the Air,
Or torn, (for *ſuch a ſound* is often known
From Thunders Crack) They give a *mighty* groan:
Or as *ſpread* Cloaths, or Sheets of *Paper* fly
Before the *Wind*, and rattle o're the Sky.
But Clouds not meet *directly* ſtill, but ſlide:
And rudely grate each others *injur'd* ſide:
And hence that *buzzing* noiſe we often hear,
That with *harſh Murmurs* fills the lower Air:
Continues long, but with a *ſofter* ſound,
At length it *gathers ſtrength*, and *breaks* the bound.
But more, the *Thunder* arm'd with *pointed* flame,
May ſeem to *ſhake* the VVorld; and *break* the frame;
VVhen e're a *fierce*, a *ſtrong*, and *furious* VVind
In *narrow*, *thick*, and *hollow* Clouds confind,

Breaks

Breaks thro the *Priſon* with a *mighty* Noiſe,
And ſhouts at *Liberty* with dreadful voice:
Nor is this ſtrange; when *one poor breath* of Air,
That ſtarts from *broken Bladders*, ſounds ſo far.
But more, tis *Reaſon* too that Noiſe ſhould riſe,
When *violent* Storms rage o're the *lower* Skies,
For *Thouſand* Clouds appear, *rough*, *cloſe combin'd*,
And *thick*, and able to *reſiſt* the Wind;
Thus *Noiſe* muſt riſe, as when the *Woods* they wound
The *injur'd* Boughs ſigh forth a *mournful* ſound:
They often *cut* the *Clouds*, and paſſing thro,
With murmuring Sounds fill all the Air below:
For that the Winds may *break* the Clouds, and fly
Thro all *reſiſtance* in the lower Sky,
Tis eaſy to diſcover, ſince they *break*
And twiſt *our* Trees, yet *here* their *force* is *weak*.
Beſides vaſt waves of Clouds ſeem roul'd above,
And in confus'd, and tumbling order move;
Theſe meeting *ſtrike*, and break, and loudly roar,
As *Billows* daſhing on the *trembling* ſhore.
Or elſe *hot Thunder* falls on Rain, or Snow,
Or quench't, or *hiſſes* as it paſſeth thro:
As when We quench a *glowing* Maſs, the fires
Fly off with *noiſe*, with noiſe the *Flame* expires:
But if the Cloud is *dry*, and *Thunder* fall,
A *crackling Blaze* doth riſe, and ſpread o're all;
As when *fierce Fires* preſt on by Winds do ſeize
Our *Laurel* groves, and waſt the *Virgin* Trees:
The Leaves all crackle; *She that fled the chaſe*
Of Phœbus Love, ſtill flies the Flame's embrace:
Or elſe vaſt *Hills* of *Hail*, and *Rocks* of *Ice*
May *break*, and tumbling *rattle* thro the Skies:
For when rough Storms *conjoyn* the parts of Hail,
Or ſcatter'd Ice, their *weight* muſt make them fall.

Quick

Lightning.

Quick *Lightning* flies when *heavy* Clouds ruſh on,
And ſtrike, as *Steel* and *Flint*, or *Stone* and *Stone*,
For then *ſmall ſparks* appear, and ſcatter'd light
Breaks *ſwiftly* forth, and *wakes* the *ſleepy* Night:
The *Night amaz'd begins to haſt away*,
As if theſe Fires were Beams of comeing day.

why we ſee the Light, *before we hear the* Sound.

And firſt we *ſee* the *Light*, and then We *hear*
The *Noiſes*, thoſe but *ſlowly* reach the Ear;
Becauſe the *Images* of Things do fly
More ſwift than *Sounds*, and quickly ſtrike the Eye:
One *Inſtance* clears it; for obſerve, and ſee
When e're a *cruel* Ax doth *wound* a Tree,
The Tree ſtreight *ſighs*; but if at *diſtance* ſhown,
We *ſee* the *ſtroak*; before we *hear* the *groan*:
So whilſt the *Noiſe* moves *ſlow*, the *winged* light
Flies *ſwiftly* on, and ſtrikes the *diſtant* ſight:
Tho both aroſe at *once*, that moves the *Eyes*,
Before the *ſlow Tongued* Thunder ſpeaks, and dies.
But more, a *Cloud* ſeems *fir'd*, a Tempeſt brings
Swift *trembling* flames upon his *dreadful* Wings,
When ſhut *within a Cloud*, it ſcorns the bound,
And ſtrives to break, and whirls, and tumbles round;
And whirling *hollows* out the *Watry* frame,
At laſt *grows hot*, takes Fire, and breaks in flame:
For Motion cauſes Heat, thus Balls of Lead
When fiercely thrown, have melted as they fled:
This Wind grown *hot*, when loos'd from *cold* embrace
Of preſſing *Clouds*, and gets a larger place,
It ſcatters ſparks of fire, which *briskly* fly,
And ſpread *quick Lightning* o're the lower Sky:
Then the *grave Murmur* comes, the *Light* appears,
Before the *heavy ſound* can reach our Ears.

Clouds very thick

Now this is done, when *Cloud* lies heap't on *Cloud*
Thence *Lightning* flies, and *Thunder* roars aloud;

No

Nor muſt you disbelieve; becauſe the Eye
When plac't *below*, ſees *Clouds* more *broad*, than *high*:
For look, and ſee the *labouring* Winds do bear
Vaſt *Mountain* Clouds, and whirl them thro the Air,
The labouring Winds do move but ſlowly on,
And as oppreſt with burthens ſigh, and groan:
Or when upon a Mountains *lofty* head,
We ſee the *higher* Clouds o're *lower* ſpread;
And tho the Winds all huſh't, they ceaſe to move,
Yet ſtill the *low* are preſt by thoſe *above*:
Then You may gueſs their *bulk*, how *high* they rear,
How vaſt theſe *real Caſtles built in Air*:
How *great*, how *ſtrong* their *Hollows*, where the Wind
Shut up, grows fierce and ſcorns to be confind,
But roars thro all the *Clouds*, as Beaſts diſdain
The Dens confinement, and the ſlaviſh chain;
And *roar* to get their *Liberty* again:
And *ſeeking* way rouls round the *watry* frame,
And gathers *numerous* Seeds of ſubtle flame;
And theſe it whirls, until the *ſhineing* Streams
Break thro the *Cloud*, and ſhow their *feeble* Beams.
But more, theſe *glaring* Fires, theſe Flames may riſe,
And fall to Earth thro all the *Spatious* Skies;
Becauſe the Clouds hold *numerous* parts of light,
For if they're *dry* their Colour's *fiery* bright;
For they muſt catch, and hold *deſcending* rays,
And thus look *fiery Red*, and often blaze:
Theſe preſt by Winds to narrow place retire,
And ſcatter Seeds that frame the *glareing* fire.
But farther, often *Lightning* ſeems to glide
When Clouds grow *rare*, for as the Winds divide;
The Clouds muſt loſe their Seeds, thoſe ſhow the Fire,
But without *Thunder*, *ſilently* expire.
But now, what Seeds the *Thunders* parts compoſe, Thunder is Their Fire.

Their *Stroak*, their *Marks*, and *ſulphurous Odor* ſhows,
For Theſe are ſigns of *Fire*, not *Wind*, or *Rain*,
Nay oft they burn our *Towns*, and Men complain
Of *Heavenly Fires*, and *angry Gods* in vain.
Now theſe *Celeſtial* fires are fram'd above,
Of Parts *refin'd*, and *Thin*, and *apt to move*:
Too *ſtrong* to be *oppos'd*, they ſcorn a bound,
And paſs thro *cloſeſt* Walls, as *Voice*, and *Sound*;
They fly with eaſe thro *Stone*, thro *Gold*, and *Braſs*
And in *one Inſtant* melt the *ſtubborn* Maſs.
Nay oft the *Cask intire*, the *Liquors* flow,
Becauſe the *pointed* flames with ſecret blow
Do *widen all the Pores* in paſſing thro:
VVhich yet the *Sun* with all his beams, and rage,
And all his *fires*, can't do within an Age:
So *quick* theſe *parts* muſt move, ſo ſwift they run,
So much excel in *force* the vigorous *Sun*.

why Thunder is ſo ſtrong.

Now how this force *begins*, how *Thunder* flies
VVith that *quick ſtrength*, whence theſe *fierce* Motions (riſe
That break our *Towers*, and our *Towns* infeſt,
Demoliſh Houſes, ruine *Man*, and *Beaſt*:
That ſplit our *Trees*, and rage o're all the *Wood*,
I'le now explain; and make my *Promiſe* good.

Firſt then, tis certain *Thunder* ſeems to fly
From *dark*, *thick* Clouds, and thoſe built *vaſtly high*,
For when the *ſmiling* Heaven's *ſerene*, and *clear*,
Or *thinly* Clouded, we no *Thunder* hear:
But now e'en *Senſe* aſſures, no ſmiles adorn,
No *Skie's ſerene*, whilſt mighty *Thunder's* born,
But a thick Cloud o'reſpreads Heavens *threatning* face,
As if the ſhades of *Hell*, had left their place,
And fill'd the *archea* Skies, ſo *thick* the Night,
So *dark* the horrid *Clouds*, and ſo affright.
Beſides, at Sea dark *Clouds* do often fall,

As

As ſtreams of *flowing Pitch*, and ſpread o're all;
Far from the *darkned* Sky, and ſwoln with rain,
And *Storms*, they draw *behind* a dreadful Train
Of *Thunder Cracks*, which rage o're all the Main:
E'en *we on Earth* all ſhake, with terror aw'd;
We ſeek for *ſhelter* all, nor *peep* abroad:
Well then theſe *Clouds* that ſpread o're all the Sky
Muſt needs be *thick*, and all built *vaſtly high*;
For, elſe they could not ſtop *deſcending* light,
Nor check the *Rays*, and bring ſo *thick* a Night:
Nor ſuch great *Floods*, and ſo much *water* yield,
As ſwell our *Streams*, and ſpread o're every field.
Theſe *Winds*, and *Fires*, when ſpread o're all the Skies,
Thence *Thunder* roars, and *winged Lightning* flies,
For I have taught before, that *Clouds* contain
A mighty ſtore of *fire*, and much they gain
From the *Suns heat*, and the deſcending Rayes;
Theſe when the *Wind* hath driven to *narrow* place,
And ſqueez'd much fire from the *watry* ſtame,
And *cloſely* mixes with the *gather'd* flame,
It *whirls*, and then within the *Cloud* retires,
And tumbling *forges* there, and *points* the fires:
This by the *rapid whirl*, or *neighbouring* ray
Is *fir'd*, for *flame* is rais'd by either way:
Thus when the Wind *grows hot*, ſtill whirls around,
Or when the *furious* Flame breaks o're the bound,
Then *Thunder* fit for birth *diſſolves* the Cloud,
And ſhows the *glareing* Fires, and roars aloud:
The *Heavens* crack as if the *Orbs* would fall,
And *feeble* fear and *tremblings* ſeize on all:
Then *Showers*, as if the *Air* was chang'd to *Rain*,
Fall ſwiftly down, and threaten *Floods* again,
So great the *Thunder* Storms, as if they came
From the *revengeful Clouds* to quench the Flame.

Sometimes *External Winds* the Clouds divide,
And break wide *Caverns* in the injur'd ſide:
Thro theſe the *Infant* Thunder makes its way,
Theſe Winds *call forth the* Flames, and *They Obey.*
And ſometimes too a Wind *unkindled* flies,
But *kindles* in its paſſage thro the Skies:
Loſing ſome *heavy* parts they us'd to bear,
Which could not *ſwiftly* cut the middle Air;
And *gathering* Others of *convenient* frame
Which *joyn*, and *fly* with them, and raiſe the Flame:
As *Balls* of Lead when ſhot with *mighty* force,
Their *ſtubborn*, their *ungentle* parts divorce,
And *ſoftned* melt ith' middle of their Courſe.
Sometimes the *fury* of the *Blow* may raiſe
Quick *ſparks* of fire, and make a mighty blaze;
For by the *Stroak*, *ſmall ſtreams* of Light may ſpring
Both from the *Striking*, and the *injur'd* Thing:
As from *cold Flint and Steel* bright ſparks appear,
They fly the *blow*, and *leap* to *open* Air:
And thus the *Clouds*, if of *convenient* frame,
May well be *kindled* and diſſolve in flame:
Nor can the *Winds* be *cold*, becauſe they move
Thro ſuch *vaſt ſpace*, ſtill tumbling from above,
For if not *kindled* by the Flames they meet,
Yet ſure they muſt come *warm* with *mingled* heat.

The force of Thunder. The *Thunder's* force comes thus: For whilſt it lay
Confin'd in Clouds, it ſtrove to *break* a way;
At laſt *prevails*, and flies with *mighty* force,
And hence ſo great the ſtrength, ſo ſwift the Courſe:
As mighty *Weights* from *ſtrong Baliſta* thrown,
Which break the *Walls*, and ſhake the *frighted* Town.
Beſides, its parts are *ſmall*, and *quick* the blows,
And therefore meets with *Nothing* can oppoſe;
No *ſtops* can hinder, and no *lets* can ſtay,

The

The *closeſt* Pores will yield an *open* way:
And *hence* it flies with ſuch a *mighty* force;
And *hence*, ſo *great* the ſtrength, ſo *quick* the Courſe.
Beſides, all *Weights* by *Nature* downward go,
But when that *motion* is encreas't by *blow*,
The *Swiftneſs*, and the *Force* muſt needs increaſe,
And break whatever dares *reſiſt*, with eaſe;
Laſtly, ſince They ſo *large a ſpace* do run,
Their *Swiftneſs* muſt encreaſe in tumbling down;
For *Motions* ſtill encreaſing run their race,
And all by *odd proportions* mend their pace:
Or all the Seeds *direct* their violent Courſe,
And ſtrike *one part* with their *united* force:
Or elſe, as thro the *Air* they ſwiftly rove,
Meet parts which ſtrike, and make them *ſwifter* move.
And when that *Pores receive* the ſubtle fire, *Why* Thunder *melts hard* Bodies
The force *flies thro*, the thing remains *entire*;
But when it ſtrikes the *Subſtance*, then the Maſs
Is broken, thus it melts *ſtrong Gold*, and *Braſs*;
Becauſe its parts are *thin*, and quickly fly,
And enter in, and ſoon *diſſolve* the Tye.
Now *Spring* and *Autumn* frequent *Thunders* hear, *Why* Thunder *frequent in* Spring *and* Autum;
They ſhake the *riſing*, and the *dying* year:
For *Winter* yields not *Heat enough*, the Wind
Flies *Cold*; In *Summer*, Clouds are too *reſin'd*:
But in theſe *middle* Quarters all concur,
All *cauſes* joyn to make the *Thunder* roar:
Becauſe theſe *Seaſons*, *Heat*, and *Cold* engage;
Both *neceſſary* Things for *Thunder's* rage:
That parts may *diſagree*, and raiſe a *War*,
And *Fires*, and *rapid Whirls* diſturb the *Air*:
For firſt the *Spring* within its bounds doth hold
The *comeing*, *Heat* and the *retiring Cold*;
And therefore theſe *two parts* thus oppoſite,

When joyn'd, and mixt must *strive*, and fiercely fight:
But then in *Autumn* Summer's flames retreat,
And *coming Winter* fights the flying Heat:
These are the *troubled* Seasons of the Year;
The times that *Elements* go forth to War;
What wonder then if *frequent Thunder* flies,
If *frequent* Storms disturb the *lower* Skies;
Since fighting, all in *doubtful Wars* engage;
Here *Heat*, and *Flames*, there *Cold*, and *Waters* rage.
And hence we know the *Nature* of the Flame,
And how it works, and whence the *Fury* came;
But not by reading *Thuscan Books* inquire
The *Gods designs* by this *Celestial* fire;
Observe the *moving flame* and thence presage
The *Kindness* of the *Gods*, or *coming* rage:
Or if the Clouds in *lucky Quarters* swell,
And *Thunder* breaks, or with *sad omen* fell:
And hence We know how its *quick force* doth pass
Thro *closest* Stones; and *melt*, or *break* the Mass:
What drives *swift Lightning* on, and makes it flow;
And all the harm *Celestial flames* can do.
For if These Bolts where thrown by *Gods* above,
Or if they were the *proper Arms* of *Jove*,
Why do the *dareing Wicked still* provoke,
VVhy still *Sinon* secure from *Thunder's* stroke?
VVhy are not such shot thro, and place't on high,
As sad examples of Impiety,
That Men may sin no more, no more defy?
And why doth *heedless Lightning* blast the *Good*,
And break his *bones*, or *cruddle* all his blood?
VVhy *Good* and Pious *Men* these Bolts endure
And *Villains* live, and see their fall secure?
VVhy do they throw them o're a *desert* Plain,
Why thro the *empty Woods*, and toyl in vain?

VVhat?

VVhat? is't to try their *ſtrength*, or is't in play
The *Wantons* ſport, and throw *Joves* Bolts away?
Or why the ſenſeleſs Rocks They *idlely* wound?
VVhy blunt Their *Fathers* Bolts againſt the ground?
Or why He ſuffer this, why not prepare,
And keep his *uſeful Arms* for times of War?
Leſt ſome *Gigantick Impious Rebels* riſe,
And *unprovided He* ſhould loſe the *Skies*:
VVhy when the *Heaven* is clear no Thunder flies?
VVhat? when thick heavy Clouds ſpread o're the Skies
Doth He *deſcend* to take the *ſurer* Aim
At *nearer* diſtance then, and *dart* the flame?
VVhy ſtrike the *Floods*? what mean ſuch *Bolts* as theſe?
VVhat? is't to check the *fury* of the Seas?
Poor weak deſign! the *troubled* waters roar,
And vext by *whirling Flames* they rage the more:
Beſide, *This Jove* is *willing* Men ſhould fly
Theſe Bolts, or *not*: if willing, tell me why
The Thunder is too *ſubtle* for our Eye:
If not, why doth he *ſhow* the *threatning* light,
And why *o're ſpread* the *Heavens* with *Clouds* and *Night*,
And make a *Noiſe*, and give us *time* for flight?
Beſides how can theſe Flames at *once* be thrown
To *different* parts? or is it never done?
Doth *Jove* at *once* throw but a *ſingle* one?
Fond Fancy! for as *Rain*, ſo *Lightning* flies
To *many* parts at *once*, and breaks the Skies:
Beſides, why doth he beat the *Temples* down,
Thoſe of His *fellow Gods*, and of his *own*,
VVhy doth He *hurt*, and *break* the *Sacred* Stone?
Why break the curious Statue, ſpoyl the grace,
And wound with fiery Bolts the ſacred face?
VVhy doth he ſeldom ſtrike the *humble* Plain?
But blunts his *fires* on *Hills* and *Rocks* in vain?

And

Fiery Whirlwinds. And hence tis known how *fiery Whirle-winds* riſe,
How they deſcend, and cut the *threatning* Skies;
For often *dark*, and *heavy Clouds* encreaſe,
And *Pillar*-like deſcend, and *reach* the *Seas*:
Whilſt all around the *troubled Ocean* raves,
Fierce Winds ſtill blow, and raiſe the *boyling* Waves:
And all the Ships in reach of *danger* toſt,
Are whirl'd with *rapid* turns, and *wrack't*, and loſt:
This happens when the *tumbling Winds* that lay
Confin'd in Clouds, *too weak* to force a way
Did drive it down, for then by *ſlow* degrees
As if ſome *Hand*, or *Arm above* did preſs,
The *Pillar Clouds* deſcend, and reach the Seas:
When this *divides*, the *ruſhing* Winds engage
The *Flood*, and make the VVaters *boyl*, and *rage*:
For then the *Whireling* Winds deſcend, and bear
The thick, *tough*, *heavy Cloud* thro all the Air;
But when they reach the Sea, they break their bound,
And mingle with the waves, and *whirleing* round
VVith dreadful noiſe the *furious Billows* raiſe,
And *light* the VVaters with a *mighty* blaze. (Air,

Whirle-winds. Sometimes the *whirleing* VVind might *whisk* the
And gathering parts of *Clouds* that wander there,
Might *hollow* out it ſelf a watry frame,
All like a *Preſſer* but without the flame,
From theſe as VVombs, fierce *Whirle-winds* take their (birth,
And *Impiouſly* torment their *Parent* Earth:
But ſince at *Land* the *Hills* muſt ſtop their way,
Theſe Storms are oftner ſeen at *open* Sea.

Clouds. Now *Clouds* combine, and ſpread o're all the Sky,
VVhen little *ruggid parts* aſcend on high;
VVhich may be twin'd, tho by a *feeble* tye
Theſe make *ſmall Clouds*, which driven on by *Wind*
To *other like and little Clouds* are joyn'd;

And

And these encrease by *more*, at last they form
Thick *heavy Clouds*, and thence proceeds a *Storm*.
And thus the *lofty Hills* may seem to yield
More *Mists* and *Vapours* than the *humble* field,
Because when *thin* and *little Mists* arise,
Not *thickned* yet, and wander o're the Skies,
All too *refin'd*, and *subtile* for our Eyes:
The *Winds* do drive them to the *Mountains* head,
And there the *Thin* and *Airy* covering spread,
Which thickning round the *Top*, there first appear,
And seem to rise from *that*, and fill the Air.
But farther on, the *Seas* give vast supplies,
From those the mighty stores of *Vapors* rise;
For *Cloaths* grow *wet* expanded near the Shore,
The drops arise, and stand in every Pore:
And therefore from the *deep*, and *spatious* Floods
Great Stores of *Mists* may rise, and frame the Clouds.
Besides, the *Earth*, and *Rivers* urg'd by heat
Do breath *soft Mists*, and numerous *Vapours* sweat,
Which joyn, and make *thick Clouds*, and stop the light,
And stain the *glorious* Skies with *suddain* Night.
Beside, the *vigorous* Rayes with *constant* blows
Still beat them on the back, and press them close.
Beside, *external Matter* gives supplies,
And Seeds of Clouds which spread o're all the Skies:
For I have prov'd the *Mass immense*, the Space
Is *infinite* and knows no *lowest* place,
And how the *Atoms* thro the *Vacuum* rove,
How quick they measure Space, and how They move,
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The Motion, having no account so small:
Well then, no wonder *suddain Storms* should rise,
And hasty Night spread o're the *lower* Skies.
Since from the *Mass* still vast supplies are hurl'd

Thro

Thro every *Pore*, and *paſſage* of the World:
And linger here, and joyn; or break the Chain,
And fly thro the *divided* Skies again.

Rain. Now Sing my Muſe, how *Rain* is ſpread o're all,
How *watry Clouds* are joyn'd, and *Showers* fall:
Firſt with the *Clouds* moiſt *ſtreams* of *Vapours* riſe
From every Thing, and ſpread o're all the Skies:
And as in Man, the moiſture, Sweat, and Blood
Grows with the Limbs, encreaſing with the Cloud:
And oft as *Winds* do *whirl* them o're the Main,
The *Clouds*, like *Wool*, do dip themſelves in Rain;
To ſhake their *Fleeces* o're the Earth again:
The *Rivers*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*, when ſtir'd by heat
Breath forth *ſoft Miſts*, and numerous *Vapors* ſweat:
Theſe *riſe*, and *ſit* in Clouds; and there combin'd,
Or by the *Ambient* Cold, or *driving* Wind,
And then deſcend becauſe the *Winds* divide,
Or elſe the Clouds contract their *injur'd* ſide,
Or elſe the *upper* Clouds preſs thoſe *below*
And ſqueeze the *Water* out, and make it flow.
And when the Wind makes thin the *Watry* frame,
Or *Rayes* cut thro it with a *vigorous* flame,
The *Rain* breaks forth, the *injur'd* Cloud appears
Like *melted* running *Wax*, and drops in *Tears*.

Storms. But when the *Wind* with *higher Clouds* agrees,
And with united force begins to ſqueeze;
When Both do preſs the *Cloud* ſwoln big with *rain*
Then *Storms* deſcend, and beat the *humble* plain.

conſtant Showers. Then *conſtant Showers*, when *watry* Clouds that lye
On one anothers back, receive ſupply
From every quarter of the *lower* Sky:
And when the *thirſty* Earth hath drunk the rain,
And throws it up in *Vapours* back again.

Rain-bow. And when the *Adverſe* Suns bright Beauties flow

And

And ſtrike *thick* Clouds, they paint the gawdy bow.
And how the other *Meteors* riſe and fall,
What *ſtamps* the figur'd *Snow*, and *moulds* the *Hail*,
And why the *Waters Pride*, and *Beautie's* loſt;
When *rigorous* Winter binds the Floods with Froſt,
Tis eaſy to conceive, if once we know
The Nature of the *Elements*, or how
Their *fighting Powers* work, or what They doe:
And next of Earthquakes. ------
Firſt then, you muſt ſuppoſe the *Earth* contains
Some *Seeds* of *Winds* ſpread o're its *hollow* Veins;
And *there* as well as *here* fierce *Vapor* reigns;
And many *Lakes* and *Pools*, and *ſpatious* Caves
And *ſecret* Rivers there roul *boyſterous* Waves,
For *Nature's* Laws command, and *Reaſon's* prove
The *lower* parts reſemble thoſe *above*:
Theſe Things ſuppos'd; when thoſe *vaſt Caves* below
Shall fail, the *upper Earth* muſt tremble too:
For *Hills* muſt ſink, and from the *mighty* fall
Quick *tremblings* muſt ariſe, and ſpread o're all;
No wonder this, whilſt *Carts* go ſlowly on,
Or *ſwifter Coaches* rattle o're the Stone:
Altho the *weight's not great*, the *Houſes* feel,
And *ſhake* at every jumping of the Wheel.
Or elſe from *arched Caves* vaſt Stones may fall,
And ſtrike the *under waves*, and trouble all;
Thoſe agitate, and ſhake th' *encloſing* ball:
For when the Liquor, as Experience proves,
Is troubled, all the Veſſel ſhakes, and moves:
Beſides when *Winds below*, with mighty force
Againſt *reſiſting Caves* direct their Courſe,
The Earth *that way inclines*; then fixt before
Our *Houſes* nod, the *higher* nod the *more*:
The *hanging* Beams ſtart from the *tottering* Wall,

Earthquakes.

We *fly* our houſes, and we *dread* the fall:
And yet ſome think the *World* will ne're decay,
The ſcatter'd Seeds diſſolv'd fly all away;
Tho theſe few fighting *Winds* with eaſe diſplace
The *heavy Earth*, and turn the *weighty* Maſs!
For did theſe *ſtill ruſh on*, no force could ſtay
The comeing *ruine*, all would ſoon decay:
But ſince they preſs *but now and then*, their Courſe
Now *here* now *there*, now fly with mighty force,
And then repell'd return with *weaker* wings,
The *Earth* oft *threatens* ruine, ſeldom *brings*;
Inclining only from its *uſual* Plain,
Then *turns*, and ſettles in its ſeat again:
And therefore houſes nod, and ſeem to fall,
High moſt; Low leſs; the Loweſt leaſt of all.
But more, the *Earth* may ſhake, when *Winds* begin
Or rais'd *without* in Air, or bred *within*,
To rage thro *Hollow Caves* and *whirling* round,
Endeavour ſtill to force the *narrow* bound,
At laſt break thro, and leave a *gapeing* wound:
Thus *Ægæ*, thus *Phœnician* Towns did fall,
The *greedy* Earth gap'd wide, and *ſwallow'd* all;
Beſides a Thouſand Towns, a Thouſand Iſles
Whilſt cruel *Eddies* dimpled into ſmiles,
Have falln, all ſwallow'd by the *greedy* Main,
And poor *Inhabitants* ſtrove for Life in vain:
But if the *Vapor's* Cold, too *weak* the Wind
To *force* away, if by ſtrong bounds confin'd,
It ſpreads o're all the Pores the Earth contains,
And brings a *ſhivering* Cold thro all the Veins,
As when *Froſt* comes, it brings a trembling Chill,
And makes our Limbs all ſhake againſt our Will:
Then Men begin to fear, and wiſely dread
And fly the Towers that nod their *threatning* Head:

Or elſe they think the *Earth* will fail; the Ground
Will gape; and all ſink thro the *mighty* Wound.
E'en thoſe who think the *World* muſt *ſtill* endure,
Eternal ſtill, from *Fate* and *Age* ſecure;
Yet often wakened by the *preſent* fear,
Start all, and think the *diſſolution* near:
They think the *Earth* will ſink, the *World* will fall,
And *ruine* and *confuſion* ſpread o're all.
Now I muſt ſing, my *Muſe*, why greedy *Seas* *Why*
Devour *Water* ſtill, yet ne're increaſe, Seas
For it ſeems ſtrange that *Rivers* ſtill ſhould flow, *incre.*
And run for *numerous* years, as much as now,
And tho they *dayly* bring a *mighty* Store,
The ſpatious Ocean ſhould *increaſe* no more,
But ſtill be *bounded* with the *former* Shore:
And yet it is not ſtrange; for *theſe*, the *Rain*,
And all the *moiſture* that the *Clouds* contain,
Scarce ſeem a *drop* compar'd to *ſpatious* Seas;
No wonder then the *Waves* do ne're increaſe.
Beſides the *Sun* draws much, the fiery Ray
Deſcends, and forces *many* parts away:
For Senſe aſſures that when the *buſy* beams
Preſs *moiſtned* Cloaths, the *Vapors* riſe in Steams;
Therefore from *ſpatious* Seas the *Rayes* muſt bear
More *watry* parts, and ſcatter thro the Air;
But now, tho *here* and *there* few parts ariſe,
Yet a vaſt *ſpatious* Maſs of Water flies
From the *whole* Sea, and ſpreads o're all the Skies.
Beſides, the *Winds* take ſome, with *wanton* play
They dip their *Wings*, and bear ſome parts away,
This *Senſe* declares, for often after Rain
In one ſhort Night if *Winds* ſweep o're the Plain,
The Dirt *grows* hard, the Wayes are dry'd again.
Beſides, as Winds drive on the *low-hung* Clouds,

And make them skim the *Surface* of the Floods,
They take some drops away; and these compose,
And fall to *Earth* in *Hail*, in *Rain*, and *Snows*:
And since the *Earth* is *rare*, and full of *Pores*,
And Waves still beat against the *neighbouring* Shores,
As Rivers run *from Earth*, and fill the Main,
So some thro *secret Pores* return again:
There lose their *Salt*, and thro small *Channels* spread,
They joyn were e're the *Fountain* shows her head;
Hence *Streams* arise, and fair *Meanders* play
And thro the *Vallies* cut their *liquid* way.

Why Ætna burns.

Now next why *Ætna* burns, and why the flame
Breaks forth in Whirls, and whence the *fury* came:
For sure 'tis fond to think these *Flames* arise
Directed by the *angry* Deityes
To waste fair *Sicily*, and burn, and spoyl
The Farmers *hopes*, and *fruits* of all his toyl:
Whilst all the *neighbouring* Nations stood amaz'd,
Oppress with *anxious* fear, and wildly gaz'd.
The Heaven *all spread with Flames* they flock't to view,
And wonder'd what 'twas *Nature* meant to do:
Well, look about Thee then on every side,
Consider that the *Whole's* immensely Wide;
Then view the arched *Skies*, and see how *small*
And mean a *portion* of the *spatious* All;
How *little* Man compar'd to *Earth's* vast Ball;
This done, you'l find your *Fears* and *Cares* decrease,
Your *jealousies*, and *admiration* cease:
For who admires to see a *Patient* sweat,
Or hear him groan, when *scorcht* by *Feavers* heat,
Or when the *Foot*, or *Eye* is vext with pains,
Or any *hot disease* spreads o're the Veins?
And this, because their Iye *vast Stores* of Seed
In *Heaven*, and *Earth*, all fit, and apt to breed

Such

Such *ſtrange*, and *vexing* pains; or elſe encreaſe
The *noxious* flame, and feed the ſtrong diſeaſe:
So you may think the *Maſs* ſends great ſupplies,
And Stores of Seed thro all our *Earth*, and Skies,
Sufficient to *raiſe Storms*, and ſhake the frame,
Raiſe *Ætna's* Fires, and *cover Skies* with Flame;
For that *appears*, when Seeds of *Flame* combine,
As *Rain*, and Clouds, when drops of *Water* joyn:
Ay, but the Fire's *too ſtrong*, the Flame *too great*. *Objection.*
A vain *objection* this, and *Fancie's* Cheat:
Thus He that views a *River*, *Man*, or *Tree*,
Or elſe what ever 'tis *He* chance to ſee,
Streight thinks them *great*, becauſe perhaps He knows
No *larger* Streams, no *greater* Things then thoſe:
Yet *theſe*, with *all* the *ſpatious* Skies controul,
Are *ſmall*, and *nothing* to the *Mighty* Whole.
Now why the Flames break forth:
Firſt then, This *Ætna's* Cave's a mighty one,
A *ſpatious Hollow*, and all arch'd with Stone: *why the Flames break forth.*
This ſwells with *Winds*, which whirl, and tumble there,
(For *Wind* is nothing elſe but *troubled* Air;)
When Theſe by *whirling* round the *arched* frame
Grow hot, and from the *Flints* ſtrike ſparks of flame,
Then *proud*, and *furious* too, and riſing higher,
Break forth at Top, in *Smoak*, and *ſparks* of Fire:
By the ſame force e'en *weighty Mountains* riſe,
And whirling *Rocks* cut thro the wounded Skies.
But more, This *hollow fiery Mountain's* ſide
The Sea ſtill *waſhes* with impetuous Tide,
And paſſing thro the *Pores*, the Flame retires;
The *preſſing* Waters drive the *yielding* Fires
And force them out, theſe raiſe vaſt *Clouds* of Sand,
And ſcatter *Stones*, and *Aſhes* o're the Land.
And thus my Muſe a *ſtore of Cauſes* brings,

For

For here, as in a *Thousand* other things,
Tho by one single Cause th' *Effect* is done,
Yet since 'tis hid, a *Thousand* must be shown;
That we might surely hit that *Single* one.
As when a *Carcase* we at distance view,
We all the *various* means of Death must shew,
That in the *number* we may speak the true:
For whether He was kill'd by *strong* disease,
Or *Cold*, or *Sword*, tho 'twas by *one* of these,
We cannot tell, and thus it must be done
In other things; a *thousand reasons* shown,
When sense *determines* not our choice to one:

Of the overflowing of Nile.

In *Summer Nile* oreflowes, his streams do drown
The fruitful *Egypt*'s fields, and *his* alone:
Because the Mouth of that *wide River* lyes
Oppos'd to *North*, so when th' *Etesia*'s rise
From heavy *Northern* Clouds, and fiercely blow
Against the *Streams*: those *stop*, and *rise*, and *flow*:
For *Northern* winds blow full against the Streams,
Their spring is *South*, it boyls with *Mid-day* beams,
Then cuts its way thro *Sun-burnt Negro*'s Land,
And hisses passing o're the *fiery* Sand.
Or else the *troubled* Sea that rouls to *South*,
Brings heaps of Sand, and choaks the *Rivers* Mouth;
These stop the *headlong* Floods, they strive in vain
To force a way, but *wearied* turn again,
And break their *banks*, and flow o're all the Plain.
Or else *Rain* makes it swell, th' *Etesia*'s bear
The *Northern* Vapours thro the *Southern* Air,
There thickned round the Hills the *Rain* compose,
Or else the Sun melts *Ethiopian* Snows,
These swell the *River*, and the water flows.

Of Averni.

Next of *Averni* sing, and whence the *Name*,
And whence the *Rage*, and *hurtful Nature* came:

So

So called, becauſe the *Birds* that cut the Sky,
If o're thoſe *Places* they do chance to fly,
By noxious ſteams oppreſt, fall down, and dye:
Death meets them in the Air, and ſtrikes them dead
They fall with *hanging wing*, and bended head
And ſtrike the *poyſ'nous* Lake, or *deadly* Field,
Such *Vapors* boyling Springs near *Cuma* yield:
In *Athens*, where *Minerva*'s Temple ſtands,
There never *Crow*, or boading *Raven* flyes,
No, tho the fat, and oily Sacrifice
Doth tempt his *ſmell*, and call his *willing* eyes:
Not that He fears *Minerva*, vain Pretence!
Or Baniſh't from her *Train* for an offence;
No, tis the *noxious Vapour* drives him thence.
A Place (as Stories tell) in *Syria* lyes,
VVhich if a *Horſe* goes o're, He groans and dyes,
As if by ſudden ſtroak, and violent blow,
He fell a Sacrifice to Gods below:
Yet theſe effects agree with *Nature's* Laws,
And ſtrickt *Obſervers* may diſcern the Cauſe:
Leſt you ſhould fancy theſe the *Gates* of Hell,
That there the *Smutty Gods*, and *Manes* dwell,
And thro theſe places *draw* the *wandring* Souls,
As *Deer* Suck *Serpents* from their lurking holes:
But that's *abſurd*, *irrational*, and *vain*,
Come, underſtand the *Cauſe*, for I'le explain.
First, Seeds do lye (as I have prov'd before)
In *Earth*, of *every ſhape* a mighty ſtore;
Some vital parts to *Men*, prolong their Breath,
Some apt to breed diſeaſe, and haſten Death:
To other *Animals* ſome parts are good,
Some hurt, ſome kill, and ſome give wholeſome food:
And all theſe *different Effects* ariſe,
From *different motion*, Figure, Shape, and Size,

A thouſand *hurtful* parts thro *Ears* deſcend,
A thouſand paſs the *Noſtrils*, and offend:
A thouſand hurt the *Touch*, a numerous ſtore
Diſturb the *Eye*, the *Taſt* a thouſand more;
Beſides on man a *thouſand Atoms* wait,
And *hurtful all*, and carry *haſty Fate*:
Thus often under *Trees* ſupinely laid,
While *Men* enjoy the pleaſure of the *Shade*,
While thoſe their loving *branches* ſeem to ſpread
To Screen the *Sun*, they noxious *Atoms* ſhed,
From which quick *pains* ariſe, and ſeize the *head*.
Near *Helicon*, and round the *Learned Hill*
Grow Trees, whoſe *Bloſſoms* with their *Odor* kill:
And all theſe hurtful things from *Earth* ariſe,
Becauſe the *Parent Earth*'s vaſt wombs comprize
Thoſe different Stores and Kinds of *Poys'nous ſeed*,
Which fitly joyn'd theſe *hurtful Natures* breed:
The Snuff of *Candles*, this is often known
Offends the Noſe with ſtench, and makes us ſown:
Beſides, a thouſand other Things that ſeize
The *Soul* within, they make their way with eaſe,
And ſhake the *vital* Powers with ſtrong diſeaſe:
So when thy *belly's full*, go ſit, and ſtay,
And wanton in *hot Baths*, ſtreight flyes away
Thy Life, and Strength, and all thy Powers decay.
From Charcoal deadly Smells the Brains ingage
If draughts of Water not prevent their rage:
To thoſe whom *Feavers* burn, the *peircing* ſmell
Of vigorous *Wine* is *greivous*, Death, and Hell:
Beſides, Obſerve what parts the *Earth* contains;
And how much *poys'nous Sulphur* fills her veins:
Beſides, whil'ſt Men purſue the *hidden* Store,
And dig in *Mines* of Gold, or Silver Ore,
What Hurtful Damps, what noxious *Vapours* riſe?

The wretched Miner o're the Metal dyes:
What noxious parts from golden *Mines* exhale?
How ſoon they ſeize, and make the *Miners* pale?
With what quick force they kill the *wretched* Slaves?
How ſoon they bury them in *pretious* graves?
Well then, theſe noxious parts muſt often rear,
And ſcatter poyſon thro the *upper* Air.
Thus *hurtful* parts from the *Averni* riſe,
And with ſtrong *poyſons* fill the lower Skies;
And Theſe, as Birds cut thro the *liquid* way,
Do ſeize, and then ſome parts of *Life* decay,
Thus they *amaz'd* on the *Averni* fall,
And there the *poyſons* work, and ruine all:
For firſt they make them *giddy*, then their wing
Grows *weak*, they fall into the *Poyſon's* ſpring;
There *dye*, there leave their *Soul* in deep deſpair,
Becauſe the *Poyſon's* fierce, and *ſtronger* there:
Or elſe theſe conſtant *riſeing Streams* diſplace
The *neighbouring* Air, and leave an empty ſpace:
Where when the *Birds* are come with nimble force,
And ſtill endeavour to *purſue* their Courſe,
Deceiv'd they fall, They clap their *Wings* in vain
For no *reſiſting Airy parts* ſuſtain,
Their *Weight* doth force them on the *Poysnous* Plain:
And whilſt They *helpleſs* in the *Vacuum* lye,
Breath out their *Soul* thro every Pore, and dye.
In Summer *Springs* are *cold*, for *Earth* contains
Some Seeds of *Heat* within her *hollow* veins,
But when the *Heats* encreaſe, and *vigorous* ray,
Doth cut a *paſſage* thro, They fly away,
Thus as the *Summer* comes, and *Rayes* begin
To cleave the Earth, the *Streams* grow *cold* within
But *Cold* contracts the *Pores* to leſſer ſpace,
And binds the *Seeds of heat* with ſtrickt embrace;

Why Wells *cold in Summer.*

And thoſe ſqueez'd from the *Pores*, with nimble
Paſs into *lower Wells*, and *warm* the Springs. (Wings
Neer *Ammon's* ſhrine, as *Fame* hath loudly told,
A *Spring* runs *Hot* by *Night*, by *Day* tis *Cold*;
This Men admire, and think, when *Night* hath ſpread
Her blackeſt *Curtains* o're our *ſleepy* head;
The *Sun below* doth caſt his *vigorous* beams,
And pierces thro the *Earth*, and warms the Streams:
Abſurd, and vain! for ſince the *furious* ray,
When roul'd *above*, it makes our *warmeſt* day,
And beats the *open Surface* of the Sea,
Can raiſe but little warmth; when roul'd below
How *pierce* the *Earth*, and *heat* in paſſing thro?
Since *Senſe* aſſures that when the *Rayes* do beat
Our *houſes* yield us a *ſecure* retreat,
We lye within, and ſcorn the *Summer's* heat.
Then what's the Cauſe? tis This; a *ſpungy* ground
And fill'd with *fiery* Seeds lies all around;
This when *cold Nights* contract, the *Seeds* of Fire
Squeez'd out *fly off*, and to the *Spring* retire;
And make it *hot*: but when the vigorous Ray
Peeps forth, and *opens them an eaſy* way;
They leave the *cold embrace*, and ſoon retreat
To *Earth* again, and take their *former* Seat;
And thus *by Day* it looſeth all its heat.
Beſides, the *Water* grows more *rare* by day
Its parts *divided* by the piercing ray;
So loſe their fire as when the beams ariſe,
And warm the frozen Streams with ſoftning kiſs;
They melt in the Embrace, and loſe their Ice.
And ſome *cold Springs* light *Flax* held o're the
Streams,
The *Flax* takes fire, and ſcatters feeble Beams:
A *Torch* is kindled too, the Flames appear,
And nod at every *little breath* of Air: Becauſe

Becauſe the *Water* Seeds of Heat contains,
And many riſe from *Earth's* capacious Veins;
And cut the *Body* of the *Streams*, and flow,
Too weak to *warm* the waves in *paſſing thro*:
Beſide, their own brisk force will make them move,
And paſs the *yielding* Waves, and joyn above:
As little *Streams* that cut their *ſecret* way,
And riſe up ſweet *ith' bottom* of the Sea,
Beat off the *Salt* and the reſiſting Flood,
To *thirſty Sailors* prove a mighty good:
Juſt ſo theſe *Seeds* of fire might riſe, and flow
And cut the *yielding* Waves, and paſſing thro
Streight ſtrike, and kindle oily *Torch*, or *Tow*:
Becauſe their parts are of *convenient* frame,
Hold Seeds of *fire*, and *fit* to raiſe a flame:
Thus take a Torch but *lately* dead, and ſtrive
To light the Snuff again, and make it live,
It kindles long before it comes to *touch*;
And ſure *Experience* ſhows a thouſand ſuch,
Which light at *diſtance*, e're they reach the flame,
And thus this *Fountain* acts, the *Cauſe* the ſame.

Now ſing my *Muſe*, for tis a weighty Cauſe, *Of the Loadſtone.*
Explain the *Magnet*, why it briskly draws;
And brings *rough* Iron to its *fond* embrace;
This Men *admire*, for they have often ſeen
Small rings of *Iron*, *Six*, or *Eight*, or *Ten*,
Compoſe a *ſubtle* Chain, no *tye* between:
But held by *this*, They ſeem to hang in Air,
One to another ſticks, and wantons there;
So great the *Loadſtone's* force, ſo ſtrong to bear.
In order to the *Cauſe*, muſt firſt be prov'd
A *Thouſand* things, a *Thouſand* doubts remov'd,
And long deductions made, do *you* prepare
A ſtrickt obſerving *Mind*, and liſtning *Ear*.

First then, from *Objects seen* thin *forms* arise,
In constant subtle Streams, and strike our Eyes:
Thus *Odors* fly from *Gums*, a gentle *Breez*
From *Rivers* flows, and from the *neighbouring Seas*
Sharp *Salts* arise, and fret the *Shores* around,
Thus all the *Air* is fill'd with *murmuring* Sound:
And whilst We walk the *Strand*, and pleas'd to view
The *wanton Waves*, or squeeze, and mingle *Rue*,
Or *Salt*, or *bitter* Tasts our *Tongues* surprise
So certain tis that *subtle* parts arise
From all, and wander in the *lower* Skies:
And never cease to *flow*, because the *Ear*
And *Eye*, and *Nose*, still *smell*, and *see*, and *hear*.

Next I'le repeat what I have prov'd before,
No *Compound's perfect Solid*, free from Pore:
For tho 'tis *useful* to direct our Eye
Thro all the *secrets* of Philosophy,
To prove that *Solid* Seeds can never joyn
Unless some *empty space* is left between,
Yet 't hath its *proper force* in this design
Then first, in *Caves* the subtle moisture creeps
Thro hardest *Rocks*, and every *Marble* weeps:
And sweat from every *labouring* Member flows,
And *stubborn* hair o're all the *Body* grows:
And *Nature* drives our food with *curious* Art
Thro all the *Limbs*, encreasing *every* part:
Brisk *flames* divide the rigid *Gold* and *Brass*,
And to a *liquid* substance break the Mass:
Thro *Silver*, Heat, and Cold; and each disdains,
And scorns a Prison, tho in *pretious* chains:
This *Sense* assures; into a well clos'd Room
The parts of *Odors*, *Sounds*, and *Heat* will come,
And often as our sickly *Souldiers* feel,
The *moist* and *subtle* Air creeps thro their *Steel*;

VVell

Well then tis *certain*, as I prov'd before,
No Compound's *perfect Solid*, free from Pore:
Beſides,
The Parts that riſe from things, not all alike,
Nor *equally agree* to what they ſtrike;
For firſt, the *beauteous Sun* with vigorous ray
Melts *Snow*, and *Ice*, and *Wax*, but hardens *Clay*;
Thus *Leather* ſhrinks in *Fire*, but *Gold* and *Braſs*
Diſſolve, *Flames* ſoften all the *rigid* Maſs:
Thus *Water* ſtrengthens *Steel* grown *weak* by heat,
But gently *ſoftens Skins*, and *boyling meat*:
Leaves of *wild Olives* yield a *ſweet* repaſt
To *Goats*, to *Man* a *rough*, and *bitter* taſt:
Thus *Pigs* fly ſweeteſt *Odors*, thoſe that *pleaſe*
And *tickle Man*, *offend* and *poyſon* theſe;
Yet they will roul in *Dung* with great delight,
Tho ſqueamiſh *Man* can ſcarce endure the light:
Beſides we muſt remember,
Since Things *Compos'd* do *numerous Pores* compriſe,
Thoſe muſt have *different* Shape, and *different* Size:
In *Animals* are various *Organs* found,
And *each* the *proper* objects gently wound;
One *Taſt*, another *Smell*, another *Sound*:
Some Things thro *Stones*, or *Silver*, *Gold*, or *Braſs*,
Some move thro *Wood* alone, and others *Glaſs*:
And thoſe that paſs the *ſame*, not allwayes flow
With *equal* eaſe, and cut their paſſage thro,
And this depends on the *varieties*
And *difference of Pores* in *Shape* and *Size*
Which Things of *different* texture ſtill compriſe:
Theſe things thus prov'd, come, now I'le ſing the Cauſe,
Explain the *Magnet* why it briskly draws,
And brings *rough Iron* to its *fond* embrace:
Firſt, from the *Magnet* numerous parts ariſe,

And

And briskly move, the *Stone* gives vaſt ſupplyes;
Which ſpringing ſtill in *conſtant* Streams diſplace
The *neighbouring Air*, and make an *Empty* ſpace;
So when the *Steel* comes there, ſome parts begin
To leap on thro the *Void*, and enter in:
But ſince they're *twin'd*, the formoſt parts muſt bring
The *latter* on, and ſo move all the *Ring*:
For parts of *Steel* are very ſtrickly joyn'd,
Scarce any *Compounds* are ſo cloſely twin'd;
No wonder then that when the *foremoſt* ſtrove,
The *other* parts ſhould ſtir, and all ſhould move;
Which ſtill they do, they ſtill preſs farther on,
Until they reach, and joyn the *willing* Stone:
The *Steel* will move to ſeek the *Stone's* embrace,
Or *up*, or *down*, or unto *any* place,
Which way ſoever lyes the *empty* ſpace:
Not that the *heavy* Steel by *Nature* flyes,
But *Blows without* will force, and make it riſe:
Becauſe the Air *before the Steel* is rare,
And *Emptier* than it was, and *weaker* far;
And therefore all the *Air* that lyes behind,
Grown ſtrong, and gathering like a *ſubtle* Wind,
Muſt force it on, for ſtill the Ambient Air
Endeavours, ſtill contends to drive it near;
But then alone can move it, when the *ſpace*
Is free, and fit to take the *coming* Maſs:
This fills the *Pores*, and then with *ſubtle* gales
Drives on the *Steel*, as Winds great Ships, and Sails:
Beſides, all *Compounds* hold ſome parts of *Air*,
For every *Compound* is by Nature rare;
This lurking Air no doubt with *nimble* wing,
And conſtant turns ſtill *whirls*, and beats the *Ring*:
But once *determin'd* forward, keeps the Courſe
It firſt receiv'd, and that way bends its force:

But more than this, *coy Steel* will ſomtimes move
And fly the *ſtriving* Stone, and ceaſe to Love:
And thus *Steel* Fileings I have often known,
In little *Brazen* pots held o're the Stone,
VVill ſtrive, and leap, as *eager* to be gon;
Becauſe the little *Brazen* parts that rear,
Fill all the Steel's ſmall *Pores*, and *ſettle* there:
And ſo the other riſing *ſtreams* that come
From *Magnets*, find no *way*, no *open* room;
And therefore ſtrike, thus *flying* thro the *Braſs*
They rudely *beat*, and *drive* away the Maſs,
VVhich *otherwiſe* they'd take to their embrace:
Beſides, no wonder *This alone* ſhould feel
The *Loadſtone*'s power, and *That* move only Steel:
For ſome their *weight ſecures*, as *Gold*, and ſome
Their *Pores*, they give the ſtreams *too large* a room;
And ſo they find an *eaſy* paſſage thro,
And thus the *Subſtance* ne're endures the blow:
But *Steel*, when *brazen* parts fill every pore,
And ſettle there, when it can take no more:
Then 'tis prepar'd to take the ſubtle ſhove
The *Loadſtone*'s ſtream's can give, and fit to move.
Nor is there *friendſhip* 'twixt theſe *two* alone,
A *thouſand* things beſide but *One* to *One*
Agree, thus *Lime* will faſten only *Stone*:
Thus *Glew* hard *Boards*, and we may often view
The *ſolid Table* break before the *Glew*:
Thus *pure* and *Fountain Streams* will mix with *Wine*,
But *Oyl*, and heavy *Pitch* refuſe to joyn:
The *Purple's* blood gives *Wool* ſo deep a *ſtain*
That we can never waſh it out again,
No; pour on all the *Sea*, tis all in vain:
Soulder ignobely weds the *Golden* Maſs
To *Silver*, proper Soulder *Lead* to *Braſs*:

Beſides

Beſides theſe mention'd, there's a *thouſand* more,
But ſtay, what need of ſuch a *numerous* ſtore?
Why ſhould I *waſt* my time, and *trouble* Thee?
Take *all* in *ſhort*; thoſe *Things* whoſe parts agree,
Whoſe Seeds oppos'd to *Pores* ſecurely lye,
The Union there is *ſtrong*, and *firm* the tye:
Others by *Rings* and *Hooks* are joyn'd in one,
This way combine the *loveing Steel*, and *Stone*:

Of Plagues. Now next I'le ſing what Cauſes *Plagues* create,
What drives a *Peſtilence* ſwoln big with Fate,
To waſt, and lay a *Nation* deſolate.

I've prov'd that numerous *vital* parts do fill
The *Air*, ſo likewiſe *numerous thoſe that* kill:
Theſe *Poyſons* (whether from the *threatning* Skies
Like *Clouds* they fall, or from the *Earth* ariſe,
When She's grown *putrid* by the *Rains*, or ſweats
Such *noxious* Vapors preſt by *ſcorching* heats,)
Infect the *lower Air*; and hence proceed
All *rageing Plagues*, theſe all *diſeaſes* breed.

A Traveller, for *every place* he ſees,
Or *hazards*, or *endures* a *new* diſeaſe;
Becauſe the *Air* or *Water* diſagrees.
How *different* is the *Air* of th' *Britiſh* Iſle
From that which plays upon the *wandring* Nile?
What *different* Air doth *Pontus* Snows embrace
From that which fans the Sun-burnt *Indians* face?

Beſides, Mens *Shape*, or *Color* diſagrees,
And every *Nation* hath its *own* diſeaſe:
The *Lepers* only are to *Egypt* known,
Thoſe *wretches* drink of *Nilus*'s ſtreams alone;
Athens the *Muſes* Seat and chief delight,
Offends the *Feet*, *Achaia* hurts the *ſight*:
And thus in *ev'ry Land* a *new* diſeaſe,
New pains on all the *other* Members ſeize,

And

And *different Air* is the Cauſe of theſe;
Thus often when *one Countrie's* Air is blown
Into *another*, and forſakes its *own*,
It ſpoyls the *wholeſome Air* where e're it goes
And makes all *like it ſelf*, unfit for *Us*:
Thence *Plagues* ariſe, and theſe *deſcend*, and paſs
Into our *Fountains*, tender *Corn*, or *Graſs*;
Or other *food*, or hang within the *Air*
Held up by *fatal* wings and *threaten* there;
So whilſt we think to *live*, and *draw* our Breath,
Thoſe parts muſt *enter* in, and *following* Death:
Thus *Plagues* do often ſeize the *labouring* Ox,
And *rageing Rots* deſtroy our *Tender* Flocks:
And thus the Thing's the *ſame*, if *Winds* do bear
From *other* Countries an *unuſual* Air,
And fit to raiſe a *Plague*, and *Feaver here*,
Or if we *travel* all, and ſuck it *there*.

A *Plague* thus rais'd laid *learned Athens* waſt, *The* Plague *of* Athens.
Thro every *Street*, thro all the *Town* it paſt;
Blaſting both *Man* and *Beaſt* with poyſ'nous Wind,
Death fled before, and Ruine ſtalk't behind,
From *Egypt's* burning Sands the *Feaver* came,
More *hot* than thoſe that rais'd the *deadly* flame;
The Wind that bore the Fate went ſlowly on,
And as it went was heard to ſigh and groan:
At laſt the rageing Plague did *Athens* ſeize,
The *Plague*, and *Death* attending the diſeaſe:
Then Men did dye by *heaps*, by *heaps* did fall,
And the *whole City* made *one* Funeral.

Firſt, fierce *unuſual heats* did ſeize the head;
The *glowing* eyes with *blood-ſhot beams* look't red;
Like *blazing* Stars approaching *Fate* foreſhow'd,
The *Mouth* and *Jaws* were fill'd with *clotted* blood;
The *throat* with *Ulcers*, the *tongue* could ſpeak no more,

But overflow'd and drown'd in *putrid* gore,
Grew *useless*, *rough*, and scarce could make a Moan,
And scarce enjoy'd the *wretched* power to groan:
Next thro the *Jaws* the Plague did reach the *Breast*,
And there the *Heart*, the Seat of *Life* possest;
Then *Life* began to fail, strange *stinks* did come
From every *putrid Breast*, as from a *Tomb*,
A sad presage that *Death* prepar'd the Room:
The Body *weak*, the *Mind* did sadly wait,
And fear'd, but could not fly *approaching* Fate:
To these fierce pains were joyn'd *continual* care,
And sad *complainings*, groans, and deep despair:
Tormenting, vexing *Sobs*, and deadly Sighs;
Which rais'd *Convulsions*, broak the vital Ties
Of *Mind*, and *Limbs*; and so the *Patient* dies.
But touch the *Limbs*, the warmth appear'd not *great*,
It seem'd but little more than *natural* heat:
The *Body red* with *Ulcers*, swoln with pains;
As when the *sacred fire* [*St.* Anthonie's *Fire*.] spreads o're the Veins:
But all within was *Fire*; fierce flames did burn;
No *Cloaths* could be endur'd, no *Garments* worn;
But all, (as if the *Plague* that fir'd their *Blood*,
Destroy'd all *Vertue*, *Modesty*, and *God*:)
Lay *Naked*, wishing still for *cooling* Air,
Or ran to *Springs*, and hop'd to find it there:
And some leapt into *Wells*, in vain! the Heat
Or still *encreas'd*, or still remain'd as *great*:
In vain they drank, for when the *Water* came
To th' *burning* breast it *hiss'd* before the flame;
And thro each *mouth* did *streams of Vapors* rise,
Like *Clouds*, and darkned all the *ambient* Skies:
The pains *continual*, and the Body dead,
And *senseless* all before the Soul was fled;
Physitians came, and saw, and shook their head:

No

No *Sleep*; the pain'd and wearied Mens delight:
The fiery Eyes like Stars wak'd all the Night.
Besides, a thousand *Symptoms* more did wait,
And told sad news of *comeing hasty* Fate:
Distracted *Mind*, and sad and furious *Eyes*,
Short *breath*, or constant, deep, and hollow *sighs*;
And buzzing *Ears*, and much, and frothy *sweat*
Spread o're the *Neck*, and *spittle* thin with heat,
But salt, and *yellow*, and the jaws being *rough*
Could hardly be thrown up by violent *Cough*:
The *Nerves* contracted, strength in *Hands* did fail
And *Cold* crept from the *Feet*, and spread o're all:
And when Death came at last, it chang'd the *Nose*,
And made it *sharp*, and prest the *Nostrils* close:
Hollow'd the *Temples*, forc't the *Eye-balls* in,
And *chill'd*, and *hardned* all, and stretcht the *Skin*.
They lay not *long*, but soon did Life resign,
The Warning was but *short*, *Eight* dayes, or *Nine*:
If any liv'd, and scap'd the *fatal* day,
And if their *looseness* purg'd the *Plague* away,
Or *Ulcers* drain'd, yet they would soon decay:
Their *weakness* kill'd them; or their *poyson'd* blood,
And *strength* with horrid pains thro Nostrils flow'd.
But those that felt no *Flux*, the strong disease
Did oft descend, and wretched *Members* seize;
And there it rag'd with cruel pains and smart,
Too weak to kill the *Whole*, it took a *part*:
Some lost their *Eyes*, and some prolong'd their breath
By loss of *hands*; *so strong the fear of Death*:
The Minds of some did dark *Oblivion* blot,
And they their *actions*, and themselves forgot.
And tho the scatter'd *Bodies* naked lay
Yet Beasts refus'd, the Birds fled all away,
And us'd their *Wings* to shun their easy prey:

They fled the *Stench*: whom *Tyrant hunger* preſt,
And forc't to taſt, He prov'd a *wretched* Gueſt,
The *price* was *Life*, it was a *coſtly* Feaſt:
Few *Birds* appear'd, No *wing could ſerve for flight*,
The *Beaſts* ſcarce dar'd to truſt themſelves to *Night*:
The *Plague* walkt thro the *Woods*, in every Den
They *lay*, and *ſigh'd*, and *groan'd*, and *dy'd* like Men:
The *faithful* Dogs did lye in every Street,
And dy'd at their *expiring Maſter's* feet:
Diſorder'd *Funerals* were hurried on,
No *Decent Mourners*, and no *friendly* groan;
Neglecting others Fates all wept their own.
No *common Remedy* did health impart
To *All*, *Phyſick was grown a Private Art*:
For that which gave to *One* freſh vigor, Eaſe,
And health, and ſtrength, and conquer'd the diſeaſe,
E'en the *ſame thing* with *equal* Art apply'd
Another took, and by the *Phyſick* dy'd.
All the *Infected* lay in *deep* deſpair,
Expecting *comeing Death* with conſtant fear:
Pale *Ghoſts* did walk before their Eyes, and fright,
No *dawning* Hopes broke thro their *diſmal* Night:
No thoughts of *Help*; This was a *greivous* ill,
This ſharpn'd the *Plagues* rage; theſe *fears* did kill:
Beſides the fierce *Infection* quickly ſpread,
When *one* poor wretch was fall'n, to *others* fled;
One kill'd, the Murderer did caſt his Eye
A round, and if he ſaw a Witneſs by,
Seiz'd him for fear of a diſcovery:
Thoſe *Wretches* too, that greedy to *live* on,
Or fled, or left *infected* friends alone,
Streight felt their *puniſhment*, and quickly found
No *flight* could *ſave*, no *place* ſecure from *wound*:
A ſtrong *infection* all their *walk* attends;

They

They *fall* as much *neglected* as their friends;
Like *rotten Sheep* they dye in wretched ſtate,
And none to *pitty*, or to *mourn* their fate:
Thoſe whom their *friends* complaints, and piteous crys
Did force to *come*, and ſee their miſerys,
Receiv'd the *fatal*, and *infectious* Breath,
An innocent Murderer He that gave 'em death:
This kind of *Death* was beſt, ſo Men did chooſe
(A wretched choice!) this way their *Life* to loſe:
Some rais'd their *friends* a Pile; that Office done;
Return'd, and *greiv'd*, and then prepar'd their *own*:
A treble miſchief this, and no relief,
Not *one* but ſuffer'd *Death*, *Diſeaſe*, or *Grief*.
The *Shepard* midſt his flocks reſign'd his breath,
Th' *Infected Plowman* burnt, and ſtarv'd to death;
By Plague and Famine joyn'd the deed was done,
The Plowman was too ſtrong to yield to One:
Here *dying Parents* on their *Children* caſt,
There *Children* on their *Parents* breath'd their laſt:
Th' infected *Plowman* from the *Country* came,
He came, and brought with him *additional* flame:
Men flockt from *every* part, all *places* fill'd, (kill'd.
Where th' *Croud* was *great*, by heaps the Sickneſs
Some in the *Streets*, ſome near the *Fountains* lay,
Which quencht their *flame*, but waſht their *Soul* away:
And ſome in *publick*, half alive, half dead;
With filthy *Coverings* o're their Members ſpread
Did lye and rot; The *Skin* the poor remains
Of all the *Fleſh*, the ſtarting Bones contains
All cover'd o're with *Ulcers*, vext with pains.
Death now had fill'd the *Temples* of the Gods,
The *Prieſts themſelves*; no *Beaſt* the Altar loads,
Now no *Religion*, now no *Gods* were fear'd,
Greater than all, the *preſent Plague* appear'd:

All

All Laws of *Burial* loſt, and all confus'd;
No *ſolemn Rites*, no *decent Order* us'd:
But as the State of Things would then permit,
Men burnt their Friends, nor lookt on juſt, and fit;
And *Want*, and *Poverty* did oft engage
A thouſand Acts of *Violence*, and *Rage*:
Some, *O imperious Want*! a Carcaſs ſpoyl,
And burn *their Friend* upon *another's* Pile;
And then would ſtrive, and fight, and ſtill defend;
And often rather *dye*, than leave their friend:
The *Other* loſt *his Pile* by *Pious* Theft,
A poor poſſeſſion, all that *Fate* had left.

The End of the Six Books of *LUCRETIUS.*

NOTES
UPON
THE SIX BOOKS
OF
LUCRETIUS.

NOTES

ON

THE SIX BOOKS

OF

LUCRETIUS

NOTES

UPON

The First Book.

WE need not look far for a reason for the *Invocation*; the Practice of the *Poets* is obvious, and the Wantonness of the *Epicureans* is as notorious. *Epicurus* is observ'd by *Dionysius*, Bishop of *Alexandria*, to fill his Book with *Oaths* and *Adjurations*: * Ὅρκους δὲ καὶ ὁρκισμοὺς μυρίους τοῖς ἑαυτοῦ βιβλίοις ἐγγράφει, ὀμνύς τε συνεχῶς μὰ Δία, καὶ νὴ Δία, ἐξορκῶν τοὺς ἐντυγχάνοντας, καὶ πρὸς οὓς διαλέγοιτο, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν. And we may find *Lucretius* too sometimes of this humour: But I rather believe, that like a *Poet*, and according to the Principles of his Philosophy, he applies himself to *Venus*, that is, the common natural appetite to procreation; which nevertheless he treats as a *Goddess*, and gives her all her Titles, as if really he expected some assistance: yet even here he shews his spight to *Religion*, and scatters bitter reflections on the then *fashionable devotion*. And had he stopt here, had he not propos'd Principles of *Irreligion* drawn from the Happiness of the Deity, which therefore must be universal, and against all *Religion* under whatsoever denomination; he might have been read with much profit, and satisfaction,

* *Euseb. Præp. lib. 14. cap. 27.*

as an excellent *Satyrist* against the *Heathen* worship, for he severely scourges the *mad zeal* of Men-sacrificers: and tho perchance he hath not propos'd a true instance in *Iphigenia*, yet *Histories*, both sacred and profane, of former, and present Ages, give us too many sad relations of such cruelties. But since he openly declares that the design of his writing is to free men from the fears of that Heavenly Tyrant *Providence*, and induce perfect *Serenity*, that boasted Ἀταραξία of *Epicurus*, and in pursuit of this, endeavours to maintain the great *Dictate* of his Master, *Nihil beatum, nisi quod quietum*; I shall examine his vain pretensions, and in order to it present you with a Summary of the *Epicurean* Religion.

If any man considers the inconsistencies that are in the *Epicurean* Notion of a Deity; how the *Attributes* disagree, and how the very *being* thwarts all their other Philosophy, he will easily agree with *Tully*, and admit his censure to be true, *Verbis ponunt, Re tollunt Deos*: which is seconded by *Dionysius* in *Eusebius*, Θ' ἀλλὰ τοῦτο μὲν προδήλων ὅτι μετὰ τὴν Σωκράτους θάνατον καταπεπτηχὼς Ἀθηναίους, ὡς μὴ δοκοίη τοῦθ' ὅτῳ ἦν, Ἄθεος εἶναι, κινὰς αὐτοῖς ἀνυποστάτων θεῶν τεραταιδεύμενος ἐζωγράφησε σκιάς. But since *Antiquity* hath but Three *Atheists* on record, why should we increase the Catalogue? He therefore asserts a *Divine Nature*, and proves it from the common consent of Mankind; which doth not arise from any *innate Idea's*, as *Gassendus* phrases it, those being altogether strangers to this *Hypothesis*: for every *Idea* is a *mode of Thinking*, and no Thought can arise, according to the *Epicurean* Principles, but from a *previous* Image; and therefore *Lucretius*

* *Eusebius lib.* 15.

makes

makes the Cause of this *general Consent* to be the constant deflux of Divine Images, * which strike the Mind: And *Atticus* the *Platonist* (a) asserts it to be the common doctrine of the *Garden*, τὰς βελτίονας ἀπορροίας τῶν θεῶν τοῖς μεταχοῦσι μεγάλων ἀγαθῶν παραιτίας γενέσθαι. To this (b) *Cicero* agrees, and I hope *Gassendus* his bare denial cannot stand in competition with all these. This Divine Nature is brancht out into many, his Gods are numerous, and even exceed the Catalogue of *Apollodorus*; and this he gathers from that ἰσονομία which must be in the Universe, *Si enim mortalium tanta multitudo, immortalium non minor, & si quæ interimant, item quæ conservent, Infinita.* Their substance is not immaterial, and *Velleius* reprehends *Plato* for his ἀσώματον, as inconsistent with *Sense*, *Prudence*, and *Pleasure*, and yet he cannot allow it to be a coalition of *Atoms*, for that would destroy their necessity of Being, and infer *discerpibility*; but they have *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguinem*, a fancy perchance receiv'd from *Homer*.

Οὐ γὰρ σῖτον ἔδουσ', οὐ πίνουσ' αἴθοπα οἶνον:
Τοὔνεκ' ἀναίμονες εἰσὶ καὶ Ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.

They are of the *figure* of a *Man*, That seeming the most *beautiful*, and the only receptacle of *Reason*, without which the Gods cannot be vertuous, nor happy: Their knowledge *infinite*, and boundless; for *Velleius* in *Tully*, to confute *Pythagoras*, boldly inquires, *Cur quidquam ignoraret Animus Hominis, si*

* *Plutarch de Placitis Phil. lib. 1. cap. 7.* (a) *Eusebius præp. lib. 15.* (b) *De Nat. Deorum. lib. 1. sect. 107.*

esset Deus? Easie and quiet is their life, and therefore unconcern'd with the affairs of the world; for being full of themselves, why should they look on others, or trouble their minds with the considerations of less perfection, when they expect no advantage nor addition to their happiness: yet these *glorious Beings* are to be reverenc'd for the excellency of their *Nature*. Our *Piety* and *Religion* must be *Heroical*, not *forc'd* by *fear*, or rais'd by *hope*: Interest must not bribe, nor Terror affright us to our Duty; but our Devotion must be free, and unbiass'd by the sollicitations of the One, or the impulse of the Other. These in short are *Epicurus* his Deities, and this is the Summe of his Religion: A sufficient instance, that men may dream when they are awake, and that absurd fancies are not only the consequents of Sleep. Let us look on the Favourers of these *Opinions*, and what are they but exact Images of *Timon's* Philosophers?

Ἄνθρωποι κενεῆς οἰήσεος ἔμπλεοι ἀσκοί,

For, as *Tully* long ago observ'd, tis their usual custome to avoid Difficulties by proposing Absurdities; that the *less* may not be discern'd, whilst all mens eyes are on the *greater*. For first, not to require an explication of their unintelligible *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguis*, it is very easie to be prov'd, and a direct Consequence from their establish'd Principles; that the matter of their Deities is perfectly like that of our Bodies, and so discerpible; nor can they find any secure retreat for their Gods, beyond the reach and power of troublesome Atoms, which scattering every where must disturb their ease, destroy their quiet, and threaten a dissolution. For since the

the Images that flow from them, move the *Mind*, which they assert *material*, Those must be *Body*, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res.* And since tis the nature of *Body* to resist, the greater and heavier the *Atoms* are, the stronger and the more forcible will be the stroak on the Divine Substance; and consequently in this dissolution of Worlds, in these mad whirls of Matter, their Deities must be endanger'd: for they are not perfect Solids, and above the power and force of Impulse, such combinations being unfit for *sense*, or *Animal motion.* And thus the *Epicureans* must necessarily fall into that absurdity, for which *Velleius* lashes *Anaximander*, *Nativos esse Deos, & longis intervallis orientes & occidentes.* But since they offer as a reason, that Immateriality is inconsistent with Sense and Prudence, I shall consider that in its proper place, and now examine how *Omniscience* can agree to their Gods. *Lucretius* in his fifth Book asks the question, How the Gods could have those *Ideas* of Man, Sun, Moon, and Stars, before they were fram'd? From whence tis easily concluded, that they imagine the *Divine* Perception arises from the same causes that *Mans* doth, *viz.* from some subtile *Images* that flow from the surfaces of Things, and enter at the *senses.* Now it had been an attempt worthy the soaring wit of our Poet, to have describ'd the passages of these Images; how they reach the Happy Seats entire, how these light Airy things are undisturb'd by the rapid whirls of Matter, and how at last they should all conveniently turn round, and enter at the eyes of the Deity. For if ours can ascend thither, why not the Forms of those things, that lie scatter'd thro the infinite Worlds, reach us? No, their Gods must be as

senseless

ſenſleſs, as they are careleſs; no intruding Images muſt diſturb their thoughts, or turn them from the contemplation of their *happy* Selves; no doubt their Eaſe will ſcarce agree with ſuch troubleſome agitations, and like the ſoft *Sybarite*, ſhould the Image of a Man digging incroach upon them, they muſt neceſſarily undergo a ῥῆγμα.

As for the figure they pleaſe to allow them, we muſt needs acknowledge it a wonderful chance, that Man (for that's the moſt proper Opinion) ſhould ſo much reſemble the Divine Nature; but I had rather believe all the *Adulteries* in the Poets, than that Man was made after the Image of the Deity without his *direction*. Beſides, what need of all theſe members? Why muſt they have Eyes, unleſs they have a Looking-glaſs in their hands? Why Mouth, and Teeth, which will never be imployed? and why doth not that fancied ἰσονομία in the Univerſe require *immortal* Men, and *immortal* Beaſts? for that would make the *Equability* more perfect. Theſe are abſurdities fit for the credulity of an *Epicurean*, beyond imagination had not theſe men abetted them, and made good to the utmoſt that ſevere reflection of *Tully*, *Nihil eſt tam abſurdum quod non aliquis è Philoſophis aſſerat.*

Now I come to conſider, whether *Providence* is inconſiſtent with the happineſs of the Deity.

p. 3. *l.* 21.

For whatſoere's *Divine*, muſt live in *peace.*

And here the *Epicureans* are preſt with the Conſent of Mankind, there being no Nation but hath ſome ſhadow of *Piety*, which muſt be founded on the belief

lief of *Providence*, That being the *Basis* of all Natural *Religion*. The *Stoicks* took the notion of their Πνεύματος νοροῦ καὶ πυρώδους, from the excellent order and disposition of the Universe. The Νοῦς of *Anaxagoras* is sufficiently known. Nor was *Aristotle* an enemy to *Providence*, tho, as twas generally thought, and as *Atticus* the *Platonist* words it, μεχρὶ Σηλήνης στῆσας τὸ θεῖον τὰ λοιπὰ τὰ κόσμου μέρη πεπιγράφει τῆς τοῦ θεοῦ διοικήσεως, and compares him to *Epicurus*; τὸ καὶ διαφέρει πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἢ τοῦ κόσμου τὸ θεῖον ἐξοικίσασθαι, καὶ μηδεμίαν πρὸς αὐτὸ κοινωνίαν ἀπολιπεῖν. And *Athenagoras* delivers it as the Doctrine of the *Peripatum*, ἀπρονόητα πάντα εἶναι κατωτέρω τοῦ οὐρανοῦ: And *Origen*, ὁ ἔλαττον Ἐπικούρου εἰς τὴν πρόνοιαν ἀσεβῶν Ἀριστοτέλης. But Authority will prevail litle with a proud *Epicurean*, whose Talent it is to scoff at all beside his own Sect, and undervalue every man that is not delighted with the weeds of his *Garden*.

And here it must be observed, that as *Epicurus* circumscrib'd the *Deity* with the finite figure of a *Man*; so he measur'd all his actions by the same *model*, and thought an intermedling with the affairs of the *World*, would bring cares, trouble, and distraction; because he sometimes observed a necessary *connexion* betwixt these two, in those litle intervals of business that disturb'd his ease and quiet. A fond Opinion, directly contrary to the *consent* of the World, his own *principles*, and *practice*. For what trouble can it be for that Being, whom a bare *intuition* acquaints with all the *springs* and *wheels* of Nature; who perfectly knows the frame, and with a *nod* can direct and rule the *Automaton*: for *Self-existence* necessarily infers *Omnipotence*. For what can determine the mode of Existence in that *Being*, what confine its Power,

what

what circumſcribe it, ſince it *depends* on nothing but it ſelf? And ſince the Deity is the moſt excellent of Beings, how can it want that Amiable Attribute *Benevolence*? Will not an *Epicurean* commend it in the Maſter of the *Garden*, will he not be prodigal in his praiſes, and call the *Athenian* a God for his Philoſophy, and make his numerous Books (*Laertius* calls him πολυγραφώτατον) an argument for his Ἀποδείωσις? And are all theſe commendations beſtow'd on him, becauſe he made himſelf unhappy? Or muſt the Deity be depriv'd of that perfection, which is ſo amiable in Man, and which all deſire he ſhould enjoy, becauſe, when dangers preſs, they ſeek for relief to *Heaven*, and paſſionately expect *deſcending* ſuccour? Which ſufficiently declares that the belief of the *Providence* is as *univerſal*, as that of the *happineſs* of the Deity, and founded on the ſame reaſon: for, as *Tully* argues, *fac imagines eſſe quibus pulſentur animi, ſpecies quædam duntaxat objicitur, num etiam cur beata ſit? cur æterna*? And conſequently, the *ſame Reaſon* dictating, that *Providence* is an *Attribute*, requires as ſtrong an aſſent, as when it declares *Happineſs* to be one, ſince neither can be inferr'd from the bare impulſe of the *Images*. For ſuppoſe the ſtroak *conſtant*, yet what is This (as *Lucretius* would have it) to Eternity? And why may not any thing, we conſtantly think upon, be eſteem'd *immortal* on the ſame account? Suppoſe the Impulſe *continual*, yet what connexion between That and Happineſs? So that the *Epicurean's* Argument recoils againſt himſelf, and he is foil'd at his own weapons.

And now who can imagine ſuch abſurd Principles proper to lead any *rational* Enquirer to *Serenity*? Will it be a comfort to a good man to tell him, as

Ari-

(a) *Aristophanes* speaks, ἀντὶ Ζηνὸς ὁ Δῖνος βασιλεύει, when tis his greatest interest that there should be a merciful Disposer, who takes notice of, and will reward his Piety. It will be an admirable security no doubt for his *honesty*, to assure his malitious *enemies*, that nothing is to be fear'd but their own discovery: and unless their Dreams prove treacherous, or their Mind raves, they are secure in their villanies, and may be wicked as often as they can fortunately be so; as often as Occasion invites, or Interest perswades. When Common-wealths may be preserv'd by break-in the very Band of Society, τὸ Σύνδεσμα τῆς πολιτείας, as (b) *Polybius* calls Religion; when Treasons may be stifled by taking off from Subjects all obligations, but their own *weakness*, to Duty; and when a *Damocles* can sit quietly under his *hanging* Sword; then the denyal of *Providence*, then the belief of a World *made*, and upheld by *chance*, will be a remedy against all Cares, and a necessary cause of that desired Ἀταραξία.

p. 6. l. 25.

Nothing was by the *Gods* of *Nothing* made.

For the confirmation of his absurd opinions concerning the *Deity*, he begins his *Philosophy* with the denial of *Creation*; and here he is copious in his Arguments, but not one reaches his design: for tho All things now rise from *proper Seeds*, and grow by *just* degrees, tho they spring only at convenient Seasons of the Year, yet how doth this evince that these *Seeds* were not the production of the *Almighty Word*? But to confute his *impious Opinion*, and de-

(a) *In Nebulis.* (b) *Hist. lib. 6. cap. 54.*

monstrate that 'tis *impossible*, Matter should be *self-existent*; that it cannot be (a) ἀλλαχοῦ τοῦ ὄντος, as the *Platonists* imagine; 'tis sufficient to look abroad into the world, and see that *Stones*, and *Mud*, are not *Beings of infinite Perfection*: for whatsoever is αὐτόθεον, as *Scaliger* calls the *Deity*, can have no bounds set to his excellency. For what can hinder the utmost perfection in that Being, which depends only on it self?

p. 12. l. 29.

A Void is Space *intangible*.—

The two Principles of *Epicurus* are *Body*, and *Void*: that the former is, Sense sufficiently declares; and the latter is here evidently prov'd by two (for the others are easily eluded) Arguments: the first is drawn from *motion*; the second, from the parting of two flat smooth Bodies.

(b) *Plutarch* roundly tells us, οἱ ἀπὸ Θάλεω φυσικοὶ πάντες μεχρὶ Πλάτωνος τὸ κενὸν ἀνῄρουν. But (c) *Laertius* declares, that *Diogenes Apolloniates*, who liv'd in the time of *Xerxes*, pronounc'd, τὸ κενὸν ἄναγον. For the Antiquity of that Opinion I shall not be sollicitous, tho the Reasons are strong, and obvious enough to make it ancient; for what is more obvious than *motion*? and how necessarily this infers a *Vacuum*, is very easily discovered. *Motion* is change of Place, which change is impossible in a *Plenum*; for whatever endeavours to change its place, must thrust out other Bodies; and so if the *Full* be infinite, the Pro-

(a) *Hierocles de Fato & Provid. p.* 10. (b) *De Placitis Philosophorum, lib.* 1. (c) *In his life.*

trusion

crusion must be so; if finite, the Endeavour is in vain; and therefore all must be fixt in *eternal rest*, and *Archimedes* himself with his Engine would not be able to move the least Particle of Matter. (a) *Cartes* proposes a solution, much applauded by his admirers; but a little attention will find it vain, and weak, and contradictory to his own *settled Principles*. For when any *Body* moves in a strait line, it must give the Body that lies before it the same determination with it self; and how this determination should alter, and the motion prove *circular*, neither *Cartes*, nor his followers, have condescended to explain. But grant (tho the former reason hath prov'd it impossible) that there may be such an *attending Circle* of ambient Air, yet unless it be perfectly *Mathematical*, (a thing very hardly suppos'd) each Particle will require another *attending Circle*, and so not the least Fly stir her wing, unless the whole Universe be troubled. To this may be added, that tis unconceiveable how the most solid Matter (for such is his first Element) can so soon alter its figure, or be so easily dissolv'd, and fitted to the different spaces that lie between the litle *Globules*. We see Gold and Adamant resist the roughest stroak, tis pains and constant labour that must dissolve them; how then can we imagine this Element will yield? But indeed *Cartes* proposes this ambient attending Circle as the only way to solve the *Phænomenon* of Motion in a *Full*, which he thought he had sufficiently before evinc'd: but his Arguments are weak and *sophistical*. For in the first of his *Meditations*, he never takes notice of *Impenetrability*, in which the very Essence of *Matter*

(a) *In the second Part of his* Principles.

consists; and in the second Part of his *Principles*, he mistakes the notion of a *Void*, and confounds *Substance*, and *Body*: take his own words. *Vacuum autem Philosophico more sumptum, h. e. in quo nulla plane sit substantia dari non posse manifestum est; ex eo quod extensio Spatii non differt ab extensione Corporis: nam cum ex eo solo quòd Corpus sit extensum in longum, latum, & profundum, recte concludamus illud esse Substantiam, quia omnino repugnat ut nihili sit aliqua extensio: idem etiam de Spatio, quòd Vacuum supponitur, concludendum est; quòd nempe cùm in eo sit extensio, necessario etiam in ipso sit substantia.* For *Void* doth not exclude all *Substance*, but only *Body*; and *Substance*, and *Body*, are not convertible in the full latitude of an *universal* Proposition.

Secondly, tis evident, that when two *smooth flat Bodies* are separated by a *perpendicular* force, the ambient Air cannot fill all the space at once, and therefore there must necessarily be a *Void*: And this (a) Mr. *Hobbs*, a great *Plenist*, freely confesseth would follow, if the Bodies were *infinitely hard*; but since Nature knows no such, any Bodies, tho perfectly smooth, may be separated by a force that overcomes their *solidity*, and yet no *Vacuum* ensue. A pretty Invention, but exreamly disagreeable to the *Phænomena*: for in the *exhausted Receiver*, where there is no prop of Under-Air left to sustain it, the *lower Marble* falls by its *own* weight. Mr. *Hobbs* adds another argument, which is of no force against the *Vacuists*, but overthrows his own notion of a *material Deity*: These are the *words*. *He that created Natural Bodies, is not a Fancy, but the most real Substance that*

(a) *In the 3d. of his Ten Dialogues.*

is

is; who being Infinite, there can be no Place empty where he is, nor full where he is not.

Now the other Reasons of *Lucretius* are *insufficient*: for *that* drawn from the *different weight* of Bodies, would infer *immense vacuities* in the Air, which is two thousand times (a) lighter than *Gold*; and *that* from *Rarefaction*, and *Condensation*, is not cogent, tho tis the most rational opinion, and more agreeable to the mind of *Aristotle*, than that which is commonly propos'd as his. (b) Πυκνὸν μὲν καὶ τῷ τὰ μόρια συνεργὺς εἶναι ἀλλήλοις, μανὸν δὲ τῷ διεστάναι ἀπ' ἀλλήλων.

Pag. 17. *l.* 1.

The *Principles* of Things no *force* can break.

Sextus Empiricus declares, that *Epicurus* hated the *Mathematicks*, and we may believe *Lucretius* followed his Master; since in his disputes concerning the indivisibility of *Atoms*, he proposes the popular argument against the known and demonstrated property of *Quantity*, *infinite Divisibility*: for as long as *Mathematicks* can boast any certainty, *that* must be acknowledged to be such.

I shall not engage in this *unnecessary* Controversy, (tho I believe those common Arguments against *infinite divisibility* are empty *Sophisms*, and a little attention (as whoe're considers the method in which they are propos'd must observe) will find them full of *contradictions*, and founded on *absurdities*;) for the *indivisibility* of an *Atom*, proceeds not from the *litleness*, but the *solidity*: For since the *Atoms* are of *different figures*, some *Triangular*, some *Square*, &c.

(a) *Glisson de substantia*, c. 26. (b) *In Categoria Qualitatis.*

tis

Tis absurd to imagine, that the *Mind* (by which only *Atoms* are perceiv'd) cannot fancy a *Diagonal* in the *Square*, or a *Perpendicular* erected to the *Basis* of the *Triangle*: yet from this *Mental* to the *Physical divisibility* of an Atom (as *Cartes* proceeds) is extreamly weak and deficient. That there are some *solid* Particles, *Lucretius* hath evidently prov'd: These *Democritus* call'd πρῶτα μεγέθη, *Epicurus* Ἀτόμους, διὰ τὸ ἄλυτον στερρότητα, but as (a) *Dionysius* observes, τοσοῦτον διεφώνουσαν, ὅσον ὁ μὲν, ἐλαχίστας πάσας. καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ἀνεπαιδήτους; ὁ δὲ Δημόκριτος, καὶ μεγίστας εἰς τίνας ἀτόμους ὑπέλαβεν: *Heraclides*, Ὄγκους: but none of all his reasons prove them *unchangeable*. For if *Solidity*, i.e. *immediate Contact*, were a *necessary* cause of *indivisibility*, it would follow, that no piece of *Matter* could be *divided*, because the parts that are to be separated, enjoy an *immediate Contact*, and that *Contact* must be between *Surfaces* as large as *Atoms*, or, at least, some of their fancied *parts*. Besides, let two *hard Bodies perfectly smooth* be joyn'd together in a *common superficies* parallel to the *Horizontal Plain*; and certain *experience* will assure us, that any force that is able to overcome the resistance of the *supporting* Air, will easily divide them. His other arguments are all *unconcluding*: for suppose the Seeds not *eternal*, i.e. *divisible*, tis a strange inference, *Therefore Beings rise from nothing*, since any *Body*, and therefore one of these *solid Particles*, is not reduc'd into *Nothing* by *division*, but only into *smaller* parts: And the weakness of the rest is so obvious, that I shall not spend time in declaring it.

The rest of the *first* Book contains a *successful* dis-

(a) *Eusebius Præp. lib. 14. cap. 7.*

pute

pute against *Heraclitus*, *Anaxagoras*, and others, and concludes with the *immensity* of the *All*, where tho he hath scatter'd many things, (as the *motion*, and *weight* of Atoms, *&c.*) which deserve *examination*, I shall not disturb him in the midst of his *Triumphs*, but onely take notice, that *p.* 31. *l.* 18. he overthrows his *own Opinion*, concerning the *Nature* of the *Deity*, and makes it subject to the same *dissolution* with other Compounds.

NOTES
UPON
The Second Book.

PAG. 37. *l.* 21. he alludes to the (a) λαμπαδηδρομία of the *Athenians*, where the *Racers* carried a Lamp, and when they had perform'd their Courses deliver'd it to the next; from whence λαμπαδεύεσθαι is us'd to signifie, *to deliver successively, and in order.* Thus (b) *Plato:* Γενῶντες καὶ ἐκτρέφοντες παῖδας, καθάπερ λαμπάδα τὸν βίον παραδίδοντες ἄλλοις ἐξ ἄλλων.

p. 39. *l.* 1.

All have their *Motions* from their *Seeds.* ---

When (c) *Democritus* had given only two Properties to Atoms, *Bulk*, and *Figure*; *Epicurus* bestow'd a third, *Weight:* ἀνάγκη γὰρ (φησὶ) τὰ σώματα κινεῖσθαι τῇ τοῦ βάρους πληγῇ, ἐπεὶ οὐ κινηθήσεται: and beside this he endow'd his Atoms with other motions, κατὰ παρέγκλισιν, καὶ κατὰ πληγήν: which two last, tho prest with a *thousand* peculiar difficulties, yet because they depend on the *other motion* κατὰ στάθμην, which proceeds from the *weight*, are likewise liable to all those exceptions that may be made against *that.* First

(a) *Casaubon in Persium. Sat.* 6. (b) *lib.* 6. *de Legibus.* (c) *Plutarch. de Placitis Philosophorum, lib.* 1.

then

then, that *Weight* is not a property of *Atoms*, is evidently prov'd from the *difference of weight* in Bodies: For take a *Cube* of *Gold*, and hollow it *half thro*, and weigh it againſt a *ſolid Cube* of *Wood* of the ſame dimenſion; that Gold, tho it hath loſt half its *matter*, and conſequently half its *weight* by the hollow, is *twenty times heavier* than the Wood: from whence the Conſequence is natural, and eaſie. For if *Weight* were a *property* of *Matter*, it would be *impoſſible* that that hollow piece of *Gold* ſhould out-weigh the *Wood*, becauſe the Wood cannot contain a ten times greater *vacuity* than that Hollow. And this *argument*, if apply'd to the Air, more *ſtrongly* concludes, becauſe that is *lighter*, eſpecially if we conſider that the Air is a *Continuum*, and not a *congeries* of *Particles*, whirl'd about without any *union*, and *connexion*; for innumerable Experiments almoſt in all *Fluids* evince the contrary. I ſhall paſs by thoſe Dr. *Gliſſon* hath propos'd, and content my ſelf with *one* concerning the *Air*, which may be dedue'd from the faithful Tryals of the *Honourable Boyl*. The 38*th* of his *Continuation* of his *Phyſico-Mechanical Experiments*, ſufficiently evinces, that the exhauſted *Receiver* is quite void of all *Particles* of *Air*, which evidently proves, (as a litle attention to the Experiment will diſcover) that there is a *Motus Nexûs*, as *Bacon* calls it, in the *Air*, which cannot be but in a *Continuum*: The ſame may be prov'd in *Water* from *Refraction*; for why are not the *Rays* diſturb'd, if the *Parts* are in *motion*? when experience tells us, that a *litle ſtirring* with the *finger* troubles them. Not to mention, that this *notion* of *Fluidity*, tho embrac'd by the *Pleniſts*, is inconſiſtent with their *Hypotheſis*, an *ambient attending Circle* being not to be found in *Nature* for each *moveing*

ing Particle; and to pass by the *difficulties* that press their *opinion*, who fancy *Rest* to be the Cause of *Continuity*, since two *smooth Bodies*, whose sufaces touch, and eternally *rest*, will never make one *Continuum*; my next Argument against the *Epicureans* is drawn from their own *Principles*. For suppose *Weight* a *property* of *Atoms*, tis impossible the World should be fram'd according to their *Hypothesis*, for how could the *higher* Atom descend, aud touch the *lower*, when the motions of *both* were *equal*? Nor can that *litle declination*, that κίνησις κατ' παρέγκλισιν (which the *Epicureans* are so bold to assume, contrary to all *sense* and *reason*, and which (a) *Plutarch* declares as the great Charge against *Epicurus*, ὡς ἀναίτιον ἐπεισάγοντι κίνησιν ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος) lessen the difficulty; for, as *Tully* argues, if all *Atoms* decline, then none of them will ever stick together, if only some, *hoc esset quasi Provincias Atomis dare, quæ rectè, quæ obliquè ferantur*. But grant there could be a *combination*, and grant that combination (which is impossible) should *stop in some part of the Space*, yet from the very *nature* of *Weight*, and *Motion*, it follows, that the *World*, according to their *Hypothesis*, could not be made in that order we now perceive it. For suppose this *quiet frame*; the *Atoms* that fall on it, as the Laws of *Motion* in solid Bodies require, must *leap backward*; but meeting with other *descending* Atoms, their *Resilition* is soon stopt, and so they must *descend* again, and then *striking*, return, but not to so great a distance as before, because the *velocity* of the *descent* was less: and so the distance still *decreasing*, the *Atoms* in a litle time must rest, and only a vast

(a) *De Animæ Procreatione, ex* Timæo.

heap

heap of *matter*, close, and moveless, must lie on that *suppos'd quiet frame* as its *Basis*.

p. 42. *l.* 18.

Whence comes that *freedom* &c.

Since the *Epicureans* acknowledge the *Liberty* of the *Will*, we may take it as a *supposition* already granted, and without any farther proof make use of it in our disputes against them: but because it is of great consequence, and is the foundation of *Seneca*'s and *Plutarch*'s Discourses, *Cur Bonis male, & Malis bene*, it deserves some confirmation. The *Liberty* of the Will is a power to choose, or refuse any thing after that the *Understanding* hath consider'd it, and propos'd it as good, or bad. This is that τὸ ἐφ' ἡμῖν of *Epictetus*, and, as he calls it, ἐλεύθερον, ἀκώλυτον, ἀπερεμπόδιστον: and *Arrian* delivers it as his doctrine, τὴν προαίρεσιν οὐδ' ὁ Ζεὺς νικῆσαι δύναται: *Epicurus* calls it τὸ παρ' ἡμᾶς; and that such a power belongs to every Man, is evident from the general consent of Mankind, for every man finds such a *power* in himself, and thence proceeds that agreement; tis the foundation of all *Laws*, of all *rewards*, and *punishments*. For it would be very ridiculous for a *Prince* to command a *stone* not to fall, or break it for doing so. *Origen* declares, αἱρετῆς ἐὰν μὲν ἀνέλης τὸ ἑκούσιον, ἀνέλης αὐτῆς καὶ τὴν οὐσίαν: and *Lucian* ingeniously makes *Sostratus* baffle *Minos*, after he had granted, that all men act according to the *determination of Fate*, ἢ ἑκάστῳ ἐπέταξε γενηθέντι τὰ πρακτέα; and the *Compassionate Philosopher*, who would have all offences forgiven, produceth this argumenr: οὐ γὰρ ἑκόντα ἁμαρτάνειν, ἀλλά τινι πάθει κατηναγκασμένον. But more, this may re-

receive a *particular* confirmation from every man's experience: for let him descend into himself, he will find as great evidence for the *liberty* of his Will, as for his *being*, as *Cartes* delivers; tho he is extreamly mistaken, when he tells us in a Metaphysical Extasie, *A quocunque simus, & quantumvis ille sit potens, quantumvis fallax, hanc nihilominus in nobis libertatem esse experimur, ut semper ab iis credendis quæ non planè certa sunt & explorata, possimus abstinere, atq; ita cavere, ne unquam erremus*: for what doth he in this, but determine the extent of that Power, of whose bounds he is altogether ignorant? and placeth this *Cogitation* beyond his reach, whose *power* to deceive is infinite, and his *will* equal to his ability. But let us all consider our usual actions, and we shall find every one a *demonstration*. For let a thousand men think on any thing, and propose it to my choice, I will embrace, or reject it according to their desire, which necessarily proves my *liberty*; unless these Thousand, or perhaps the whole World, were determin'd to think on the same thing I was to act. For my part, if any man will take the *bit* and *bridle* of Fate, I shall not envy him the honour; nor be very willing to *blind* my self, to have the convenience of a *Guide*. Let *Velleius* think it a Commendation for *Cato* to be *good*, *quia aliter esse non potuit*, and *Lucan* agree with him in his sentence: I should rather be freely so.

This is oppos'd by those who imagine the Soul *material*, and therefore all her Actions *necessary*; because *matter* once mov'd, will still keep the same *motion*, and the same *determination* which it receiv'd, which must needs destroy all *Liberty*, and evidently proves the *Epicurean Hypothesis* to be inconsistent with

with it. Others urge *Præscience*, and think themselves secure of victory, whilst the *Deity* is on their side. The weakness of the former *Opinion* will hereafter be discovered; and *Cartes* hath said enough to silence the later objection: *His difficultatibus nos expediemus, si recordemur mentem nostram esse finitam, Dei autem potentiam, per quam non tantum omnia, quæ sunt, aut esse possunt, ab æterno præscivit, sed etiam voluit, ac præordinavit esse infinitam, ideoque hanc quidem à nobis satis attingi, ut clarè & distinctè percipiamus ipsam in Deo esse; non autem satis comprehendi, ut videamus quo pacto liberas hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat. Libertatis autem, & indifferentiæ, quæ in nobis est, nos ita conscios esse, ut nihil sit quod evidentius & perfectius comprehendamus. Absurdum enim esset, propterea quòd non comprehendimus unam rem, quam scimus ex natura sua nobis debere esse incomprehensibilem, de alia dubitare quàm intimè comprehendimus, atq; apud nosmet ipsos experimur.*

The rest of this Book is spent to prove, that the *Figures* of Atoms are very *various*; that those of *each shape* are *infinite*; and this last is the greatest absurdity imaginable. For *infinite Atoms* must fill all the *space* that is; for if there is any place that can receive another, there may be conceiv'd an addition to the *former number*, and therefore to say it was *infinite*, is absurd: And this proves, that the *infinite Atoms* of *Epicurus* can be nothing else but a vast heap of dull, moveless Matter, coextended with the *infinite Space*. And how then the World could be made, how these various Alterations of Bodies, all which proceed from motion, tis difficult to be conceiv'd: and this likewise presseth the *Hypothesis* of *Cartes*, and his *indefinite* Matter, as a little application will discover.

His

His next design is to free his *Atoms* from all *sensible Qualities*, which he convincingly performs; and is of late seconded by so many Experiments of the *Honourable Boyl*, that tis now past all doubt. And if we can believe our senses, we must forsake *Forms* and *Qualities*, and allow what we formerly call'd such, to be only *Phantasms* arising from the stroak of external Bodies on our *Organs*. There is no need to discourse of his *infinite worlds*, or the decay of *this*, those Opinions depending on his absurd fortuitous Concourse, and falling with it, only we may bid any man that is fond of these, to look on the face of the *World* as it is painted in Histories down from the *Trojan* Wars, (for I press not more ancient infallible Records) about which time *Society* first began, and he will see it look as *young Now* as *Then*, and its vigor still as great.

Another fancy of his is this. *Animals*, those things of *sense*, can spring from *senseless* Seeds, and there is no need of any *Superiour Principle* to Matter, but a fit Combination of *Atoms* can *Think*, *Will*, or *Remember*, and this is endeavoured to be proved, in order to his design, in his *Third* Book, where he imploys all his Forces against the *Immortality* of the Soul, and therefore shall be examin'd with it. And after that I shall take off his exceptions against *Providence*, discover the absurdities that abound in his *explication* of the Beginning of the *World*, the *Origine* of Man, and the *Rise* of Societies: But to examine his accounts of the particular *Phænomena*, would swell into a Volum. And tho I have made *pertinent Collections* for it, it will be an unnecessary task, his absurd Opinions being so palpable, and easie to be discovered, and the others being excellently confirm'd by the *modern Philosophers*, and agreeable to common Observation.

NOTES
UPON
The Third Book.

Lucretius grants the Soul to be a *ſubſtance*, diſtinct from theſe viſible members, and divides it into two parts, the *Soul*, properly ſo called, and the *Mind*, which is the governing and ruling part, and takes the Heart for its proper ſeat, whilſt the *Soul* is diffus'd over the whole Body: but *theſe two* are but *one Nature*, and united, becauſe the *Mind* can act on the *Soul*, and the *Soul* on the *Mind*, and therefore both are *material*, *Tangere enim & tangi ſine corpore nulla poteſt res*, and no *Action* can be without *Touch*. This *ſubſtance* of the Soul is a *congeries* of round, ſmooth *Atoms*, and conſiſts of four parts; *Wind*, *Vapour*, *Air*, and a fourth *Nameleſs thing*, which is the *principle* of *Senſe*. This *Soul* is not equal to the *Body*, as *Democritus* imagin'd, but its parts are ſet at diſtance, and, when preſt by any external Objects, meet, and jumble againſt one another, and ſo *perceive*. This is the deſcription of the *Epicurean* Soul, and the manner of its acting: and all the Arguments they propoſe againſt its *Immortality*, endeavour likewiſe to evince it *material*, and that too from the mutual acting of the *Soul* and *Body* on one another.

To examine each particular, I ſhall firſt grant it

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material, and then consider the validity of the *consequence*; secondly, prove it *immaterial*, and show that an *immaterial* Being can act on a *material*, and then discourse of the validity of that Consequence which infers it to be *immortal*, because tis *immaterial*.

And here I shall admit the distinction between *Soul*, and *Mind*, taking one to be the principle of *Life*, and the other of *Sense*, but cannot allow them to be *one* nature because of their *mutual* acting, unless the *Body* too on the same account be but one nature with the *Soul*, which *Lucretius* himself denies. This *Mind* is seated in the *Brain*, a thousand Experiments assuring us, that when there happens any obstruction in the Nerves, the *Animal* feels not, tho you cut the part that lies *below* the *stoppage*; and yet the least prick *above* it, raises the usual pains and convulsions. Now suppose this Mind *material*, and consider that it hath been already prov'd, that *Matter* is not *self-existent*, and therefore depends on another *Substance* for its Being; now I suppose any man will grant, that tis as easie to preserve, as to make a thing; for Preservation is only a continuing that Being, which is already given: and therefore tho the Soul were *material*, yet the Consequence is weak. And thus the *Stoicks*, tho they acknowledge nothing but *Body*, τὴν δ' ψυχὴν γενετήν τε καὶ φθαρτὴν λέγουσιν, οὐκ εὐθὺς δὲ τοῦ σώματος ἀπαλλαγεῖσαν φθείρεσθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπιμένειν τινὰς χρόνους καθ' ἑαυτήν: τὴν μὲν τῶν Σπουδαίων μεχρὶ τῆς εἰς πῦρ ἀναλύσεως τῶν πάντων, τὴν δὲ τῶν ἀφρόνων πρὸς ποσούς τινας χρόνους.

Secondly, that the Soul is *immaterial*, is evident from its *operations*; for when any *external* object presseth on the Organ, it can only move it: Now let this motion be *inward*, arising from the pressure of

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the external Object; or let it be an endeavour *outward*, proceeding from the *reſiſtance* of the Heart, as Mr. *Hobbs* imagines; or elſe a little trembling of the minute parts, as the *Epicureans* deliver; yet what is either of theſe *motions* to *Senſe*? For ſtrike any piece of *Matter*, there ariſeth preſently that preſſure *inward*, and the endeavour *outward*; and yet I believe no man accounts a *workman* cruel for breaking a *Stone*, or ſtriking a piece of *Timber*, tho according to this *opinion*, he may raiſe as quick a ſenſe of pain in theſe, as in a man. Nor muſt any one object the *different figures* and contrivances of *Stones*, and *Nerves*, for thoſe only make the motion more or leſs eaſie, but cannot alter the nature of the Preſſure. Beſides, let us take ſeveral round little *Balls*, and ſhake them in a bag that they may meet, ſtrike and reflect, who can imagine that here is any *perception*? that theſe *balls* feel the motion, and know that they do ſo? And indeed the *Epicureans* grant what we contend for, ſince they flie to a fourth nameleſs thing, *i.e.* they cannot imagine any *Matter* under any particular *Schematiſm*, fit to *think*, or *perceive*. But grant that *ſimple apprehenſion* could belong to *matter*, yet how could it unite two Things in a *Propoſition*, and pronounce them *agreeable*? How after this conjunction, conſider them again, and *collect*, and form a *Syllogiſm*? for there is no Cauſe of either of theſe two Motions, and therefore they cannot be in *matter*. For ſuppoſe two things propos'd to conſideration, and let their *ſimple preſſure* on the Organs raiſe a *Phantaſm*; this is the *only motion* that can be cauſed by the *Objects*: now let theſe be remov'd, and any *man* will find himſelf able to conſider the *nature* of theſe Objects, compare their properties, and view their agreement,

which must be a *distinct motion* from the former; and this too can be done several hours, months, or years, after the first pressure of the Objects, and after the *Organs* have been disturb'd with *other motions*, and consequently the *first* quite lost: And after all this he can joyn these *two objects* thus compar'd with a *third*, and *compare* them again, and after that bring the two *Extreams* into a Conclusion; and all this by the strength of his *own judgment*, without the help, the pressure, or direction of any external impulse. Besides, the *Epicureans* grant they have a Conception of *Atoms*, *void*, and *infinite*, of which they could never receive any *Image*, and consequently no *cause* of their Conception; *matter* being not to be mov'd but by *material Images*, and those too of equal bigness with the *Corpuscles* that frame the Soul. Other Reasons may be produc'd from the *disproportion* of the *Image* of the *Object* to the *Organ*, it being impossible that any thing should appear bigger than the *Organ*, if *Sense* were only the *motion* of it, or of some parts contain'd in it; because it would be able to receive no more *motion*, than what came from some part of the *Object* of equal dimensions to it. But I hasten to show, that an *immaterial* Being can act on a *material*. And here we must mind again, that the *sublunary Matter* is not *self-existent*, and therefore depends on something that is so: now this *Being* cannot be *Matter*, for all *Matter* is *divisible*, and therefore inconsistent with *necessary existence*; now this *Substance*, as *He created*, so he must *move* Matter, for *Motion* is not a necessary Mode of it, as every man's Senses will evince. And this infers, that *He* can act on *Matter* as much as the *Soul* now doth, and this Action is not any thing distinct from his *Will*; the same *Power* that created,

created, moves it; and that this may be easily conceiv'd, every man hath a *secret witness* in himself, and may be convinc'd from his own actions. But let us consider a litle farther, and we shall find *Motion* as difficult to be conceiv'd, as this *mode of acting*; for those that define *motion* to be only a *successive mode of Being in respect to Place*, only tell us the *Effect* of it, when we enquire after its *Nature*: I shall therefore take it for a *Physical* Being, and distinct from *Matter*, as its transitions out of one Body into another sufficiently evince; and any man may easily observe, how full of contradictions *Cartes* is, when he treats of this Subject, having determin'd *Motion* to be only a *mode* of *Matter*. Now all the definitions of the Philosophers prove, that we have no *Idea* of this but from its effects; and therefore its manner of *acting*, of *transition*, *&c.* is as hard to be conceiv'd, as the mode of *Action* in an *immaterial* Substance; and yet no man doubts of it.

Thirdly, there is a great contest about *Brutes*, some allowing them *perception*, others asserting them to be nothing but *Machins*, and as void of all Sense as an Engine. This later Opinion is irreconcileable to their *Actions*, and to that experience we have of their *docility*, and the relations of their *Cunning*, even from those mens mouths, which are great sticklers for this fancy: And this arises from a common Opinion, that if they grant *Brutes immaterial souls*, (as they must do if they allow them *perception*,) the *Consequence* will be unavoidable, *Therefore they are immortal*. But to speak freely, I could never perceive any strength in this argument; and if I had no stronger convictions, I could subscribe to *Seneca*'s Opinion,

(a) *Juvabat de Anima æternitate quærere, imo mehercule credere; credebam enim facilè opinionibus magnorum virorum rem gravissimam promittentium, magis quàm probantium.* For *immateriality* doth not infer necessity of *Existence*, or put the Thing above the power of him that fram'd it: And therefore *Immortality* is a gift of the Creatour, and might likewise have been bestow'd on *Matter*; and therefore *Beasts* may be allow'd *Substances* capable of *Perception*, which may direct, and govern them, and dye, and be buried in the same Grave with their Bodies. But we have such great evidence for the *immortality* of the *Mind* of Man, both from the Dispensations of *Providence*, and infallible *Promises*, that I could not give a firmer assent, nor have a stronger ground for my *Opinion*, if the Proofs could be reduc'd to *Figures*, and propos'd in *Squares*, and *Triangles*.

(a) *Sen. Epist.* 102.

NOTES

NOTES
UPON
The Fourth Book.

PAG. 103. *l.* 19. *And how pale Ghosts*, &c.
After He had copiously discours'd of the *Nature of the Soul*, and endeavoured to prove it *Mortal*, he goes on here, and pretends to solve *One Argument* which still seem'd to press his *Opinion*, and that is drawn from the various *Apparitions* that sometimes present the *Image* of our deceased Friends, and make so lively and vigorous impression on the fancy, that we cannot but think them real, and something beside naked *Imagination*; But because he intermixes this with his discourse of the *Senses*, and makes it depend on the *Epicurean* explication of *Vision*, I shall be obliged briefly to consider his *Doctrine*, and that being overthrown, discourse of the strength of the *Argument*: Well then, not to trouble him about his other *Senses*, concerning *Vision* he delivers this; *Thin subtle Images constantly rise from the surfaces of all Bodies which make an impression on our Organs, and thence the notice is communicated to the Soul.* To confute this, we need look no farther than his *own Principles*, & consider that he hath made *Weight* a Property of *Matter*, and an Endeavour *Downward* a necessary Adjunct: and therefore all motion *upward* is violent, and proceeds from external pressure, or impulse.

impulſe. Now any man knows that the *ſpecies* are propagated any way with equal eaſe, and we ſee as well when the Object is plac'd *below* our Eye, as when *above* it: But there is no *force* to make theſe *Images* riſe, and therefore tis impoſſible they ſhould. Their own *Nature* oppoſes, the Air (as all muſt grant) that lyes behind the *Object*, is unfit to give this impulſe to the ſolid parts of the upper ſurface; *that on the ſide*, to drive it upward; and I believe none will think theſe *Images* are raiſed by the *Air* that is perpendicular to the *ſuperficies*; and this Argument more ſtrongly concludes, if we conſider his explication of *Diſtance*, for there he requires that theſe Images ſhould drive on all the *Air* between the *Object* and the *Eye*, tho it often reſiſts and beats furiouſly againſt them; which cannot be done, but by a conſiderable *force*, and a greater *ſtrength* than can be allowed theſe ſubtle *Forms*, tho riſing from any *Body* in the moſt convenient *poſition*, and when their *weight* can aſſiſt their Motion: But more; If ſuch *Images* aroſe, it muſt be granted that the *Object* muſt ſeem changed every *Minute*, and it would be impoſſible to look upon a *Cherry* for the ſpace of an hour, and ſtill perceive it *bluſh* with the ſame Colour; becauſe every *Image* that moves our Eye, cannot be above one hundred times thinner than the skin of *that* Fruit; for I believe any man will freely grant that *this skin* ſo divided, will be too *tranſparent* to be perceived: or if it may ſtill be ſeen, let the *diviſion* proceed, and at laſt the *Abſurdity* will preſs, and follow too faſt, and too cloſly to be avoided: I ſhall not mention, that *contrary Winds* muſt diſturb theſe *Images*, break their *looſe order*, and hinder their paſſage; but only take notice, That tis impoſſible ſuch *Images*, ſhould enter at the *Eye*, and repre-

represent an *Object* as great as we perceive it: for these *Images* rising from the *surface*, must proceed by *parallel* lines; and *their* parts maintain as great a distance as the parts of the *Body* whence they sprang; because they come from every part of the *Object*, and are commensurate to it: and therefore cannot be press'd closer without *Penetration* or *Confusion*.

But suppose *Vision* might be thus explained, grant every one like the Man in *Seneca* had his own Image still walking before him, yet *Imagination* and *Thought* have their peculiar difficulties.

Pag. 123. l. 31.
These pass the Limbs, &c.

Tully examining this *Opinion* saies, *Tota Res, Vellei, nugatoria est*, and adds farther, *Quid est quod minus probari potest, quàm omnium in me incidere Imagines*, Homeri, Archilochi, Romuli, Numæ, Pythagoræ, Platonis, *nec eâ formâ quâ illi fuerunt? quomodo ergo illi?* Let us consider *our Dreams*, where the powers *Fancy* and *Imagination* are most observable, These our *Poet* explains by entring *Images*, which pass thro the body and strike the *soul*: How deficient this is any one may be satisfied from his own *observation*, for *That* will tell him that he dreams of things at a vast distance, and not thought on for some Months: What then? Can the *Images* pass thro those large tracts of Air *whole* and *undisturb'd*? Are they not as thin a *substance* as the *Epicurean soul*, and as easily dissolv'd? Can they enter the *Pores of the Body* and still preserve their order, and the *Mind* be accounted mortal for the same *way of passage*, and this be used as an Argument against its *Infusion*? Strange power of

Prejudice

Prejudice! that can blind the *ſharpeſt Eyes*, make them dull and unfit to be mov'd by theſe *thick*, and almoſt *palpable* Errors, but perchance there is an *Image* of an *Abſurdity*, and therefore we muſt excuſe the *Epicurean*: Beſide ſomthings are preſented to our *Imaginations*, of which there can be no *Image*; a *Harp* ſeems to ſound, when it lyes *ſilent* in the Caſe; when there is no brisk *vibration* of the ſtrings to impel the ambient Air, and create a ſound; for *ſound* doth not conſiſt of parts that fly from the *Body*, (as *Lucretius imagines*) 'tis only an agitation of the Rigid parts of the Air, as a Thouſand Experiments can evince, but Two may ſuffice; *One* is taken from *Common Obſervation*, For touch the ſounding Wire of *Virginals* at one end, and the noiſe ceaſes, tho the *Touch* cannot hinder the flux of *Atoms* from any part, but that which it immediately preſſeth: The *Other* is known to all, who have heard that a *Bell* will not ſound in the *exhauſted Receiver*, tho the parts might there fly off with greater eaſe, they being not troubled with any *ambient reſiſting* Air.

Pag. 126. l. 3.
Unleſs ſhe ſets her ſelf to think, &c.

It being demanded why any man could think on what he pleaſed, the anſwer is; That *Images* are conſtantly at hand, but being very thin and ſubtle they cannot be percieved unleſs the Mind *endeavours*; which tho preſs'd by all the difficulties propoſed concerning *Images*, yet may receive a farther examination; For firſt, the Mind muſt think on the *Object* before this *endeavour*, elſe why ſhould ſhe ſtrive, why apply her ſelf particularly to that; and that this Argument

gument is ſtrong againſt the *Epicureans*, is evident from that queſtion which *Lucretius* propoſeth in his fifth Book, about the beginning of *Ideas* in his Deities, which I have already reflected on. But more: This *Endeavour* of the *Mind* is a *Motion*, Nothing being to be admitted in the *Epicurean Hypotheſis* but what may be explained by *Matter* variouſly figur'd and agitated: Now *Epicurus* hath ſetled but Three kinds of *Motion*, κατὰ στάθμιν, καὶ παρέγκλισιν, and καὶ πάλσιν: and the *two latter* neceſſarily ſuppoſe the *former*, and therefore if that καὶ στάθμιν cannot belong to the Soul, 'tis abſurd to conclude this *endeavour* to be either of the latter; And here it muſt be conſidered, that the *Epicurean* Soul is Material, and therefore *Weight* is a *Property* of all its parts, which will neceſſitate this Soul, to ſubſide in all the Veſſels of the Body, as low as poſſible; and therefore it cannot actually enjoy this motion, and conſequently no *endeavour*.

Here I might be copious (for 'tis an eaſy task) in laying open the weakneſs of the Arguments by which He endeavours to prove that our *Limbs* were not made, and deſigned for proper Offices and Employments; it would be an endleſs trouble to purſue him thro all the *Abſurdities* which lye in his *Opinions* concerning *Sleep*, and *Spontaneous motion*, for every Man hath his own conſtant experience to confute them, and therefore as *Lactantius* thinks a loud laughter the only ſuitable reply to the former, let the others be contented with the ſame anſwer; nor hinder me in the proſecution of the propoſed Argument.

And here it muſt be confeſſed, that a Thouſand of theſe Stories are the genuine productions of *fear* & *fancy*: *Melancholly* and *Inadvertency* have not been unfruitful; and we owe many of them to *Superſtition*, *Intereſt*,

& design: but to believe all counterfeit because some are so, is unreasonable, and shows a *perversness*, as faulty as the greatest *credulity*. For when such are attested by multitudes of Excellent Men, free from all Vanity, Design or Superstition, who had the testimony of their Senses for their assurance, and would not believe it till after Curious search, and tryal; we must assent, or sink below *Scepticism* it self, for *Pyrrho* would fly a threatning Dog; and make his excuse, χαλεπὸν μὲν ὅλον τὴν ἄνθρωπον ἐκδῦναι: And that there are such Stories delivered with all the marks of Credibility, I appeal to the Collection of Mr. *Glanvil*,. Let any one look on that which is Recorded by the Learned Dr. *Gale* in his Notes upon the Fift chapter of the Third Section of *Iamblichus de Mysteriis*, and then I shall give him leave to use his *Atoms* and his *Motion* to the greatest advantage; but for ever despair of an explication: The Story speaks thus in *English*. 'In *Lambeth* lives one *Francis Culham*, an honest man, and 'of good credit; this Man lay in a very sad condition 'Four Years, and Five Months; The first Symptom 'was unusual *Drowsiness*, & a *Numness* for three daies, 'which forc'd him to take his bed; In the *first Month* 'he took little or no meat or drink, the *second*, he fasted Ten dayes and often afterwards Five, or Seven: 'He fed on Raw and Boyl'd meat with equal greediness, never mov'd himself in the bed; and waked 'constantly for the First year, at least never closed his 'Eyes, but kept them fixt and steddy, He made no 'Articulate sound, nor took any notice of his Wife, 'and Children, nor seemed to feel the Knives and 'Lances of the Chyrurgeons. At last given over by 'all he thus unexpectedly recovered: In the *Whitsun* 'week 1675. He seemed to be wakned out of a very

'*sound*

'*ſound* Sleep, and (as he relates it) his Heart, and 'Bowels grew warm, and his Breſt freed from that 'weight which before oppreſt it, and he heard a voice, 'which bad him go *to Prayers*, and then he ſhould be 'well: Paper and Ink being brought, with a trembling 'Hand he writ theſe words, *I deſire that Prayers be* '*made for me*: Two Miniſters came, and when they 'had ſufficiently examined the matter, and found it 'free from all cheat, they began thoſe Prayers which 'the *Engliſh Lyturgy* appoints for the *Sick*, and when 'they were come to *Glory be to the Father, &c.* The 'Sick man ſpake with a loud voice, *Glory be to God on* '*high.* And in two daies time, his Feet, Hands, and 'other Limbs, were perfectly reſtor'd: but he could 'not remember any thing that was done to him du-'ring all the Four Years: And this Relation I aſſert to be very true: Now tho ſuch as theſe do not direct-ly prove the *Immortality* of the Soul, yet they ſuffi-ciently take off all pretenſions of the *Epicureans* a-gainſt it; ſince they evidently prove, That there are ſome *ſubtle unſeen Subſtances* permanent, and durable; and conſequently *Immaterial*, for they cannot imagine, that any Material ſubſtance thinner than Smoak or Air, can be leſs ſubject to diſſolution than thoſe; tho they contradict themſelves, and grant the Eternal Bodies of their Deities to be ſuch.

NOTES

NOTES
UPON
The Fifth Book.

PAG. 144. Here begins his *Impiety* anew, and he endeavours to raiſe a *duſt*, and blind mens underſtandings, and to ſecure his *former Opinion*, pretends Objections intermixt with Scoffs, againſt all thoſe, who upon *ſober Principles*, and a ſtrict ſearch into the order and diſpoſition of Things, were forc'd to confeſs this *Frame* to be the contrivance of ſome *intelligent* Being, and the Product of *Wiſdom* it ſelf. And here, agreeable to the *Epicurean* Principles, he ſuppoſeth *Intereſt* to be the cauſe of all *good nature*, and the only *ſpring* of *Action*; and then peremptorily demands, what *ſuitable returns* Man could make the *Gods* for all their labour, or what *additional happineſs* they could receive? Where he makes another wild *Suppoſition*, which will never be granted, *viz.* That to *create*, or *diſpoſe*, is *toyl*, and *trouble* to *Omnipotence*, for ſuch I have prov'd every *eternal*, and *ſelf-exiſtent* to be. Now let us look a little on the immoderate Praiſes he beſtows on his *Epicurus*, and ask him what rewards could *Poſterity* give him for his Philoſophy, how could he receive any benefit from their *praiſes*, and Commendations? What then, was his *God Epicurus* a *fool*, who loſt his own Eaſe, oppos'd himſelf to ſo many *Philoſophers*, and

and laboured to write almoſt *infinite Volums*, when he had no motive to engage himſelf in all this trouble? No: *Lucretius* highly eſteems him for the benefits he beſtow'd on Mankind; and thus anſwers himſelf, whilſt he allows *ſingle benevolence* to be a ſtrong motive to Action: And this is allow'd by *general conſent*, he being hated who looks only on his own intereſt, and makes that the meaſure of all his deſigns. And that the *Deity* is *benevolent* in the higheſt degree, is as evident as that it is a perfection to be ſo: for tis already prov'd, that *infinite perfection* is a neceſſary conſequence of *ſelf-exiſtence*. But when he endeavours to prove, that *to Be* is no good to *man*, what but laughter can be return'd to ſuch an idle oppoſition of common Senſe? For if, to be *continued in Being* is ſo great a Good, and ſo deſirable, as all mens wiſhes and endeavours ſufficiently evince, then ſurely to *beſtow that Being*, is at leaſt an equal bleſſing. And to anſwer his *impudent queſtion*, How the Deity could have his *Knowledge?* tis ſufficient to return, that his *method* of Knowing is not to be meaſured by ours, that he is *Omniſcient*, that being a *perfection*, not needs any external impulſe from Images.

But leaving this, he finds fault with the *Contrivance* it ſelf, and, like that proud King of *Arragon*, could no doubt have mended the Deſign. And here tho tis unreaſonable to demand a particular Cauſe and Motive for every Contrivance, ſince we were not of the Cabinet Councel of *Nature*, nor aſſiſted at her *Projects*; yet his Exceptions (no doubt the beſt his labouring wit could invent) are ſo weak, ſo often anſwered, and ſo eaſily (on Principles grounded on certain Hiſtory, and infallible Record) to be accounted for, that there is no need to frame a particular

Anſwer,

Anſwer; and no fear that any, the meaneſt Reader, can ever be ſurpris'd with ſuch Trifles.

Having, as he imagin'd, freed the *Deity* from all care and trouble, and kept him in eaſe and quiet, whilſt the *world was making*, he proceeds to delineate the Order. And here I cannot imagine a man could act more agreeably to his Principles or deſcribe, *chance* better; reſolving all *Philoſophy*, all our ſearch, and enquiry into theſe matters, into a *naked May be*; nay often ſcarce ſtanding within the *comprehenſive* bounds of Poſſibility. But to paſs by all the Contradictions that lie in the very Principles, and beginning of his *Hypotheſis*, of which I have before diſcours'd; let us ſuppoſe theſe *infinite Atoms* moving in this *infinite Space*, and grant they could ſtrike, and take hold, and ſqueeze out the leſſer and more agile parts into Seas, Heaven, Moon, Stars, *&c.* I ſhall firſt demand, why this *weighty Maſs* of Earth, as its nature requires, doth not conſtantly deſcend? why fixt, and ſteddy? If tis anſwer'd (as *Lucretius*) that it lies in *congeneal Matter*, and therefore preſſes not; the queſtion ſtill returns, Why not this *congeneal Matter* fall, ſince it hath Weight, the *Epicurean* property of Atoms: hath that other *fit matter* ſpread below it? The Demand conſtantly returns. Beſides, this *Matter* was ſqueez'd out of the Earth by the deſcending heavier Particles, and therefore the Maſs may preſs and deſcend thro it. Well then if his Earth cannot be fram'd, neither any of the other Elements, ſince, according to his deſcription, the latter depend on the former; and ſince he refuſes to ſtand to any one cauſe of the *motion* of the Sun, or Stars; it would be endleſs to purſue this flying Bubble, and follow him thro all the mazes of Conceit, and Fancy. *p.* 171.

p. 171. *l.* 14.
Then Neighbours *&c.*

Thoſe that endeavour to diſgrace *Religion*, uſually repreſent it as a *trick of State*, and a *Politick* Invention, to keep the *credulous* in Awe; which however abſurd, and frivolous, yet is a ſtrong argument againſt the *Atheiſt*, who cannot declare his *Opinions*, unleſs he be a *Rebel*, and a diſturber of the Common-wealth. The Cauſe of *God*, and his *Cæſar*, are the ſame, and no affront can be offered to *one*, but it reflects on *both*; and that the *Epicurean* Principles are pernicious to *Societies*, is evident from the account they give of the *riſe* of them. Firſt then we muſt imagine men ſpringing out of the *Earth*, as from the teeth of *Cadmus* his *Dragon*, (*fratres fungorum, & tuberum*, as *Bias* call'd the *Athenians*, who counted it a great glory to be Αυτόχθονες,) and like thoſe too, *fierce*, and *cruel*; but being ſoftned by *natural* decay, and length of Time, grew mild; and weary of *continual* wars, made Leagues, and combinations, for *mutual* defence and ſecurity; and inveſted ſome *Perſon* with power to overlook each man's actions, and to puniſh, or reward thoſe that broke, or kept their promiſes. Now if *Societies* began thus, tis evident that they are founded on *Intereſt* alone, and therefore *ſelf-preſervation* is the only thing that obliges Subjects to Duty; and when they are ſtrong enough to live without the protection of their *Prince*, all the bonds to *Obedience* are cancell'd, and *Mutiny* and *Rebellion* will neceſſarily break forth; for we all know, how ambitious every man is of Rule, how paſſionately he deſires it, and eagerly follows, tho ten thouſand difficulties attend the

the purſuit: What if he breaks his *promiſe*, recals his *former* conſent, and acts againſt the *Law* that was founded on it? Why need he be concern'd, if he hath got the *longeſt ſword*, and is above the fear of Puniſhment; will not a proſpect of *certain profit* lead him on to villany? And why ſhould his *Conſcience* ſtartle at wickedneſs, that is attended with pleaſure? ſince all the *Epicurean* vertues are nothing but *Fear*, and *Intereſt*, and the *former* is remov'd, and the *latter* invites. Tis true, as *Lucretius* ſays, ſtrange diſcoveries have been made, and *Plutarch* gives us very *memorable* Inſtances: Plots have been defeated, but as many prov'd *ſuccesful*; and how weak that ſingle pretence is, how inſufficient to ſecure *Government*, is evident from the daily *Plots*, and *Contrivances*, *Murders*, and *Treaſons*, that diſturb us; tho all the Terrors of *Religion* joyn with theſe fears, and endeavour to ſuppreſs them. And therefore theſe Opinions are dangerous, deſtructive of *Societies*, and, as *Origen* ſays of his *Purgatory*-fires, οὐκ ἀκίνδυνον τὴν τοιούτων σαφήνειαν πιστεῦσαι γραφῇ, ἅτε τῶν πολλῶν οὐ χρηζόντων λείπεσθαι διδασκαλίας παρὰ τὴν περὶ τῆς κατὰ τῶν ἁμαρτανόντων κολάσεως: εἰς γὰρ τὰ ὑπερέκεινα αὐτῆς οὐ χρήσιμον ἀναβαίνειν διὰ τοὺς μόγις φόβῳ τῆς αἰωνίου κολάσεως κἂν συστέλλοντας ἐπὶ πόσον τῆς κακίας, καὶ τῶν ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἁμαρτανόντων χύσιν. Others, tho pretending to better *Principles* than thoſe of *Epicurus*, yet are altogether as faulty in ſtating the *riſe* of *Power*, and more abſurd: for his *Opinion* is agreeable to his other Poſitions, but theirs contradict the *Creation* they aſſert, and the *Providence* they allow; I mean thoſe that declare the *People* to be the *ſpring* and *fountain* of Power, and that from their *conſent* all the Authority of the Governour is deriv'd. Sure theſe men never conſidered the relation betwixt

God

God and his *Creatures*, and what an *abſolute dominion* he hath over thoſe to whom he firſt gave, and ſtill continues *Being*. But let us look on *Man* under that *circumſtance*, and then how naked, how deveſted of all *power* will he appear? how unable to diſpoſe of himſelf, and ſubmit to the laws of his fellow *free Agent*? unleſs he endeavours as much as is poſſible to diſown the Right of the *Deity*, and turns *Rebel* againſt the *Authour* of his Being. For how can any one ſubmit himſelf to another, without the expreſs permiſſion of him that hath *abſolute dominion* over him? And where is that Permiſſion? Is it founded on *Reaſon*, or *Scripture*? Doth *Benevolence*, or *Self-preſervation*, the two propos'd motives to Society, ſpeak any ſuch thing? and doth not Scripture expreſly oppoſe this Opinion? Well then, all *Power* deſcends from *above*; 'tis the gift of that *Being* to whom it *principally* belongs, and ἐκ τ Διὸς βασιλῆες is true both in the account of the *ſober Heathen*, and *good Chriſtian*: and therefore every King, that ever was, or is, whether he obtains the Crown by *Succeſſion*, or *Election*, (except the *Jewiſh*) muſt be acknowledged *Abſolute*: *Liberty* and *Property* of the Subjects depend on his *Will*, and his *Pleaſure* is *Law*; for none can confine or limit that *Power* which *God* beſtows, but himſelf; And therefore to preſcribe Laws to the *Governour*, to chooſe or refuſe him on certain *conditions*, is to invade the *Prerogative* of Heaven, and *rebell* againſt the *Almighty*. Thus when God deſign'd to limit the Power of the *Jewiſh Monarchy*, he preſcrib'd Laws himſelf; but ſince he hath not fixt any to other *Princes*, every *King*, as ſuch, (for I do not reſpect their *particular* Grants to the People) is Abſolute.

NOTES
UPON
The Sixth Book.

PAG. 196. l. 29.
And why doth *heedleſs Lightning* &c.

The laſt *Exceptions* which he brings againſt *Providence*, are drawn from that common Obſervation; *Good men are oppreſt with trouble, and miſery, ſubject to all the rage and violence of the wicked, whilſt the impious ſwell with the glories, and revel in the delights of life*: This hath been the ſubject of many *ſollicitous diſquiſitions*, Diſputes have been multiplied; and ſome have been as induſtrious to vindicate the *methods of Providence* from all ſeeming irregularities, as others do defame them. Some have ſent us to look for *retribution* in another World, and indeed this is an eaſie way of ſolving the difficulty, and with litle pains deducible from the *immortality* of the Soul, which I have already aſſerted. But becauſe to look beyond the *Grave*, requires a ſharp and ſteddy eye, I ſhall obſerve the reaſons of the *Philoſophers*, and propoſe what *Plutarch* hath excellently delivered. And here we muſt take notice, that only that part of the *Objection*, which concerns the proſperity and impunity of the *Wicked*, ſeems formidable, and concluding; for all thoſe men we generally call *Good*

Good, as their own Consciences will tell them, deserve those afflictions which the most miserable have endur'd: And upon this the Poets, Orators, and Historians have been very copious.

Τολμῶ κατειπεῖν μήποτ' οὐκ εἰσὶν θεοί,
Κακοὶ γὰρ εὐτυχοῦντες ἐπιπλήττουσί με.

says *Aristophanes*: and *Diagoras* resolv'd to be an Atheist as *Empiricus* delivers, because he did not see quick vengeance fall presently on the perjur'd person, and consume him; *Veleius Paterculus* produceth the long and quiet Reign of *Orestes* as a convincing proof that the Gods directed him to murther *Pyrrhus*, and approv'd the Action, and *Martial* hath contracted all the force of the Argument into one *Epigram*.

Nullos esse Deos, inane Cælum
Affirmat Selius, probatq́, quòd se
Factum, dum negat hæc, videt beatum.

Seneca in his Treatise, *Cur Malis benè & Bonis male, cùm sit Providentia*, talks much of the *Priviledg* of *sufferings*, that to afflict argues care, and kindness; and in short thinks this a great *commendation* of Vertue,

Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν
Ἀθάνατοι ——————

But this is not the way to answer the demands of an *Epicurean*, or satisfie his doubts, who had rather be accounted an *happy Servant*, than a *miserable Son of the Deity*, who would not be *fond* of torments, that he might show *spectaculum Jove dignum*, *virum fortem*

cum malâ Fortunâ compositum: who cannot think that fears and jealousies are the necessary products of *irreligious* Opinions; but makes such the only Means of obtaining *happiness*, and perfect *serenity* of Mind: who is most delighted with the most *pleasing Physick*, and would think him *cruel* who makes use of *Saws* and *Lances*, when a *gentle Cordial* would restore the Patient to his health; we must therefore look for other Answers, and *Plutarch* presents us with enough, some of which have a peculiar force against the *Epicureans*, who confess Man to be a *free Agent*, and capable to be wrought on by Example and Precept.

First then, *Quick vengance doth not blast the wicked that they themselves might learn Lenity, and be not greedy to revenge injuries on Others*: τέλος τῶν ἀγαθῶν τὸ ὁμοιοθῆναι θεῷ, saies *Plato*, and *Hierocles* places the Life of the Soul in this *imitation*: Here God sets forth himself an *Example*, and any Noble and Generous Mind would rejoyce to have the *Most Excellent* for a Pattern of his Actions: *Lucretius* follow'd *Epicurus*, because he thought him so, and the rest of the Admirers make his fancyed *Vertues* the ground of their respect: This taken by it self, I confess is but a weak answer, since one *Thunder bolt* would secure them from doing mischief, whilst *mercy*, and *forbearance* often exasperate; and because God holds his tongue they think he is even such a one as themselves: But if we consider it as a Consequent of another reason that is drawn from the *Goodness* and *Kindness* of the Deity, then it proves strong, and satisfactory.

This second Reason follows, *God doth not presently Punish wicked Men, that they may have time to become better*, and Here *Plutarch* brings Examples of such whose Age was as *glorious* as their Youth *infamous*,

If

If *Miltiades*, saith he, had been destroy'd whilst he acted the Part of a *Tyrant*, if *Cimon* in his *Incest*, or *Themistocles* in his *Debaucheries*, what had become of *Marathon*, *Erymedon* and *Dianium*, what of the *glory* and *liberty* of the *Athenians*? for as the same Author observes, οὐδὲν αἱ μεγάλαι φύσεις μικρὸν ἐκφέρουσι οὐ δ' ἀργεῖ δι' ὀξύτητα τὸ σφοδρὸν ἐν αὐταῖς, καὶ δραστήριον, ἀλλ' ἐν σάλῳ διαφέροντας πρὶν εἰς τὸ μόνιμον, καὶ καθεστηκὸς ἦθος ἐλθεῖν.

Thirdly, the *wicked are sometimes spar'd to be Scourges to others*, *and execute just judgment on some of their own Principles*, this is the Case of *Tyrants* and out-ragious Conquerours; Such was *Phalaris* to the *Agrigentines*, such *Pompey* and *Cæsar* to the *Romans* when Victory had made them swell beyond their due bounds, and *Pride* and *Luxury* fled from other Countries upon the Wings of their *Triumphing Eagles*: Such *Alexander* to the *Persian* softness, and if we look abroad ten thousand instances occur, and press upon us; *Cedrenus* Pag. 334 tells us, that when a *Monk* enquired of God, why he suffer'd cruel *Phocas*, treacherous to his *Emperour Mauritius*, and an implacable Enemy of the *Christians*, to obtain the Empire, and enjoy Power as large as his Malice, a Voice, ἀοράτως, gave this answer to his demand, χείρονα οὐκ εὗρον πρὸς τὴν κακίαν τῶν κατοικούντων ἐν τῇ πόλει: And *Alaricus* declared, οὐκ ἐθελοντὴς τὰ ἐκεῖ πορεύομαι, ἀλλά τις καθ' ἑκάστην ὀχλεῖ μοι βασανίζων, καὶ λέγων, Ἄπιθι τῶν Ῥωμαίων πόρθησον πόλιν: and this requires that they should not be only *free* from *punishment*, but likewise enjoy *wealth*, and *power*, and all the *opportunities* and *instruments* of mischief: and this answer is equal to the *Objection* in its greatest latitude, and gives *satisfaction* to all those numerous little

tle doubts which lye in the great *Objection* as it was proposed.

Fourthly, *The Impious are not presently consum'd, that the Method of Providence may be more remarkable in their punishment*; The History of *Bessus* and *Nariobarzanes* in *Curtius* is an excellent instance of this; and amongst others our *Author* gives us a memorable one of *Belsus*, who haveing kill'd his Father and a long time conceal'd it, went one night to Supper to some *friends*, whilst he was there, with his Spear he pull'd down a *Swallows* Nest, and kill'd the Young-ones, and the Reason of such a strange action being demanded by the Guests, his answer was ὃ γὰρ μοῦ πάλαι καταμαρτυροῦσιν αὗται ψευδῶς, καὶ καταβοῶσιν ὡς ἀπεκτενόντος τὸν πατέρα: Which being taken notice of, and discovered to the Magistrate. the Truth appeared, and He was executed.

A great many other reasons are usually mention'd, but these are the Principal, and suppose the *Liberty* of the Will; for if a Man follows *Fate* blindly, is *driven* on, not *perswaded* to act, if He is an *Automaton*, and moves by *Wheels* and *Springs*, bound with the chain of *Destiny*, tis evident that Fate is the *Cause* of all his miscarriages and the Man no more to be blam'd for wicked actions, than a *Clock* for irregular strikeings when the Artist designs it should do so. No *Example* can prevail on him, no *promises* entice, no *threatnings* affright him; being as unfit to rule himself, or determine his own actions, as a *Stone* in its descent, and a peice of Iron may be said to act as freely as a Man, if he is led on by Fate, and its motion as *spontaneous*, if *Liberty* consisted in a bare *absence* of Impediments.

FINIS.

Errata's.

PAg. 4. lin. 10. read *bound*. p. 9. l. 15. *neceſſity*. p. 13. l. 19. *hardeſt*. p. 41. l. 33. *force*. p. 44. l. 32. *agree*. p. 70. l. 23. *They*. p. 114. l. 16. *climb'd*. p. 134. l. 23. *fought*. p. 140. l. 6. Lerne's. p. 140. l. 20. Oeta's Notes, p. 32. l. 3. for *an* read *no*.